THE WORKS OF LAUR. STERNE, A. M.

Prebendary of York, *&c.*

In Seven Volumes.

VOL. IV

DUBLIN: MDCCLXXX.

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OF

LAWRENCE STERNE, A.M.

PREBENDARY of *York*, and VICAR of *Sutton* on the Foreſt, and of *Stillington* near *York*.

VOLUME THE FOURTH.

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OF

LAWRENCE STERNE, A.M.

BRITISH MUSEUM

A

Sentimental JOURNEY

THROUGH

FRANCE and ITALY.

By Mr. YORICK.

VOL. I.

A

Sentimental Journey

THROUGH

FRANCE, and ITALY.

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VOL. I.

Advertiſement.

THE Author begs leave to acknowledge to his ſubſcribers, that they have a further claim upon him for Two Volumes more than theſe delivered to them now, and which nothing but ill health could have prevented him from having ready along with theſe.

The Work will be compleated and delivered to the Subſcribers early the next Winter.*

* The Author died ſoon after the Publication of theſe Two Volumes, before he was able to fulfil the above Engagement.

Advertisement.

A

Sentimental JOURNEY

THROUGH

FRANCE and ITALY.

—THEY order, ſaid I, this matter better in France —

—You have been in France? ſaid my gentleman, turning quick upon me with the moſt civil triumph in the world.—Strange! quoth I, debating the matter with myſelf, That one and twenty miles ſailing, for 'tis abſolutely no further from Dover to Calais, ſhould give a man theſe rights—I'll look into them: ſo giving up the argument—I went ſtraight to my lodgings, put up half a dozen ſhirts and a black pair of ſilk breeches—" the coat I have on, ſaid I, look-

" ing at the ſleeve, will do" — took a place in the dover ſtage; and the packet ſailing at nine the next morning — by three I had got ſat down to my dinner upon a fricaſſee'd chicken ſo inconteſtibly in France, that had I died that night of an indigeſtion, the whole world could not have ſuſpended the effects of the * *Droits d'aubaine* — my ſhirts, and black pair of ſilk breeches — portmanteau and all muſt have gone to the King of France — even the little picture which I have ſo long worn and ſo often have I told thee, Eliza, I would carry with me into my grave, would have been torn from my neck. — Ungenerous! — to ſeize upon the wreck of an unwary paſſenger, whom your ſubjects had beckon'd to their coaſt — by heaven! SIRE, it is not well done; and much does it grieve me, 'tis the monarch of the people ſo civilized and courteous, and ſo renown'd for ſentiment and fine feelings, that I have to reaſon with —

But I have ſcarce ſet a foot in your dominions —

CALAIS.

* All the effects of ſtrangers (Swiſs and Scotch excepted) dying in France, are ſeized by virtue of this law, tho' the heir be upon the ſpot — the profit of theſe contingencies being farm'd, there is no redreſs.

CALAIS.

WHEN I had finiſh'd my dinner, and drank the King of France's health, to ſatisfy my mind that I bore him no ſpleen, but, on the contrary, high honour for the humanity of his temper — I roſe up an inch taller for the accommodation.

—No—ſaid I—the Bourbon is by no means a cruel race: they may be miſled like other people; but there is a mildneſs in their blood. As I acknowledged this, I felt a ſuffuſion of a finer kind upon my cheek — more warm and friendly to man, than what Burgundy (at leaſt of two livres a bottle, which was ſuch as I had been drinking) could have produced.

— Juſt God! ſaid I, kicking my portmanteau aſide, what is there in this world's goods which ſhould ſharpen our ſpirits, and make ſo many kind-hearted brethren of us, fall out ſo cruelly as we do by the way?

When man is at peace with man, how much lighter than a feather is the heavieſt of metals in his hand! he pulls out his purſe, and holding it airily and uncompreſs'd, looks round him, as if he ſought for an object to ſhare it with — In doing this, I felt every veſſel in my frame dilate — the arteries beat all chearily together, and every power which ſuſtained life, perform'd it with ſo little friction, that 'twould have confounded the moſt *Phyſical precieuſe* in France: with all her materialiſm, ſhe could ſcarce have called me a machine —

I'm confident, ſaid I to myſelf, I ſhould have overſet her creed.

The acceſſion of that idea, carried nature, at that time, as high as ſhe could go — I was at peace with the world before, and this finiſh'd the treaty with myſelf —

— Now, was I a King of France, cried I — what a moment for an orphan to have begg'd his father's portmanteau of me!

THE

THE MONK.

CALAIS.

I HAD ſcarce utter'd the words, when a poor monk of the order of St. Francis came into the room to beg ſomething for his convent. No man cares to have his virtues the ſport of contingencies — or one man may be generous, as another man is puiſſant — *ſed non, quo ad hanc* — or be it as it may — for there is no regular reaſoning upon the ebbs and flows of our humours; they may depend upon the ſame cauſes, for aught I know, which influence the tides themſelves — 'twould oft be no diſcredit to us to ſuppoſe it was ſo: I'm ſure at leaſt for myſelf, that in many a caſe I ſhould be more highly ſatisfied, to have it ſaid by the world, "I had had an affair with the moon, in which there was neither ſin or ſhame," than have it paſs altogether as my own act and deed, wherein there was ſo much of both.

— But be this as it may. The moment I caſt my eyes upon him, I was predetermined not to give him a ſingle ſous, and accordingly I put my purſe into my pocket — button'd it up — ſet myſelf a little more upon my centre, and advanced up gravely to him: there was ſomething, I fear, forbidding in my look: I have his figure this moment before my eyes, and think there was that in it which deſerved better.

The monk as I judged from the break in his tonſure, a few ſcatter'd white hairs upon his temples, being all that remained of it, migth be

be about ſeventy —— but from his eyes, and that ſort of fire which was in them, which ſeemed more temper'd by courteſy than years, could be no more than ſixty —— Truth might lie between — he was certainly ſixty-five; and the general air of his countenance, notwithſtanding ſomething ſeem'd to have been planting wrinkles, in it before their time, agreed to the account.

It was one of thoſe heads, which Guido has often painted — mild, pale — penetrating, free from all common-place ideas of fat contented ignorance looking downwards upon the earth — it look'd forwards; but look'd, as if it look'd at ſomething beyond this world. How one of his order came by it, heaven above, who let it fall upon a monk's ſhoulders, beſt knows; but it would have ſuited a Bramin, and had I met it upon the plains of Indoſtan, I had reverenced it.

The reſt of his outline may be given in a few ſtrokes; one might put it into the hands of any one to deſign, for 'twas neither elegant or otherwiſe, but as character and expreſſion made it ſo: it was a thin, ſpare form, ſomething above the common ſize, if it loſt not the diſtinction by a bend forwards in the figure — but it was the attitude of Intreaty; and as it now ſtands preſent to my imagination, it gain'd more than it loſt by it.

When he had enter'd the room three paces, he ſtood ſtill; and laying his left hand upon his breaſt, (a ſlender white ſtaff with which he journey'd being in his right) — when I had got cloſe up to him, he introduced himſelf with the little ſtory of the wants of his convent, and the poverty of his order —— and did it with ſo

ſimple

ſimple a grace — and ſuch an air of deprecation was there in the whole caſt of his look and figure — I was bewitch'd not to have been ſtruck with it ——

— A better reaſon was, I had predetermined not to give him a ſingle ſous.

THE

THE MONK.

CALAIS.

—'TIS very true, ſaid I, replying to a caſt upwards with his eyes, with which he had concluded his addreſs—'tis very true—and heaven be their reſource who have no other but the charity of the world, the ſtock of which, I fear, is no way ſufficient for the many *great claims* which are hourly made upon it.

As I pronounced the words *great claims*, he gave a ſlight glance with his eye downwards upon the ſleeve of his tunick—I felt the full force of the appeal—I acknowledge it, ſaid I, —a coarſe habit, and that but once in three years with meagre diet are—no great matters: and the true point of pity is, as they can be earn'd in the world with ſo little induſtry, that your order ſhould wiſh to procure them by preſſing upon a fund which is the property of the lame, the blind, the aged, and the infirm —the captive who lies down counting over and over again the days of his afflictions, languiſhes alſo for his ſhare of it; and had you been of the *order of mercy*, inſtead of the order of St. Francis, poor as I am, continued I, pointing at my portmanteau, full chearfully ſhould it have been open'd to you, for the ranſom of the unfortunate—The monk made me a bow —but of all others, reſumed I, the unfortunate of our own country, ſurely, have the firſt rights; and I have left thouſands in diſtreſs upon our own ſhore—— The monk gave a cordial

wave

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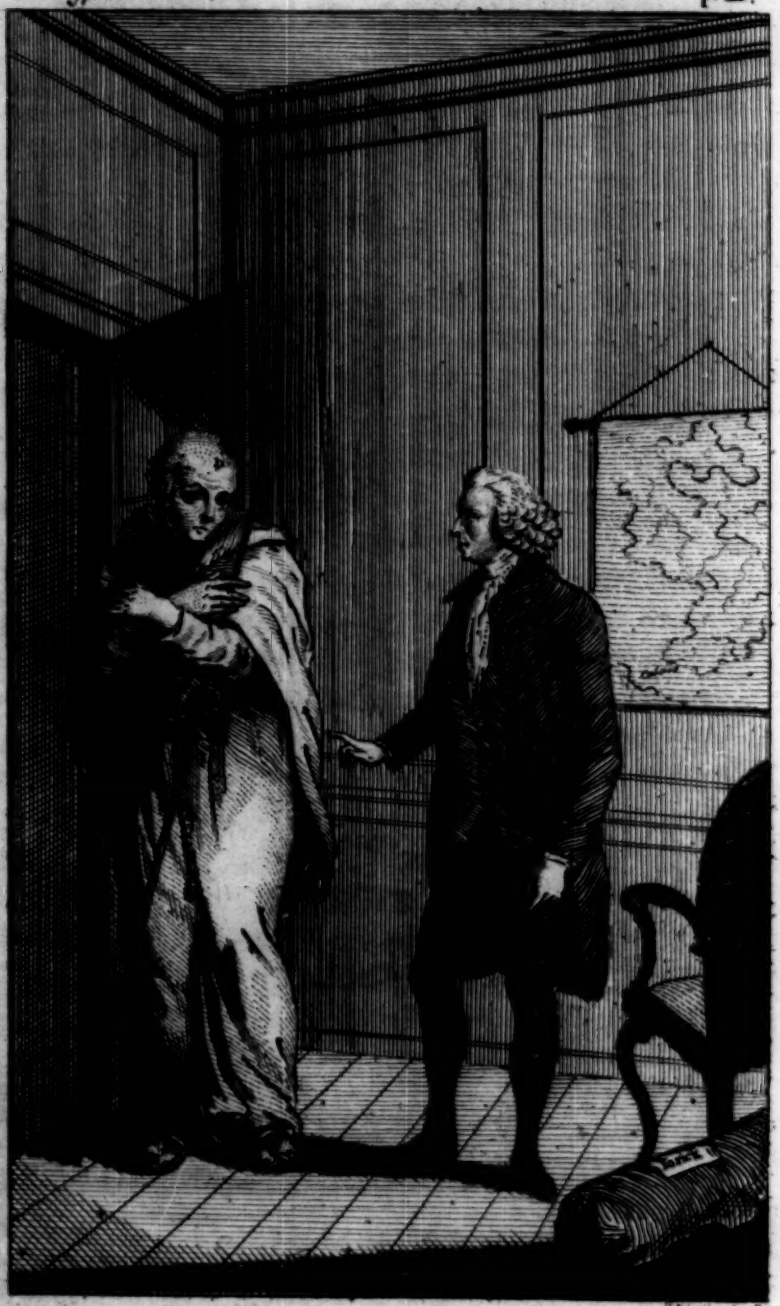
Frontispiece Vol. IV. p. 15.



Esdall sculp

wave with his head — as much as to ſay, No doubt, there is miſery enough in every corner of the world, as well as within our convent —— But we diſtinguiſhed, ſaid I, laying my hand upon the ſleeve of his tunick, in return for his appeal ——— we diſtinguiſh, my good father! betwixt thoſe who wiſh only to eat the bread of their own labour — and thoſe who eat the bread of other peoples, and have no other plan in life, but to get through it in ſloth and ignorance, *for the love of God.*

The poor Franciſcan made no reply: a hectic of a moment paſs'd acroſs his cheek, but could not tarry — Nature ſeemed to have had done with her reſentments in him; he ſhewed none — but letting his ſtaff fall within his arm, he preſs'd both his hands with reſignation upon his breaſt, and retired.

THE

THE MONK.

CALAIS.

MY heart ſmote me the moment he ſhut the door — Pſha! ſaid I, with an air of careleſſneſs, three ſeveral times — but it would not do: every ungracious ſyllable I had uttered, crowded back into my imagination; I reflected, I had no right over the poor Franciſcan, but to deny him; and that the puniſhment of that was enough to the diſappointed without the addition of unkind language — I conſider'd his grey hairs —— his courteous figure ſeemed to re-enter and gently aſk me what injury he had done me? — and why I could uſe him thus? — I would have given twenty livres for an advocate — I have behaved very ill, ſaid I within myſelf; but I have only juſt ſet out upon my travels; and ſhall learn better manners as I get along.

THE

THE DESOBLIGEANT.

CALAIS.

WHEN a man is diſcontented with himſelf, it has one advantage however, that it puts him into an excellent frame of mind for making a bargain. Now there being no travelling through France and Italy without a chaiſe—and nature generally prompting us to the thing we are fitteſt for, I walk'd out into the coach-yard to buy or hire ſomething of that kind to my purpoſe: an old * Deſobligeant in the furtheſt corner of the court, hit my fancy at firſt ſight, ſo I inſtantly got into it, and finding it in tolerable harmony with my feelings, I ordered the waiter to call Monſieur Deſſein the maſter of the hotel——but Monſieur Deſſein being gone to veſpers, and not caring to face the Franciſcan whom I ſaw on the oppoſite ſide of the court, in conference with a lady juſt arrived at the inn—I drew the taffeta curtain betwixt us, and being determined to write my journey, I took out my pen and ink, and wrote the preface to it in the *Deſobligeant*.

* A chaiſe, ſo called in France, from its holding but one perſon.

PREFACE.

IN THE *DESOBLIGEANT.*

IT muſt have been obſerved by many a peripatetic philoſopher, That nature has ſet up by her own unqueſtionable authority certain boundaries and fences to circumſcribe the diſcontent of man: ſhe has effected her purpoſe in the quieteſt and eaſieſt manner by laying him under almoſt inſuperable obligations to work out his eaſe, and to ſuſtain his ſufferings at home. It is there only that ſhe has provided him with the moſt ſuitable objects to partake of his happineſs, and bear a part of that burden which, in all countries and ages, has ever been too heavy for one pair of ſhoulders. 'Tis true we are endued with an imperfect power of ſpreading our happineſs ſometimes beyond *her* limits, but 'tis ſo ordered, that from the want of languages, connections, and dependencies, and from the difference in education, cuſtoms and habits, we lie under ſo many impediments in communicating our ſenſations out of our own ſphere, as often amount to a total impoſſibility.

It will always follow from hence, that the balance of ſentimental commerce is always againſt the expatriated adventurer: he muſt buy what he has little occaſion for at their own price — his converſation will ſeldom be taken in exchange for theirs without a large diſcount — and this, by the bye, eternally driving him into the hands of more equitable brokers for ſuch converſation

converſation as he can find, it requires no great ſpirit of divination to gueſs at his party —

This brings me to my point; and naturally leads me (if the ſee-ſaw of this *Deſobligeant* will but let me get on) into the efficient as well as the final cauſes of travelling ——

Your idle people that leave their native country and go abroad, for ſome reaſon or reaſons which may be derived from one of theſe general cauſes —

Infirmity of body,
Imbecillity of mind, or
Inevitable neceſſity.

The firſt two include all thoſe who travel by land or by water, labouring with pride, curioſity, vanity or ſpleen, ſubdivided and combined *in infinitum*.

The third claſs includes the whole army of peregrine martyrs; more eſpecially thoſe travellers who ſet out upon their travels with the benefit of the Clergy, either as delinquents travelling under the direction of governors recommended by the magiſtrate — or young gentlemen tranſported by the cruelty of parents and guardians, and travelling under the direction of governors recommended by Oxford, Aberdeen, and Glaſgow.

There is a fourth claſs, but their number is ſo ſmall that they would not deſerve a diſtinction, was it not neceſſary in a work of this nature to obſerve the greateſt preciſion and nicety, to avoid a confuſion of character. And theſe men I ſpeak of are ſuch as croſs the ſeas and ſojourn in a land of ſtrangers with a view of ſaving money for various reaſons and upon various pretences: but as they might alſo ſave themſelves

themſelves and others a great deal of unneceſſary trouble by ſaving their money at home —and as their reaſons for travelling are the leaſt complex of any other ſpecies of emigrants, I ſhall diſtinguiſh theſe gentlemen by the name of

Simple Travellers.

Thus the whole circle of travellers may be reduced to the following *Heads:*

Idle Travellers,
Inquiſitive Travellers,
Lying Travellers,
Proud Travellers,
Vain Travellers,
Splenetic Travellers.

Then follow the travellers of neceſſity:

The delinquent and felonious Traveller,
The unfortunate and innocent Traveller,
The ſimple Traveller,

And laſt of all (if you pleaſe)

The ſentimental Traveller

(meaning thereby myſelf) who have travelled, and of which I am now ſitting down to give an account —— as much out of *Neceſſity*, and the *beſoin de* Voyager as any one in the claſs.

I am well aware, at the ſame time, as both my travels and obſervations will be altogether of a different caſt from any of my fore-runners; that I might have inſiſted upon a whole nitch entirely to myſelf— but I ſhould break in upon the confines of the *Vain* Traveller, in wiſhing to draw attention towards me, till I have ſome grounds for it than the mere *Novelty of my vehicle.*

It is ſufficient for my reader, if he has been a traveller himſelf, that with ſtudy and reflecti-

on hereupon he may be able to determine his own place and rank in the catalogue —— it will be one ſtep towards knowing himſelf: as it is great odds, but he retains ſome tincture and reſemblance, of what he imbibes or carried out, to the preſent hour.

The man who firſt tranſplanted the grape of Burgundy to the cape of Good Hope (obſerve he was a Dutch-man) never dreamt of drinking the ſame wine at the Cape, that the ſame grape produced upon the French mountains — he was too phlegmatic for that — but undoubtedly he expected to drink ſome ſort of vinous liquor; but whether good, bad, or indifferent — he knew enough of this world to know, that it did not depend upon his choice, but that what is generally called *chance* was to decide his ſucceſs: however, he hoped for the beſt; and in theſe hopes, by an intemperate confidence in the fortitude of his head, and the depth of his diſcretion, *Mynheer* might poſſibly overſet both in his new vineyard; and by diſcovering his nakedneſs, become a laughing ſtock to his people.

Even ſo it fares with the poor Traveller, ſailing and poſting through the politer kingdoms of the globe in purſuit of knowledge and improvements.

Knowledge and improvements are to be got by ſailing and poſting for that purpoſe; but whether uſeful knowledge and real improvements, is all a lottery — and even where the adventurer is ſucceſsful, the acquired ſtock muſt be uſed with caution and ſobriety to turn to any profit — but as the chances run prodigiouſly the other way both as to the acquiſition and application, I am of opinion, That a man would act as wiſely,

if

if he could prevail upon himſelf, to live contented without foreign knowledge or foreign improvements, eſpecially if he lives in a country that has no abſolute want of either ——— and, indeed, much grief of heart has it oft and many a time coſt me, when I have obſerved how many a foul ſtep the inquiſitive Traveller has meaſured to ſee ſights and look into diſcoveries; all which, as Sancho Pança ſaid to Don Quixote, they might have ſeen dry-ſhod at home. It is an age ſo full of light, that there is ſcarce a country or corner of Europe whoſe beams are not croſſed and interchanged with others — Knowledge in moſt of its branches, and in moſt affairs, is like muſic in an Italian ſtreet, whereof thoſe may partake who pay nothing — But there is no nation under heaven — and God is my record, (before whoſe tribunal I muſt one day come and give an account of this work) — that I do not ſpeak it vauntingly — but there is no nation under heaven abounding with more variety of learning —— where the ſciences may be more fitly woo'd, or more ſurely won than here —— where art is encouraged, and will ſo ſoon riſe high —— where nature (take her all together) has ſo little to anſwer for — and, to cloſe all, where there is more wit and variety of character to feed the mind with — Where then, my dear countrymen, are you going?—

— We are only looking at this chaiſe, ſaid they — Your moſt obedient ſervant, ſaid I, ſkipping out of it, and pulling off my hat —— We were wondering, ſaid one of them, who, I found, was an *inquiſitive traveller* — what

what could occaſion its motion — 'Twas the agitation, ſaid I coolly, of writing a preface ——— I never heard, ſaid the other, who was a *ſimple Traveller*, of a preface wrote in a *Deſobligeant*. — It would have been better, ſaid I, in a *Vis à Vis*.

— *As an Engliſhman does not travel to ſee Engliſhmen*, I retired to my room.

CALAIS.

CALAIS.

I Perceived that ſomething darken'd the paſſage more than myſelf, as I ſtepp'd along it to my room; it was effectually Monſ. Deſſein, the maſter of the hôtel, who had juſt return'd from veſpers, and with his hat under his arm, was moſt complaiſantly following me to put me in mind of my wants. I had wrote myſelf pretty well out of conceit with the *Deſobligeant*; and Monſ. Deſſein ſpeaking of it, with a ſhrug, as if it would no way ſuit me, it immediately ſtruck my fancy that it belong'd to ſome *innocent traveller*, who on his return home, had left it to Monſ. Deſſein's honour to make the moſt of. Four months had elapſed ſince it had finiſh'd its career of Europe in the corner of Monſ. Deſſein's coach-yard, and having ſallied out from thence but a vampt-up buſineſs at the firſt, though it had been twice taken to pieces on Mount Sennis, it had not profited much by its adventures — but by none ſo little as the ſtanding ſo many months unpitied in the corner of Monſ. Deſſein's coach-yard. Much indeed was not to be ſaid for it — but ſomething might — and when a few words will reſcue miſery out of her diſtreſs, I hate the man who can be a churl of them.

— Now was I the maſter of this hôtel, ſaid I, laying the point of my fore-finger on Monſ. Deſſein's breaſt, I would inevitably make a point of getting rid of this unfortunate *Deſobligeant* — it ſtands ſwinging reproaches at you every time you paſs by it ———

Mon

Mon Dieu! ſaid Monſ. Deſſein——I have no intereſt— Except the intereſt, ſaid I which men of a certain turn of mind take, Monſ. Deſſein, in their own ſenſations—I'm perſuaded, to a man who feels for others as well as for himſelf, every rainy night, diſguiſe it as you will, muſt caſt a damp upon your ſpirits——You ſuffer, Monſ. Deſſein, as much as the machine—

I have always obſerved, when there is as much *ſour* as *ſweet* in a compliment, that an Engliſhman is eternally at a loſs within himſelf, whether to take it or let it alone: a Frenchman never is: Monſ. Deſſein made me a bow.

C'eſt bien vrai, ſaid he—But in this caſe I ſhould only exchange one diſquietude for another, and with loſs: figure to yourſelf, my dear Sir, that in giving you a chaiſe which would fall to pieces before you had got half way to Paris—figure to yourſelf how much I would ſuffer, in giving an ill impreſſion of myſelf to a man of honour, and lying at the mercy, as I muſt do, *d'un homme d'eſprit*.

The doſe was made up exactly after my own preſcription; ſo I could not help taking it—and returning Monſ. Deſſein his bow, without more caſuiſtry we walk'd together towards his Remiſe, to take a view of his magazine of chaiſes.

IN THE STREET.

CALAIS.

IT muſt needs be a hoſtile kind of a world, when the buyer (if it be but of a ſorry poſt-chaiſe) cannot go forth with the ſeller thereof into the ſtreet to terminate the difference betwixt them, but he inſtantly falls into the ſame frame of mind and views his conventioniſt with the ſame ſort of eye, as if he was going along with him to Hyde-park corner to fight a duel. For my own part, being but a poor ſword's-man, and no way a match for Monſieur Deſſein, I felt the rotation of all the movements within me, to which the ſituation is incident — I looked at Monſieur Deſſein through and through — ey'd him as he walked along in profile — then, *en face* — thought he look'd like a Jew — then a Turk — diſliked his wig — curſed him by my gods — wiſhed him at the devil —

— And is all this to be lighted up in the heart for a beggarly account of three or four louis d'ors, which is the moſt I can be over-reach'd in? — Baſe paſſion, ſaid I, turning myſelf about, as a man naturally does upon a ſudden reverſe of ſentiment — baſe, ungentle paſſion: thy hand is againſt every man, and, every man's againſt thee — Heaven forbid! ſaid ſhe, raiſing her hand up to her forehead, for I had turned full in front upon the lady whom I had ſeen in conference with the monk — ſhe had followed us unperceived — Heaven forbid, indeed! ſaid I, offering her my own — ſhe had a black

black pair of ſilk gloves open only at the thumb and two fore-fingers, ſo accepted it without reſerve — and I led her up to the door of the Remiſe.

Monſieur Deſſein had *diabled* the key above fifty times before he found out he had come with a wrong one in his hand: we were as impatient as himſelf to have it open'd; and ſo attentive to the obſtacle, that I continued holding her hand almoſt without knowing it; ſo that Monſieur Deſſein left us together with her hand in mine, and with our faces turned towards the door of the Remiſe, and ſaid he would be back in five minutes.

Now a colloquy of five minutes, in ſuch a ſituation, is worth one of as many ages, with your faces turned towards the ſtreet: in the latter caſe, 'tis drawn from the objects and occurrences without — when your eyes are fixed upon a dead blank — you draw purely from yourſelves. A ſilence of a ſingle moment upon Monſieur Deſſein's leaving us had been fatal to the ſituation — ſhe had infallibly turned about — ſo I begun the converſation inſtantly. ——

—But what were the temptations (as I write not to apologize for the weakneſſes of my heart in this tour,—but to give an account of them)— ſhall be deſcribed with the ſame ſimplicity, with which I felt them.

THE REMISE DOOR.

CALAIS.

WHEN I told the reader that I did not care to get out of the *Deſobligeant*, becauſe I ſaw the monk in cloſe conference with a lady juſt arrived at the inn—I told him the truth; but I did not tell him the whole truth; for I was full as much reſtrained by the appearance and figure of the lady he was talking to. Suſpicion croſſed my brain, and ſaid, he was telling her what had paſſed; ſomething jarred upon it within me—I wiſhed him at his convent.

When the heart flies out before the underſtanding, it ſaves the judgment a world of pains—I was certain ſhe was of a better order of beings—however, I thought no more of her, but went on and wrote my preface.

The impreſſion returned, upon my encounter with her in the ſtreet; a guarded frankneſs with which ſhe gave me her hand, ſhewed, I thought, her good education and her good ſenſe; and as I led her on, I felt a pleaſurable ductility about her, which ſpread calmneſs over all my ſpirits—

—Good God! how a man might lead ſuch a creature as this round the world with him!—

I had not yet ſeen her face—'twas not material; for the drawing was inſtantly ſet about, and long before we had got to the door of the Remiſe, *Fancy* had finiſhed the whole head, and pleaſed herſelf as much with its fitting her goddeſs, as if ſhe had dived into the TIBER for it—but thou art a ſeduced, and a ſeducing ſlut; and albeit

albeit thou cheateſt us ſeven times a day with thy pictures and images, yet with ſo many charms doſt thou do it, and thou deckeſt out thy pictures in the ſhape of ſo many angels of light, 'tis a ſhame to break with thee.

When we had got to the door of the Remiſe, ſhe withdrew her hand from acroſs her forehead, and let me ſee the original — it was a face of about ſix and twenty — of a clear tranſparent brown, ſimply ſet off without rouge or powder — it was not critically handſome, but there was that in it, which attach'd me much more to it — it was intereſting; I fancied it wore the characters of a widow'd look, and in that ſtate of its declenſion, which had paſſed the two firſt paroxyſms of ſorrow, and was quietly beginning to reconcile itſelf to its loſs — but a thouſand other diſtreſſes might have traced the ſame lines; I wiſh'd to know what they had been — and was ready to enquire, (had the ſame *bon ton* of converſation permitted, as in the days of Eſdras) — "*What aileth thee? and why art thou diſquieted? and why is thy underſtanding troubled?*" — In a word, I felt benevolence for her; and reſolved ſome way or other to throw in my mite of courteſy — if not of ſervice.

Such were my temptations — and in this diſpoſition to give way to them, was I left alone with the lady with her hand in mine, and with our faces both turned cloſer to the door of the Remiſe than what was abſolutely neceſſary.

THE REMISE DOOR.

CALAIS.

THIS certainly, fair lady! ſaid I, raiſing her hand up a little lightly as I began, muſt be one of Fortune's whimſical doings: to take two utter ſtrangers by their hands — of different ſexes, and perhaps from different corners of the globe, and in one moment place them together in ſuch a cordial ſituation, as Friendſhip herſelf could ſcarce have atchieved for them, had ſhe projected it for a month ——

— And your reflection upon it, ſhews how much, Monſieur, ſhe has embarraſſed you by the adventure. ——

When the ſituation is what we would wiſh, nothing is ſo ill timed as to hint at the circumſtances which make it ſo: you thank Fortune, continued ſhe —— you had reaſon —— the heart knew it, and was ſatisfied; and who but an Engliſh philoſopher would have ſent notice of it to the brain to reverſe the judgment?

In ſaying this, ſhe diſengaged her hand with a look which I thought a ſufficient commentary upon the text.

It is a miſerable picture which I am going to give of the weakneſs of my heart, by owning, that it ſuffered a pain, which worthier occaſions could not have inflicted. —— I was mortified with the loſs of her hand, and the manner in which I had loſt it carried neither oil nor wine

to the wound: I never felt the pain of a ſheepiſh inferiority ſo miſerably in my life.

The triumphs of a true feminine heart are ſhort upon theſe diſcomfitures. In a very few ſeconds ſhe laid her hand upon the cuff of my coat, in order to finiſh her reply; ſo ſome way or other, God knows how, I regained my ſituation.

—She had nothing to add.

I forthwith began to model a different converſation for the lady, thinking from the ſpirit as well as moral of this, that I had been miſtaken in her character; but upon turning her face towards me, the ſpirit which had animated the reply was fled—the muſcles relaxed, and I beheld the ſame unprotected look of diſtreſs which firſt won me to her intereſt——melancholy! to ſee ſuch ſprightlineſs the prey of ſorrow.—I pitied her from my ſoul; and though it may ſeem ridiculous enough to a torpid heart,—I could have taken her into my arms, and cheriſhed her, though it was in the open ſtreet, without bluſhing.

The pulſations of the arteries along my fingers preſſing acroſs hers, told her what was paſſing within me: ſhe looked down—a ſilence of ſome moments followed.

I fear, in this interval, I muſt have made ſome ſlight efforts towards a cloſer compreſſion of her hand, from a ſubtle ſenſation I felt in the palm of my own——not as if ſhe was going to withdraw hers—but as if ſhe thought about it—and I had infallibly loſt it a ſecond time, had not inſtinct more than reaſon directed me to the laſt reſource in theſe dan-

gers — to hold it loosely, and in a manner as if I was every moment going to release it, of myself; so she let it continue, till Monsieur *Deffein* returned with the key; and in the mean time I set myself to consider how I should undo the ill impressions which the poor monk's story, in case he had told it her, must have planted in her breast against me.

THE

THE SNUFF-BOX.

CALAIS.

THE good old monk was within ſix paces of us, as the idea of him croſs'd my mind; and was advancing towards us a little out of the line, as if uncertain whether he ſhould break in upon us or no. — He ſtopp'd, however, as ſoon as he came up to us, with a world of frankneſs; and having a horn ſnuff-box in his hand, he preſented it open to me — Yon ſhall taſte mine — ſaid I, pulling out my box (which was a ſmall tortoiſe one) and putting it into his hand — 'Tis moſt excellent, ſaid the monk: Then do me the favour, I replied, to accept of the box and all, and when you take a pinch out of it, ſometimes recollect it was the peace-offering of a man who once uſed you unkindly, but not from his heart.

The poor monk bluſh'd as red as ſcarlet, *Mon Dieu!* ſaid he, preſſing his hands together —— you never uſed me unkindly. — I ſhould think, ſaid the lady, he is not likely. I bluſh'd in my turn; but from what movements, I leave to the few who feel to analyſe — Excuſe me, madame, replied I — I treated him moſt unkindly: and from no provocations — 'Tis impoſſible ſaid the lady. — My God! cried the monk, with a warmth of aſſeveration which ſeemed not to belong to him — the fault was in me, and in the indiſcretion of my zeal — the lady oppoſed it, and I joined with her in maintaining it was im-

poſſible, that a ſpirit ſo regulated as his, could give offence to any.

I knew not that contention could be rendered ſo ſweet and pleaſurable a thing to the nerves as I then felt it.—We remained ſilent, without any ſenſation of that fooliſh pain which takes place, when in ſuch a circle you look for ten minutes in one another's faces without ſaying a word. Whilſt this laſted, the monk rubb'd his horn box upon the ſleeve of his tunick; and as ſoon as it had acquired a little air of brightneſs by the friction—he made a low bow, and ſaid, 'twas too late to ſay whether it was the weakneſs or goodneſs of our tempers which had involved us in this conteſt—but be it as it would—he begg'd we might exchange boxes—In ſaying this, he preſented this to me with one hand, as he took mine from me in the other; and having kiſs'd it—with a ſtream of good nature in his eyes, he put it into his boſom—and took his leave.

I guard this box, as I would the inſtrumental parts of my religion, to help my mind on to ſomething better: in truth, I ſeldom go abroad without it; and oft and many a time have I called up by it the courteous ſpirit of its owner to regulate my own, in the juſtlings of the world; they had found full employment for his, as I learn from his ſtory, till about the forty-fifth year of his age, when upon ſome military ſervices ill requited, and meeting at the ſame time with a diſappointment in the tendereſt of paſſions, he abandon'd the ſword and the ſex together, and took ſanctuary, not ſo much in his convent as in himſelf.

I feel

I feel a damp upon my ſpirits, as I am going to add, that in my laſt return through Calais, upon inquiring after father Lorenzo, I heard he had been dead near three months, and was buried not in his convent, but, according to his deſire, in a little cemetery belonging to it, about two leagues off: I had a ſtrong deſire to ſee where they had laid him — when upon pulling out of his little horn box, as I ſat by his grave, and plucking up a nettle or two at the head of it which had no buſineſs to grow there, they all ſtruck together ſo forcibly upon my affections that I burſt into a flood of tears — but I am as weak as a woman: and I beg the world not to ſmile but pity me.

THE

THE REMISE DOOR.

CALAIS.

I HAD never quitted the lady's hand all this time; and had held it ſo long, that it would have been indecent to have let it go, without firſt preſſing it to my lips: the blood and ſpirits, which had ſuffered a revulſion from her, crowded back to her, as I did it.

Now the two travellers who had ſpoke to me in the coach-yard, happening at that criſis to be paſſing by, and obſerving our communications, naturally took it into their heads that we muſt be *man and wife* at leaſt; ſo ſtopping as ſoon as they came up to the door of the Remiſe, the one of them, who was the inquiſitive traveller, aſk'd us, if we ſet out for Paris the next morning?—I could only anſwer for myſelf, I ſaid; and the lady added, ſhe was for Amiens.—We dined there yeſterday, ſaid the ſimple traveller—You go directly through the town, added the other, in your road to Paris. I was going to return a thouſand thanks for the intelligence, *that Amiens was in the road to Paris*; but, upon pulling out my poor monk's little horn box to take a pinch of ſnuff—I made them a quiet bow, and wiſhing them a good paſſage to Dover—they left us alone—

—Now where would be the harm, ſaid I to myſelf, if I was to beg of this diſtreſſed lady to accept of half of my chaiſe?—and what mighty miſchief could enſue?

Every

Every dirty paſſion, and bad propenſity in my nature, took the alarm, as I ſtarted the propoſition —— It will oblige you to have a third horſe, ſaid AVARICE, which will put twenty livres out of your pocket. —— You know not who ſhe is, ſaid CAUTION — or what ſcrapes the affair may draw you into, whiſper'd COWARDICE ——

Depend upon it, Yorick! ſaid DISCRETION, 'twill be ſaid you went off with a miſtreſs, and came by aſſignation to Calais for that purpoſe —

—— You can never after, cried HYPOCRISY aloud, ſhew your face in the world — or riſe, quoth MEANNESS, in the church — or be any thing in it, ſaid PRIDE, but a louſy prebendary.

— But 'tis a civil thing, ſaid I — and as I generally act from the firſt impulſe, and therefore ſeldom liſten to theſe cabals, which ſerve no purpoſe, that I know of, but to encompaſs the heart with adamant — I turn'd inſtantly about to the lady ——

— But ſhe had glided off unperceived, as the cauſe was pleading, and had made ten or a dozen paces down the ſtreet, by the time I had made my determination; ſo I ſet after her with a long ſtride, to make her the propoſal with the beſt addreſs I was maſter of; but obſerving ſhe walk'd with her cheek half reſting upon the palm of her hand — with the ſlow, ſhort meaſur'd ſtep of thoughtfulneſs, and with her eyes, as ſhe went ſtep by ſtep, fix'd upon the ground, it ſtruck me ſhe was trying the ſame cauſe herſelf. —— God help her! ſaid I, ſhe has ſome mother-in-law, or tartufiſh aunt, or nonſenſical

cal old woman, to conſult upon the occaſion, as well as myſelf: ſo not caring to interrupt the proceſſe, and deeming it more gallant to take her at diſcretion than by ſurprize, I faced about, and took a ſhort turn or two before the door of the Remiſe, whilſt ſhe walked muſing on one ſide.

IN THE STREET.

CALAIS.

HAVING, on firſt ſight of the lady, ſettled the affair in my fancy, "that ſhe "was of the better order of beings" —— and then laid it down as a ſecond axiom, as indiſputable as the firſt, that ſhe was a widow, and wore a character of diſtreſs —— I went no further; I got ground enough for the ſituation which pleaſed me —— and had ſhe remained cloſe beſide my elbow till midnight, I ſhould have held true to my ſyſtem, and conſidered her only under that general idea.

She had ſcarce got twenty paces diſtant from me, ere ſomething within me called out for particular enquiry —— it brought on the idea of a further ſeparation — I might poſſibly never ſee her more —— the heart is for ſaving what it can; and I wanted the traces thro' which my wiſhes might find their way to her, in caſe I ſhould never rejoin her myſelf: in a word, I wiſh'd to know her name —— her family's —— her condition; and as I knew the place to which ſhe was going, I wanted to know from whence ſhe came: but there was no coming at all this intelligence; a hundred little delicacies ſtood in the way. I form'd a ſcore different plans —— There was no ſuch thing as a man's aſking her directly — the thing was impoſſible.

A little French *debonaire* captain, who came dancing down the ſtreet ſhewed me, it was the eaſieſt thing in the world; for popping in betwixt

us,

us, juſt as the lady was returning back to the door of the Remiſe, he introduced himſelf to my acquaintance, and before he had well got announced, begg'd I would do him the honour to preſent him to the lady—I had not been preſented myſelf — ſo turning about to her, he did it juſt as well by aſking her, if ſhe had come from Paris?—No: ſhe was going that route, ſhe ſaid.—*Vous n'etez pas de Londre?*—ſhe was not, ſhe replied. —— Then Madame muſt have come thro' Flanders. —— *Apparemment vous etez Flammande?* ſaid the French captain.— The lady anſwered, ſhe was.—*Peut être, de Liſle?* added he — She ſaid, ſhe was not of Liſle. — Nor Arras? — nor Cambray? — nor Ghent? — Nor Bruſſels? ſhe anſwered, ſhe was of Bruſſels.

He had had the honour, he ſaid, to be at the bombardment of it laſt war — that it was finely ſituated, *pour cela* — and full of nobleſſe when the Imperialiſts were driven out by the French (the lady made a ſlight courteſy)—ſo giving her an account of the affair, and of the ſhare he had in it—he begg'd the honour to know her name — ſo made his bow.

— *Et Madame à ſon Mari?* — ſaid he, looking back when he had made two ſteps — and without ſtaying for an anſwer —— danced down the ſtreet.

Had I ſerved ſeven years apprenticeſhip to good breeding, I could not have done as much.

THE

THE REMISE.

CALAIS.

AS the little French captain left us, Monſ. Deſſein came up with the key of the Remiſe in his hand, and forthwith let us into his magazine of chaiſes.

The firſt object which caught my eye, as Monſ. Deſſein open'd the door of the Remiſe, was another old tatter'd *Deſobligeant:* and notwithſtanding it was the exact picture of that which had hit my fancy ſo much in the coach-yard but an hour before——the very ſight of it ſtirr'd up a diſagreeable ſenſation within me now; and I thought 'twas a churliſh beaſt into whoſe heart the idea could firſt enter, to conſtruct ſuch a machine; nor had I much more charity for the man who could think of uſing it.

I obſerved the lady was as little taken with it as myſelf: ſo Monſ. Deſſein led us on to a couple of chaiſes which ſtood abreaſt, telling us, as he recommended them, that they had been purchaſed by my Lord A. and B. to go the *grand tour*, but had gone no further than Paris, ſo were in all reſpects as good as new—They were too good—ſo I paſs'd to a third, which ſtood behind, and forthwith began to chaffer for the price—But 'twill ſcarce hold two, ſaid I, opening the door and getting in—Have the goodneſs, Madam, ſaid Monſ. Deſſein, offering his arm, to ſtep in—— The lady heſitated half a ſecond, and ſtepp'd in; and the waiter that moment beckoning to ſpeak to Monſ. Deſſein, he ſhut the door of the chaiſe upon us, and left us.

THE

THE REMISE.

CALAIS.

C'EST bien comique, 'tis very droll, ſaid the lady ſmiling, from the reflection that this was the ſecond time we had been left together by a parcel of nonſenſical contingencies — *c'eſt bien comique*, ſaid ſhe ——

—There wants nothing, ſaid I, to make it ſo, but the comick uſe which the gallantry of a Frenchman would put it to —— to make love the firſt moment, and an offer of his perſon the ſecond.

'Tis their *fort*: replied the lady.

It is ſuppoſed ſo at leaſt—and how it has come to paſs, continued I, I know not; but they have certainly got the credit of underſtanding more of love, and making it better than any other nation upon earth: but for my own part I think them errant bunglers, and in truth the worſt ſet of markſmen that ever tried Cupid's patience.

—To think of making love by *ſentiments!*

I ſhould as ſoon think of making a genteel ſuit of cloaths out of remnants: —— and to do it—pop—at firſt ſight by declaration—is ſubmitting the offer and themſelves with it, to be ſifted, with all their *pours* and *contres*, by an unheated mind.

The lady attended as if ſhe expected I ſhould go on.

Conſider then, madam, continued I, laying my hand upon hers ——

That

That grave people hate Love for the name's ſake ——

That ſelfiſh people hate it for their own —

Hypocrites for heaven's —

And that all of us, both old and young, being ten times worſe frighten'd than hurt by the very report —— What a want of knowledge in this branch of commerce a man betrays, whoever lets the word come out of his lips, till an hour or two at leaſt after the time, that his ſilence upon it becomes tormenting. A courſe of ſmall, quiet attentions, not ſo pointed as to alarm—nor ſo vague as to be miſunderſtood, with now and then a look of kindneſs, and little or nothing ſaid upon it —leaves Nature for your miſtreſs, and ſhe faſhions it to her mind ——

Then I ſolemnly declare, ſaid the lady, bluſhing — you have been making love to me all this while.

THE REMISE.

CALAIS.

MONSIEUR Deſſein came back to let us out of the chaiſe, and acquaint the lady, the Count de L——, her brother, was juſt arrived at the hotel. Though I had infinite good will for the lady, I cannot ſay, that I rejoiced in my heart at the event —— and could not help telling her ſo —— for it is fatal to a propoſal, Madam, ſaid I, that I was going to make you —

— You need not tell me what the propoſal was, ſaid ſhe, laying her hand upon both mine, as ſhe interrupted me. — A man, my good Sir, has ſeldom an offer of kindneſs to make to a woman, but ſhe has a preſentiment of it ſome moments before —

Nature arms her with it, ſaid I, for immediate preſervation — But I think, ſaid ſhe, looking in my face, I had no evil to apprehend — and to deal frankly with you, had determined to accept it. — If I had — (ſhe ſtopped a moment) — I believe your good will would have drawn a ſtory from me, which would have made pity the only dangerous thing in the journey.

In ſaying this, ſhe ſuffered me to kiſs her hand twice, and with a look of ſenſibility mixed with a concern ſhe got out of the chaiſe —— and bid adieu.

IN

IN THE STREET.

CALAIS.

I NEVER finiſhed a twelve-guinea bargain ſo expeditiouſly in my life: my time ſeemed heavy upon the loſs of the lady, and knowing every moment of it would be as two, till I put myſelf into motion — I ordered poſt horſes directly and walked towards the hotel.

Lord! ſaid I, hearing the town clock ſtrike four, and recollecting that I had been little more than a ſingle hour in Calais —

— What a large volume of adventures may be graſped within this little ſpan of life by him who intereſts his heart in every thing, and who, having eyes to ſee, what time and chance are perpetually holding out to him as he journeyeth on his way, miſſes nothing he can fairly lay his hands on. —

— If this won't turn out ſomething—another will—no matter—'tis an eſſay upon human nature — I get my labour for my pains — 'tis enough — the pleaſure of the experiment has kept my ſenſes, and the beſt part of my blood awake, and laid the groſs to ſleep.

I pity the man who can travel from *Dan* to *Beerſheba*, and cry, 'tis all barren — and ſo it is; and ſo is all the world to him who will not cultivate the fruits it offers. I declare, ſaid I, clapping my hands chearily together, that was I in a deſart, I would find out wherewith in it to call forth my affections — If I could do no better, I would faſten them upon ſome ſweet myr-

tle,

tle, or ſeek ſome melancholy cypreſs to connect myſelf to—I would court their ſhade, and greet them kindly for their protection — I would cut my name upon them, and ſwear they were the loveliest trees throughout the deſart: if their leaves wither'd, I would teach myſelf to mourn, and when they rejoiced, I would rejoice along with them.

The learned SMELFUNGUS travelled from Boulogne to Paris — from Paris to Rome — and ſo on — but he ſet out with the ſpleen and jaundice, and every object he paſs'd by was diſcoloured or diſtorted — He wrote an account of them, but 'twas nothing but the account of his miſerable feelings.

I met Smelfungus in the grand portico of the Pantheon — he was juſt coming out of it — *'Tis nothing but an huge cockpit* *, ſaid he — I wiſh you had ſaid nothing worſe of the Venus of Medicis, replied I — for in paſſing through Florence, I had heard he had fallen foul upon the goddeſs, and had uſed her worſe than a common ſtrumpet, without the leaſt provocation in nature.

I popp'd upon Smelfungus again at Turin, in his return home; and a ſad tale of ſorrowful adventures had he to tell, "wherein he ſpoke of "moving accidents by flood and field, and of the "cannibals which each other eat: the Anthro-"pophagi" — he had been flea'd alive, and bedevil'd, and uſed worſe than St. Bartholomew, at every ſtage he had come at ———

— I'll tell it, cried Smelfungus, to the world. You had better tell it, ſaid I, to your phyſician.

Mundungus,

* Vide S——'s Travels.

Mundungus, with an immenſe fortune, made the whole tour; going on from Rome to Naples — from Naples to Venice — from Venice to Vienna — to Dreſden, to Berlin, without one generous connection or pleaſurable anecdote to tell of; but he had travelled ſtraight on, looking neither to his right hand or his left, leſt Love or Pity ſhould ſeduce him out of his road.

Peace be to them! if it is to be found; but heaven itſelf, was it poſſible to get there with ſuch tempers, would want objects to give it — every gentle ſpirit would come flying upon the wings of Love to hail their arrival — Nothing would the ſouls of Smelfungus and Mundungus hear of, but freſh anthems of joy, freſh raptures of love, and freſh congratulations of their common felicity — I heartily pity them: they have brought up no faculties for this work; and was the happieſt manſion in heaven to be allotted to Smelfungus and Mundungus, they would be ſo far from being happy, that the Souls of Smelfungus and Mundungus would do penance there to all eternity.

MONTRIUL.

I HAD once loſt my portmanteau from behind my chaiſe, and twice got out in the rain, and one of the times up to the knees in dirt, to help the poſtillion to tie it on, without being able to find out what was wanting ——— Nor was it till I had got to Montriul, upon the landlord's aſking me if I wanted not a ſervant, that it occurred to me, that, that was the very thing.

A ſervant! that I do moſt ſadly, quoth I — Becauſe, Monſieur, ſaid the landlord, there is a clever young fellow, who would be very proud of the honour to ſerve an Engliſhman —— But why an Engliſh one, more than any other?— They are ſo generous, ſaid the landlord — I'll be ſhot if this is not a livre out of my pocket, quoth I to myſelf, this very night — but they have wherewithal to be ſo, Monſieur, added he — It was but laſt night, ſaid the landlord, *qu'un my lord Anglois preſentoit un ecu a la fille de chambre — Tant pis, pour mad. Jonatone,* ſaid I.

Now Jonatone being the landlord's daughter, and the landlord ſuppoſing I was young in French, took the liberty to inform me, I ſhould not have ſaid *tant pis* —— but, *tant mieux. Tant mieux, toujours, Monſieur,* ſaid he, when there is any thing to be got —— *tant pis,* when there is nothing. It comes to the ſame thing, ſaid I. *Pardonnez moi,* ſaid the landlord.

I cannot take a fitter opportunity to obſerve once for all, that *tant pis* and *tant mieux* being two of the great hinges in French converſation,

a ſtranger

a ſtranger would do well to ſet himſelf right in the uſe of them, before he gets to Paris.

A prompt French marquis at our ambaſſador's table demanded of Mr. H——, if he was H— the poet? No, ſaid H— mildly —*Tant pis*, replied the Marquis.

It is H— the hiſtorian, ſaid another —*Tant mieux*, ſaid the Marquis. And Mr. H—, who is a man of an excellent heart, return'd thanks for both.

When the landlord had ſet me right in this matter, he calls in La Fleur, which was the name of the young man he had ſpoke of——— ſaying only firſt, That as for his talents, he would preſume to ſay nothing — Monſieur was the beſt judge what would ſuit him; but for the fidelity of La Fleur, he would ſtand reſponſible in all he was worth.

The landlord deliver'd this in a manner which inſtantly ſet my mind to the buſineſs I was upon — and La Fleur, who ſtood waiting without, in that breathleſs expectation which every ſon of nature of us have felt in our turns, came in.

MONTRIUL.

I AM apt to be taken with all kinds of people at firſt ſight; but never more ſo than when a poor devil comes to offer his ſervice to ſo poor a devil as myſelf; and as I know this weakneſs, I always ſuffer my judgment to draw back ſomething on that very account—and this more or leſs, according to the mood I am in, and the caſe—and I may add the gender too, of the perſon I am to govern.

When La Fleur enter'd the room, after every diſcount I could make for my ſoul, the genuine look and air of the fellow determined the matter at once in his favour; ſo I hired him firſt—and then began to inquire what he could do: But I ſhall find out his talents, quoth I, as I want them—beſides, a Frenchman can do every thing.

Now poor La Fleur could do nothing in the world but beat a drum, and play a march or two upon the fife. I was determined to make his talents do; and can't ſay my weakneſs was ever ſo inſulted by my wiſdom, as in the attempt.

La Fleur had ſet out early in life, as gallantly as moſt Frenchmen do, with *ſerving* for a few years; at the end of which, having ſatisfied the ſentiment, and found moreover, That the honour of beating a drum was likely to be its own reward, as it open'd no further track of glory to him—he retired *a ſes terres*, and lived *comme il plaiſoit a Dieu*—that is to ſay, upon nothing.

And

And ſo quoth *Wiſdome*, you have hired a drummer to attend you in this tour of your's through France and Italy! Pſha! ſaid I, and do not one half of your gentry go with a hum-drum *compagnon du voiage* the ſame round, and have the piper and the devil and all to pay beſides? When a man can extricate himſelf with an *equivoque* in ſuch an unequal match —— he is not ill off —— But you can do ſomething elſe, La Fleur? ſaid I —— *O qu'oui!* —— he could make ſpatterdaſhes, and play a little on the fiddle —— Bravo! ſaid Wiſdome —— Why, I play a baſs myſelf, ſaid I —— we ſhall do very well —— You can ſhave and dreſs a wig a little, La Fleur! —— He had all the diſpoſitions in the world —— It is enough for heaven! ſaid I, interrupting him —— and ought to be enough for me —— So ſupper coming in, and having a friſky Engliſh ſpaniel on one ſide of my chair, and a French Valet, with as much hilarity in his countenance as ever nature painted in one, on the other — I was ſatisfied to my heart's content with my empire; and if monarchs knew what they would be at, they might be as ſatisfied as I was.

MONTRIUL.

AS La Fleur went the whole tour of France and Italy with me, and will be often upon the ſtage, I muſt intereſt the reader a little further in his behalf, by ſaying, that I had never leſs reaſon to repent of the impulſes which generally do determine me, than in regard to this fellow —— he was a faithful, affectionate, ſimple ſoul as ever trudged after the heels of a philoſopher; and notwithſtanding his talents of drum-beating and ſpatterdaſh-making, which, tho' very good in themſelves, happen'd to be of no very great ſervice to me, yet was I hourly recompenſed by the feſtivity of his temper — it ſupplied all defects — I had a conſtant reſource in his looks in all difficulties and diſtreſſes of my own — I was going to have added, of his too; but La Fleur was out of the reach of every thing; for whether 'twas hunger or thirſt, or cold or nakedneſs, or watchings, or whatever ſtripes of ill luck La Fleur met with in our journeying, there was no index in his phyſiognomy to point them out by — he was eternally the ſame; ſo that if I am a piece of a philoſopher, which Satan now and then puts it into my head I am ——— it always mortifies the pride of the conceit, by reflecting how much I owe to the complexional philoſophy of this poor fellow, for ſhaming me into one of a better kind. With all this, La Fleur had a ſmall caſt of the coxcomb ——— but he ſeemed at firſt ſight to be more a coxcomb of nature than of art; and before I had been three days in Paris with him — he ſeemed to be no coxcomb at all.

MONTRIUL.

MONTRIUL.

THE next morning La Fleur entering upon his employment, I delivered to him the key of my portmanteau with an inventory of my half a dozen ſhirts and ſilk pair of breeches; and bid him faſten all upon the chaiſe — get the horſes put to — and deſired the landlord to come in with his bill.

C'eſt un garçon de bonne fortune, ſaid the landlord, pointing through the window to half a dozen wenches who had got round about La Fleur, and were moſt kindly taking their leave of him, as the poſtillion was leading out the horſes. La Fleur kiſſed all their hands round and round again, and thrice he wiped his eyes, and thrice he promiſed he would bring them all pardons from Rome.

The young fellow, ſaid the landlord, is beloved by all the town, and there is ſcarce a corner in Montriul where the want of him will not be felt: he has but one misfortune in the world, continued he, "He is always in love." ——— I am heartily glad of it, ſaid I — 'twill ſave me the trouble every night of putting my breeches under my head. In ſaying this, I was making not ſo much La Fleur's eloge, as my own, having been in love with one princeſs or another almoſt all my life, and I hope I ſhall go on ſo, till I die, being firmly perſuaded, that if ever I do a mean action, it muſt be in ſome interval between one paſſion and another: whilſt this interregnum laſts, I always perceived my heart lock'd up — I can ſcarce find in it, to give miſe-

ry a ſixpence; and therefore I always get out of it as faſt as I can, and the moment I am rekindled, I am all generoſity and good will again; and would do any thing in the world either for, or with any one, if they will but ſatisfy me there is no ſin in it.

— But in ſaying this — ſurely I am commending the paſſion — not myſelf.

A FRAG-

A FRAGMENT.

— THE town of Abdera, notwithſtanding Democritus lived there trying all the powers of irony and laughter to reclaim it, was the vileſt and moſt profligate town in all Thrace. What for poiſons, conſpiracies and aſſaſſinations —— libels, paſquinades and tumults, there was no going there by day — 'twas worſe by night.

Now, when things were at the worſt, it came to paſs, that the Andromeda of Euripides being repreſented at Abdera, the whole orcheſtra was delighted with it: but of all the paſſages which delighted them, nothing operated more upon their imaginations, than the tender ſtrokes of nature which the poet had wrought up in that pathetic ſpeech of Perſeus,

O Cupid, prince of God and men, &c.

Every man almoſt ſpoke pure iambics the next day, and talk'd of nothing but Perſeus his pathetic addreſs — " O Cupid: prince of God and " men" — in every ſtreet of Abdera, in every houſe — " O Cupid! Cupid!" — In every mouth, like the natural notes of ſome ſweet melody which drops from it whether it will or no — nothing but " Cupid! Cupid! prince of " God and men" — The fire caught, and the whole city, like the heart of one man, opened itſelf to Love.

No pharmacopoliſt could ſell one grain of hellebore — not a ſingle armourer had a heart to forge one inſtrument of death — Friendſhip and Virtue met together, and kiſs'd each other in the ſtreet — the golden age return'd, and hung

o'er the town of Abdera — every Abderite took his oaten pipe, and every Abderitiſh woman left her purple web, and chaſtly ſat her down and liſten'd to the ſong.

'Twas only in the power, ſays the Fragment of the God whoſe empire extendeth from heaven to earth, and even to the depths of the ſea, to have done this.

MONTRIUL.

MONTRIUL.

WHEN all is ready, and every article is diſputed and paid for in the inn, unleſs you are a little ſour'd by the adventure, there is always a matter to compound at the door, before you can get into your chaiſe; and that is with the ſons and daughters of poverty, who ſurround you. Let no man ſay, "let them go to the "devil"—'tis a cruel journey to ſend a few miſerables, and they have had ſufferings enow without it: I always think it better to take a few ſous out in my hand; and I would counſel every gentle traveller to do ſo likewiſe: he need not be ſo exact in ſetting down his motives for giving them—they will be regiſter'd elſewhere.

For my own part, there is no man gives ſo little as I do; for few that I know have ſo little to give: but as this was the firſt public act of my charity in France, I took the more notice of it.

A well-a-way! ſaid I. I have but eight ſous in the world, ſhewing them in my hand, and there are eight poor men and eight poor women for 'em.

A poor tatter'd ſoul without a ſhirt on inſtantly withdrew his claim, by retiring two ſteps out of the circle, and making a diſqualifying bow on his part. Had the whole parterre cried out *Place aux dames*, with one voice, it would not have conveyed the ſentiment of a deference for the ſex with half the effect.

Juſt heaven! for what wiſe reaſons haſt thou order'd it that beggary and urbanity, which

are at ſuch variance in other countries, ſhould find a way to be at unity in this?

—I inſiſted upon preſenting him with a ſingle ſous, merely for his *politeſſe*.

A poor little dwarfiſh briſk fellow, who ſtood over againſt me in the circle, putting ſomething firſt under his arm, which had once been a hat, took his ſnuff-box out of his pocket, and generouſly offered a pinch on both ſides of him: it was a gift of conſequence and modeſtly declined—The poor little fellow preſs'd it upon them with a nod of welcomeneſs--- *Prenez en* --- *Prenez*, ſaid he looking another way; ſo they each took a pinch--- Pity thy box ſhould ever want one! ſaid I to myſelf; ſo I put a couple of ſous into it—taking a ſmall pinch out of his box, to enhance their value, as I did it — He felt the weight of the ſecond obligation more than that of the firſt — 'twas doing him an honour — the other was only doing him a charity — and he made me a bow down to the ground for it.

— Here! ſaid I to an old ſoldier with one hand, who had been campaign'd and worn out to death in the ſervice — here's a couple of ſous for thee—*Vive le roi!* ſaid the old ſoldier.

I had then but three ſous left: ſo I gave one, ſimply *pour l'amour de Dieu*, which was the footing on which it was begg'd—The poor woman had a diſlocated hip: ſo it could not be well, upon any other motive.

Mon cher et tres charitable Monſieur — There's no oppoſing this, ſaid I.

My Lord Anglois — the very ſound was worth the money — ſo I gave *my laſt ſous for it.* But in the eagerneſs of giving, I had overlook'd a *pauvre honteux*, who had no one to aſk a ſous for

for him, and who, I believed, would have periſh'd, ere he could have aſk'd one for himſelf: he ſtood by the chaiſe a little without the circle, and wiped a tear from a face which I thought had ſeen better days—Good God! ſaid I—and I have not one ſingle ſous left to give him—— But you have a thouſand! cried all the powers of nature ſtirring within me—ſo I gave him—no matter what—I am aſhamed to ſay *how much*, now—and was aſhamed to think how little, then: ſo if the reader can form any conjecture of my diſpoſition, as theſe two fixed points are given him, he may judge within a livre or two what was the preciſe ſum.

I could afford nothing for the reſt, but *Dieu vous beniſſe—Et le bon Dieu vous beniſſe encore*—ſaid the old ſoldier, the dwarf, &c. The *pauvre honteux* could ſay nothing—he pull'd out a little handkerchief, and wiped his face as he turned away—and I thought he thank'd me more than them all.

THE BIDET.

HAVING ſettled all theſe little matters, I got into my poſt-chaiſe with more eaſe than ever I got into a poſt-chaiſe in my life; and La Fleur having got one large jack-boot on the far ſide of a little *bidet**, and another on this (for I count nothing of his legs)—he canter'd away before me as happy and as perpendicular as a prince———

——But what is happineſs! what is grandeur in this painted ſcene of life. A dead aſs, before we had got a league, put a ſudden ſtop to La Fleur's career—his bidet would not paſs by it—a contention aroſe betwixt them, and the poor fellow was kick'd out of his jack-boots the very firſt kick.

La Fleur bore his fall like a French chriſtian, ſaying neither more or leſs upon it, than, Diable! ſo preſently got up and came to the charge again aſtride his bidet, beating him up to it as he would have beat his drum.

The bidet flew from one ſide of the road to the other, then back again—then this way—then that way, and in ſhort every way but by the dead aſs.—La Fleur inſiſted upon the thing—and the bidet threw him.

What's the matter, La Fleur, ſaid I, with this bidet of thine?—*Monſieur*, ſaid he, *c'eſt un cheval le plus opiniatre du monde*—Nay, if he is a conceited beaſt, he muſt go his own way, replied I—ſo La Fleur got off him, and giving him

* Poſt-horſe.

him a good ſound laſh, the bidet took me at my word, and away he ſcamper'd back to Montriul. —*peſte!* ſaid La Fleur.

It is not *mal à propos* to take notice here, that tho' La Fleur availed himſelf but of two different terms of exclamation in this encounter — namely, *Diable!* and *peſte!* that there are nevertheleſs three, in the French language; like the poſitive, comparative, and ſuperlative, one or the other of which ſerve for every unexpected throw of the dice in life.

Le Diable? which is the firſt and poſitive degree, is generally uſed upon ordinary emotions of the mind, where ſmall things only fall out contrary to your expectations — ſuch as — the throwing once doublets — La Fleur's being kick'd off his horſe, and ſo forth — cuckoldom, for the ſame reaſon, is always *Le Diable!*

But in caſes where the caſt has ſomething provoking in it, as in that of the bidet's running away after, and leaving La Fleur aground in jack-boots — 'tis the ſecond degree.

'Tis then *peſte!*

And for the third ———

But here my heart is wrung with pity and fellow-feeling, when I reflect what miſeries muſt have been their lot, and how bitterly ſo refined a people muſt have ſmarted, to have forced them upon the uſe of it.———

Grant me, O ye powers which touch the tongue with eloquence in diſtreſs! — whatever is my *caſt*, Grant me but decent words to exclaim in, and I will give my nature way.

But as theſe were not to be had in France, I reſolved to take every evil juſt as it befell me without any exclamation at all.

La

La Fleur, who had made no ſuch covenant with himſelf, followed the bidet with his eyes till it was got out of ſight — and then, you may imagine, if you pleaſe, with what word he cloſed the whole affair.

As there was no hunting down a frighten'd horſe in jack-boots, there remained no alternative but taking La Fleur either behind the chaiſe, or into it. ———

I preferred the latter, and in half an hour we got to the poſt-houſe at Nampont.

NAMPONT.

NAMPONT.

THE DEAD ASS.

AND this, ſaid he putting the remains of a cruſt into his wallet —— and this ſhould have been thy portion, ſaid he, hadſt thou been alive to have ſhared it with me. I thought by the accent, it had been an apoſtrophe to his child; but 'twas to his aſs, and to the very aſs we had ſeen dead in the road, which had occaſioned La Fleur's miſadventure. The man ſeemed to lament it much; and it inſtantly brought into my mind Sancho's lamentation for his; but he did it with more true touches of nature.

The mourner was ſitting upon a ſtone bench at the door, with the aſs's pannel and its bridle on one ſide, which he took up from time to time — then laid them down — look'd at them, and ſhook his head. He then took his cruſt of bread out of his wallet again, as if to eat it? held it ſome time in his hand — then laid it upon the bit of his aſs's bridle — look'd wiſtfully at the little arrangement he had made — and then gave a ſigh.

The ſimplicity of his grief drew numbers about him, and La Fleur amongſt the reſt, whilſt the horſes were getting ready; as I continued ſitting in the poſt-chaiſe, I could ſee and hear over their heads.

— He ſaid he had come laſt from Spain, where he had been from the furtheſt borders of Franconia; and had got ſo far on his return home,

home, when his aſs died. Every one ſeem'd deſirous to know what buſineſs could have taken ſo old and poor a man ſo far a journey from his own home.

It had pleaſed heaven, he ſaid, to bleſs him with three ſons, the fineſt lads in all Germany; but having in one week loſt two of them by the ſmall-pox, and the youngeſt falling ill of the ſame diſtemper, he was afraid of being bereft of them all; and made a vow, if Heaven would not take him from him alſo he would go in gratitude to St. Iago in Spain.

When the mourner got thus far in his ſtory, he ſtopp'd to pay nature her tribute — and wept bitterly.

He ſaid Heaven had accepted the conditions; and that he had ſet out from his cottage with this poor creature, who had been a patient partner of his journey — that it had eat the ſame bread with him all the way, and was unto him as a friend.

Every body who ſtood about heard the poor fellow with concern — La Fleur offered him money. — The mourner ſaid he did not want it — it was not the value of the aſs — but the loſs of him. — The aſs, he ſaid, he was aſſured, loved him — and upon this told them a long ſtory of a miſchance upon their paſſage over the Pyrenean mountains which had ſeparated them from each other three days; during which time the aſs had ſought him as much as he had ſought the aſs, and that they had neither ſcarce eat or drank till they met.

Thou haſt one comfort, friend, ſaid I, at leaſt in the loſs of thy poor beaſt; I'm ſure thou haſt been a merciful maſter to him. — Alas! ſaid I

faid the mourner, I thought ſo, when he was alive — but now he is dead I think otherwiſe. — I fear the weight of myſelf and my afflictions together have been too much for him — they have ſhortened the poor creature's days, and I fear I have them to anſwer for. — Shame on the world! ſaid I to myſelf — Did we love each other as this poor ſoul but loved his aſs — 'twould be ſomething. ——

NAMPONT.

NAMPONT.

THE POSTILLION.

THE concern which the poor fellow's ſtory threw me into, required ſome attention: the poſtillion paid not the leaſt to it, but ſet off upon the *pavè* in a full gallop.

The thirſtieſt ſoul in the moſt ſandy deſert of Arabia could not have wiſhed more for a cup of cold water, than mine did for grave and quiet movements; and I ſhould have had an high opinion of the poſtillion had he but ſtolen off with me in ſomething like a penſive pace —— On the contrary, as the mourner finiſhed his lamentation, the fellow gave an unfeeling laſh to each of his beaſts, and ſet off clattering like a thouſand devils.

I called to him as loud as I could, for heavens' ſake to go ſlower —— and the louder I called the more unmercifully he galloped. —— The deuce take him and his gallopping too —— ſaid I —— he'll go on tearing my nerves to pieces till he has worked me into a fooliſh paſſion, and then he'll go ſlow, that I may enjoy the ſweets of it.

The poſtillion managed the point to a miracle: by the time he had got to the foot of a ſteep hill about half a league from Nampont, — he had put me out of temper with him — and then with myſelf, for being ſo.

My caſe then required a different treatment; and a good rattling gallop would have been of real ſervice to me ———

—Then,

— Then, prithee get on — get on, my good lad, ſaid I.

The poſtillion pointed to the hill —— I then tried to return back to the ſtory of the poor German and his aſs ——— but I had broke the clew ——— and could no more get into it again, than the poſtillion could into a trot. —

—— The deuſe go, ſaid I, with it all! Here am I ſitting as candidly diſpoſed to make the beſt of the worſt, as ever wight was, and all runs counter.

There is one ſweet lenitive at leaſt for evils, which nature holds out to us; ſo I took it kindly at her hands, and fell aſleep; and the firſt word which arouſed me was *Amiens*.

——— Bleſs me! ſaid I, rubbing my eyes— this is the very town where my poor lady is to come.

AMIENS.

AMIENS.

THE words were ſcarce out of my mouth, when the count de L***'s poſt-chaiſe, with his ſiſter in it, drove haſtily by: ſhe had juſt time to make me a bow of recognition —— and of that particular kind of it, which told me ſhe had not yet done with me. She was as good as her look, for, before I had quite finiſhed my ſupper, her brother's ſervant came into the room with a billet, in which ſhe ſaid, ſhe had taken the liberty to charge me with a letter, which I was to preſent myſelf to Madame R*** the firſt morning I had nothing to do at Paris. There was only added, ſhe was ſorry, but from what *penchant* ſhe had not conſidered, that ſhe had been prevented telling me her ſtory — that ſhe ſtill owed it me; and if my route ſhould ever lay through Bruſſels, and I had not by then forgot the name of Madame de L*** — that Madame de L*** would be glad to diſcharge her obligation.

Then I will meet thee, ſaid I, fair ſpirit! at Bruſſels —— 'tis only returning from Italy through Germany to Holland, by the route of Flanders, home —— 'twill ſcarce be ten poſts out of my way; but were it ten thouſand! with what a moral delight will it crown my journey, in ſharing in the ſickening incidents of a tale of miſery told to me by ſuch a ſufferer? to ſee her weep! and though I cannot dry up the fountain of her tears, what an exquiſite ſenſation is there ſtill left, in wiping them away from off the cheeks of the firſt and faireſt of women, as I'm ſitting

ſitting with my handkerchief in my hand in ſilence the whole night beſide her.

There was nothing wrong in the ſentiment; and yet I inſtantly reproached my heart with it in the bittereſt and moſt reprobate of expreſſions.

It had ever, as I told the reader, been one of the ſingular bleſſings of my life, to be almoſt every hour of it miſerably in love with ſome one; and my laſt flame happening to be blown out by a whiff of jealouſy on the ſudden turn of a corner, I had lighted it up afreſh at the pure taper of Eliza but about three months before ——— ſwearing as I did it, that it ſhould laſt me through the whole journey —— Why would I diſſemble the matter? I had ſworn to her eternal fidelity —ſhe had a right to my whole heart—to divide my affections was to leſſen them —— to expoſe them, was to riſk them: where there is riſk, there may be loſs —and what wilt thou have, Yorick! to anſwer to a heart ſo full of truſt and confidence —ſo good, ſo gentle and unreproaching?

—I will not go to Bruſſels, replied I, interrupting myſelf—but my imagination went on —— I recall'd her looks at that criſis of our ſeparation when neither of us had power to ſay Adieu! I look'd at the picture ſhe had tied in a black riband about my neck—and bluſh'd as I look'd at it, —I would have given the world to have kiſs'd it,—but was aſhamed. And ſhall this tender flower, ſaid I, preſſing it between my hands—ſhall it be ſmitten to its very root —and ſmitten, Yorick! by thee, who haſt promiſed to ſhelter it in thy breaſt?

Eternal

Eternal fountain of happineſs! ſaid I, kneeling down upon the ground — be thou my witneſs ——— and every pure ſpirit which taſtes it, be thou my witneſs alſo, That I would not travel to Bruſſels, unleſs Eliza went along with me, did the road lead me towards heaven.

In tranſports of this kind, the heart, in ſpite of the underſtanding, will always ſay too much.

THE

THE LETTER.

AMIENS.

FORTUNE had not ſmiled upon La Fleur: for he had been unſucceſsful in his feats of chivalry —— and not one thing had offer'd to ſignalize his zeal for my ſervice from the time he had enter'd into it, which was almoſt four and twenty hours. The poor ſoul burn'd with impatience; and the Count de L***'s ſervant, coming with the letter, being the firſt practicable occaſion which offered, La Fleur had laid hold of it; and in order to do honour to his maſter, had taken him into a back parlour in the Auberge, and treated him with a cup or two of the beſt wine in Picardy; and the Count de L***'s ſervant in return, and not to be behind in politeneſs with La Fleur, had taken him back with him to the Count's hotel. La Fleur's *prevenancy* (for there was a paſſport in his very looks) ſoon ſet every ſervant in the kitchen at eaſe with him; and as a Frenchman, whatever be his talents, has no ſort of prudery in ſhewing them, La Fleur, in leſs than five minutes, had pull'd out his fife, and, leading off the dance himſelf with the firſt note, ſet the *fille de chambre*, the *maitre d'hotel*, the cook, the ſcullion, and all the houſhold, dogs and cats, beſides an old monkey, a dancing: I ſuppoſe there never was a merrier kitchen ſince the flood.

Madame de L***, in paſſing from her brother's apartments to her own, hearing ſo much jollity below ſtairs, rung up her *fille de chambre* to

to aſk about it; and hearing it was the Engliſh gentleman's ſervant who had ſet the whole houſe merry with his pipe, ſhe order'd him up.

As the poor fellow could not preſent himſelf empty, he had loaded himſelf in going up ſtairs with a thouſand compliments to Madame de L***, on the part of his maſter —— added a long apocrypha of inquiries after Madame de L***'s health ——— told her that Monſieur his maſter was *au deſeſpoire* for her re-eſtabliſhment from the fatigues of her journey —— and, to cloſe all, that Monſieur had received the letter which Madame had done him the honour ——— And he has done me the honour, ſaid Madame de L***, interrupting La Fleur, to ſend a billet in return?

Madame de L*** had ſaid this with ſuch a tone of reliance upon the fact, that La Fleur had not power to diſappoint her expectations——he trembled for my honour——and poſſibly might not altogether be unconcerned for his own, as a man capable of being attach'd to a maſter who could be wanting *en egards vis à vis d'une femme*; ſo that when Madame de L*** aſked La Fleur if he had brought a letter ——— *O qu'oui*, ſaid La Fleur: ſo laying down his hat upon the ground, and taking hold of the flap of his right ſide pocket with his left hand, he began to ſearch for the letter with his right —— then contrary-wiſe——*Diable!*——then ſought every pocket — pocket by pocket, round, not forgetting his fob — *Peſte!* — then La Fleur emptied them upon the floor — pulled out a dirty cravet — a handkerchief — a comb — whip laſh — a night-cap — then gave a peep into his hat — *Quelle etourderie!* He had left the letter upon the table

in

in the Auberge — he would run for it, and be back with it in three minutes.

I had juſt finiſhed my ſupper when La Fleur came in to give me an account of his adventure: he told the whole ſtory ſimply as it was: and only added, that if Monſieur had forgot *(par hazard)* to anſwer Madame's letter, the arrangement gave him an opportunity to recover the *faux pas* — and if not, that things were only as they were.

Now I was not altogether ſure of my *etiquette*, whether I ought to have wrote or no; but if I had—a devil himſelf could not have been angry: 'twas but the officious zeal of a well meaning creature for my honour; and however he might have miſtook the road — or embarraſſed me in ſo doing—his heart was in no fault———I was under no neceſſity to write — and what weighed more than all — he did not look as if he had done amiſs.

— 'Tis all very well, La Fleur, ſaid I. — 'Twas ſufficient. La Fleur flew out of the room like lightning, and return'd with pen, ink, and paper in his hand; and coming up to the table, laid them cloſe before me, with ſuch a delight in his countenance, that I could not help taking up the pen.

I begun and begun again; and though I had nothing to ſay, and that nothing might have been expreſs'd in half a dozen lines, I made half a dozen different beginnings, and could no way pleaſe myſelf.

In ſhort I was in no mood to write.

La Fleur ſtept out and brought a little water in a glaſs to dilute my ink—then fetch'd ſand and ſeal-wax — It was all one: I wrote, and blotted,

and tore off, and burnt, and wrote again — *Le Diable l'emporte!* ſaid I half to myſelf — I cannot write this ſelf-ſame letter; throwing the pen down deſpairingly as I ſaid it.

As ſoon as I had caſt down the pen, La Fleur advanced with the moſt reſpectful carriage up to the table, and making a thouſand apologies for the liberty he was going to take, told me he had a letter in his pocket wrote by a drummer in his regiment to a corporal's wife, which, he durſt ſay, would ſuit the occaſion.

I had a mind to let the poor fellow have his humour — Then prithee, ſaid I, let me ſee it.

La Fleur inſtantly pull'd out a little dirty pocket-book cramm'd full of ſmall letters and billet-doux in a ſad condition, and laying it upon the table, and then untying the ſtring which held them all together, run them over one by one, till he came to the letter in queſtion — *La voila!* ſaid he, clapping his hands; ſo unfolding it firſt, he laid it before me, and retired three ſteps from the table whilſt I read it.

THE

THE LETTER.

MADAME,

JE ſuis penetré de la douleur la plus vive, et reduit en même temps au deſeſpoir par ce retour impreveu du Corporal, qui rend notre entreveue de ce ſoir la choſe du monde la plus impoſſible.

Mais vive la joie! et toute la mienne ſera de penſer a vous.

L'amour n'eſt *rien* ſans ſentiment.

Et le ſentiment eſt encore *moins* ſans amour.

On dit qu'on ne doit jamais ſe deſeſperer.

On dit auſſi que Monſieur le Corporal monte la garde Mecredi: alors ce ſera mon tour.

Chacun a ſon tour.

En attendant ——— Vive l'amour! et vive la bagatelle!

Je ſuis, MADAME,
Avec toutes les ſentiments les plus reſpectueux et le plus tendres tout a vous,

JAQUES ROQUE.

It was but changing the Corporal into the Count — and ſaying nothing about mounting guard on Wedneſday — and the letter was neither right or wrong — ſo to gratify the poor fellow, who ſtood trembling for my honour, his own, and the honour of his letter, — I took the cream gently off it, and whipping it up in my own way—I ſeal'd it up and ſent him with it to Madame de L***——— and the next morning we purſued our journey to Paris.

PARIS.

WHEN a man can conteſt the point by dint of equipage, and carry all on floundering before him with half a dozen lackies and a couple of cooks—'tis very well in ſuch a place as Paris—he may drive in at which end of a ſtreet he will.

A poor prince who is weak in cavalry, and whoſe whole infantry does not exceed a ſingle man, had beſt quit the field; and ſignalize himſelf in the cabinet, if he can get up into it—I ſay *up into it*—for there is no deſcending perpendicular amongſt 'em with a "*Me voici! mes enfans*"——here I am——whatever many may think.

I own my firſt ſenſations, as ſoon as I was left ſolitary and alone in my own chamber in the hotel were far from being ſo flattering as I had prefigured them. I walked up gravely to the window in my duſty black coat, and looking through the glaſs ſaw all the world in yellow, blue, and green, running at the ring of pleaſure.—The old with broken lances, and in helmets which had loſt their vizards—the young in armour bright which ſhone like gold, be-plumed with each gay feather of the eaſt—all—all tilting at it like faſcinated knights in tournaments of yore for fame and love.——

Alas, poor Yorick! cried I, what art thou doing here? on the very firſt onſet of all this glittering clatter, thou art reduced to an atom—ſeek—ſeek ſome winding alley, with a tourniquet at the end of it, where chariot never rolled

or

or flambeau ſhot its rays — there thou mayeſt ſolace thy ſoul in converſe ſweet with ſome kind *griſſet* of a barber's wife, and get into ſuch coteries! ———

— May I periſh! if I do, ſaid I pulling out the letter which I had to preſent to Madame de R***.—I'll wait upon this lady the very firſt thing I do. So I called La Fleur to go ſeek me a barber directly—and come back and bruſh my coat.

THE WIG.

PARIS.

WHEN the barber came, he abſolutely refuſed to have any thing to do with my wig: 'twas either above or below his art: I had nothing to do, but to take one ready made of his own recommendation.

—But I fear, friend! ſaid I, this buckle won't ſtand.—You may immerge it, replied he, into the ocean, and it will ſtand———

What a great ſcale is every thing upon in this city! thought I—The utmoſt ſtretch of an Engliſh periwig-maker's ideas could have gone no further than to have "dipped it into a pail of water."—What difference! 'tis like time to eternity.

I confeſs I do hate all cold conceptions, as I do the puny ideas which engender them; and am generally ſo ſtruck with the great works of nature, that, for my own part, if I could help it, I never would make a compariſon leſs than a mountain at leaſt. All that can be ſaid againſt the French ſublime in this inſtance of it, is this —that the grandeur is *more* in the *word*; and *leſs* in the *thing*. No doubt the ocean fills the mind with vaſt ideas, but Paris being ſo far inland, it was not likely I ſhould run poſt a a hundred miles out of it, to try the experiment —the Pariſian barber meant nothing.———

The pail of water ſtanding beſides the great deep, makes certainly but a ſorry figure in ſpeech —but 'twill be ſaid—it has one advantage—

'tis

'tis in the next room, and the truth of the buckle may be tried in it without more ado, in a ſingle moment.

In honeſt truth, and upon a more candid reviſion of the matter, *The French expreſſion profeſſes more than it performs.*

I think I can ſee the preciſe and diſtinguiſhing marks of national characters more in theſe nonſenſical *minutiæ*, than in the moſt important matters of ſtate; where great men of all nations talk and ſtalk ſo much alike, that I would not give nine pence to chooſe among them.

I was ſo long in getting from under my barber's hand, that it was too late to think of going with my letter to Madame R*** that night: but when a man is once dreſſed at all points for going out, his reflections turn to little account, ſo taking down the name of the Hotel de Modene where I lodged, I walked forth without any determination where to go—I ſhall conſider of that, ſaid I, as I walk along.

THE PULSE.

PARIS.

HAIL ye ſmall ſweet courteſies of life, for ſmooth do ye make the road of it! like grace and beauty which beget inclinations to love at firſt ſight; 'tis ye who open this door and let the ſtranger in.

—Pray, Madame, ſaid I, have the goodneſs to tell me which way I muſt turn to go to the Opera comique:—Moſt willingly, Monſieur, ſaid ſhe, laying aſide her work ———

I had given a caſt with my eye into half a dozen ſhops as I came along in ſearch of a face not likely to be diſordered by ſuch an interruption; till at laſt, this hitting my fancy, I had walked in.

She was working a pair of ruffles as ſhe ſat in a low chair, on the far ſide of the ſhop facing the door ———

—*Tres volontaire*; moſt willingly, ſaid ſhe, laying her work down upon a chair next her, and riſing up from the low chair ſhe was ſitting in, with ſo chearful a movement and ſo chearful a look, that had I been laying out fifty louis d'ors with her, I ſhould have ſaid—"This woman is grateful."

You muſt turn, Monſieur, ſaid ſhe, going with me to the door of the ſhop, and pointing the way down the ſtreet I was to take—you muſt turn firſt to your left hand—*mais prenez garde*—there are two turns; and be ſo good as to take the ſecond—then go down a little way and

and you'll ſee a church, and when you are paſt it, give yourſelf the trouble to turn directly to the right, and that will lead you to the foot of the *pont neuf*, which you muſt croſs — and there, any one will do himſelf the pleaſure to ſhew you ———

She repeated her inſtructions three times over to me with the ſame good natured patience the third time as the firſt — and if *tones and manners* have a meaning, which certainly they have, unleſs to hearts which ſhut them out —— ſhe ſeem'd really intereſted, that I ſhould not loſe myſelf.

I will not ſuppoſe it was the woman's beauty, notwithſtanding ſhe was the handſomeſt griſſet, I think, I ever ſaw, which had much to do with the ſenſe I had of her courteſy; only I remember, when I told her how much I was obliged to her, that I looked very full in her eyes, — and that I repeated my thanks as often as ſhe had done her inſtructions.

I had not got ten paces from the door, before I found I had forgot every tittle of what ſhe had ſaid — ſo looking, and ſeeing her ſtill ſtanding in the door of the ſhop as if to look whether I went right or not — I returned back, to aſk her whether the firſt turn was to my right or left — for that I had abſolutely forgot. —— Is it poſſible! ſaid ſhe, half laughing. — 'Tis very poſſible, replied I, when a man is thinking more of a woman than of her good advice.

As this was the real truth — ſhe took it, as every woman takes a matter of right, with a ſlight courteſy.

—— *Attendez!* ſaid ſhe, laying her hand upon my arm to detain me, whilſt ſhe called a lad

out of the back ſhop to get ready a parcel of gloves. I am juſt going to ſend him, ſaid ſhe, with a packet into that quarter, and if you will have the complaiſance to ſtep in, it will be ready in a moment, and he ſhall attend you to the place. —— So I walk'd in with her to the far ſide of the ſhop, and taking up the ruffle in my hand which ſhe laid upon the chair, as if I had a mind to ſit, ſhe ſat down herſelf in her low chair, and I inſtantly ſat myſelf down beſide her.

——He will be ready, Monſieur, ſaid ſhe, in a moment —— And in that moment, replied I, moſt willingly would I ſay ſomething very civil to you for all theſe courteſies. Any one may do a caſual act of good nature, but a continuation of them ſhews it is a part of the temperature; and certainly, added I, if it is the ſame blood which comes from the heart, which deſcends to the extremes (touching her wriſt) I am ſure you muſt have one of the beſt pulſes of any woman in the world —— Feel it, ſaid ſhe, holding out her arm. So laying down my hat, I took hold of her fingers in one hand, and applied the two fore-fingers of my other to the artery ——

—— Would to heaven! my dear Eugenius, thou hadſt paſſed by, and beheld me ſitting in my black coat, and in my lack-adayſical manner, counting the throbs of it, one by one, with as much true devotion as if I had been watching the critical ebb or flow of her fever —— How wouldſt thou have laugh'd and moralized upon my new profeſſion —— and thou ſhouldſt have laugh'd

laugh'd and moralized on —— Truſt me, my dear Eugenius, I ſhould have ſaid, "there are "worſe occupations in this world *than feeling a* "*woman's pulſe.*" —— But a griſſet's! thou wouldſt have ſaid —— and in an open ſhop! Yorick ———

——So much the better: for when my views are direct, Eugenius, I care not if all the world ſaw me feel it.

THE

THE HUSBAND.

PARIS.

I HAD counted twenty pulſations, and was going on faſt towards the fortieth, when her huſband coming unexpected from a back parlour into the ſhop, put me a little out in my reckoning.—'Twas nobody but her huſband, ſhe ſaid —ſo I began a freſh ſcore——Monſieur is ſo good, quoth ſhe, as he paſs'd by us, as to give himſelf the trouble of feeling my pulſe—The huſband took off his hat, and making a bow, ſaid, I did him too much honour—and having ſaid that, he put on his hat and walk'd out.

Good God! ſaid I to myſelf, as he went out ——— and can this man be the huſband of this woman?

Let it not torment the few who know what muſt have been the grounds of this exclamation, if I explain it to thoſe who do not.

In London a ſhopkeeper and a ſhopkeeper's wife ſeem to be one bone and one fleſh: in the ſeveral endowments of mind and body, ſometimes the one, ſometimes the other has it, ſo as in general to be upon a par, and to tally with each other as nearly as man and wife need to do.

In Paris there are ſcarce two orders of beings more different: for the legiſlative and executive powers of the ſhop not reſting in the huſband, he ſeldom comes there—in ſome dark and diſmal room behind, he ſits commerceleſs

in

in his thrum night-cap, the ſame rough ſon of Nature that Nature left him.

The genius of a people where nothing but the monarchy is *ſalique*, having ceded this department, with ſundry others, totally to the women — by a continual higgling with cuſtomers of all ranks and ſizes from morning to night, like ſo many rough pebbles ſhook long together in a bag, by amicable colliſions they have worn down their aſperities and ſharp angles, and not only become round and ſmooth, but will receive, ſome of them, a poliſh like a brilliant — Monſieur *le Mari* is little better than the ſtone under your foot ——

— Surely —— ſurely man! it is not good for thee to ſit alone ——— thou waſt made for ſocial intercourſe and gentle greetings, and this improvement of our natures from it, I appeal to, as my evidence.

— And how does it beat, Monſieur? ſaid ſhe, — With all the benignity, ſaid I, looking quietly in her eyes, that I expected — She was going to ſay ſomething civil in return — but the lad came into the ſhop with the gloves — *A propos*, ſaid I; I want a couple of pair myſelf.

THE

THE GLOVES.

PARIS.

THE beautiful Griſſet roſe up when I ſaid this, and going behind the counter, reach'd down a parcel and untied it: I advanced to the ſide over againſt her; they were all too large. The beautiful Griſſet meaſured them one by one acroſs my hand — It would not alter the dimenſions — She begg'd I would try a ſingle pair, which ſeemed to be the leaſt — She held it open — my hand ſlipp'd into it at once —— It will not do, ſaid I, ſhaking my head a little — No, ſaid ſhe, doing the ſame thing.

There are certain combined looks of ſimple ſubtlety —— where whim, and ſenſe, and ſeriouſneſs, and nonſenſe, are ſo blended, that all the languages of Babel ſet looſe together could not expreſs them — they are communicated and caught ſo inſtantaneouſly, that you can ſcarce ſay which party is the infector. I leave it to your men of words to ſwell pages about it —— it is enough in the preſent to ſay again, the gloves would not do; ſo folding our hands within our arms, we both loll'd upon the counter — it was narrow, and there was juſt room for the parcel to lay between us.

The beautiful Griſſet look'd ſometimes at the gloves, then ſide-ways to the window, then at the gloves —— and then at me. I was not diſpoſed to break ſilence — I follow'd her example: ſo I looked at the gloves, then to the window,

window, then at the gloves, and then at her — and ſo on alternately.

I found I loſt conſiderably in every attack — ſhe had a quick black eye, and ſhot through two ſuch long and ſilken eye-laſhes with ſuch penetration, that ſhe look'd into my very heart and reins — It may ſeem ſtrange, but I could actually feel ſhe did —

It is no matter, ſaid I, taking up a couple of the pairs next me, and putting them into my pocket.

I was ſenſible the beautiful Griſſet had not aſk'd above a ſingle livre above the price — I wiſh'd ſhe had aſk'd a livre more, and was puzzling my brains how to bring the matter about —— Do you think, my dear Sir, ſaid ſhe, miſtaking my embarraſſment, that I could aſk a *ſous* too much of a ſtranger — and of a ſtranger whoſe politeneſs, more than his want of gloves, has done me the honour to lay himſelf at my mercy? — *M'en croyez capable?* — Faith! not I, ſaid I; and if you were, you are welcome — ſo counting the money into her hand, and with a lower bow than one generally makes to a ſhopkeeper's wife, I went out, and her lad with his parcel followed me.

THE

THE TRANSLATION.

PARIS.

THERE was no body in the box I was let into but a kindly old French Officer. I love the character, not only becauſe I honour the man whoſe manners are ſoftened by a profeſſion which makes bad men worſe; but that I once knew one — for he is no more ——and why ſhould I not reſcue one page from violation by writing his name in it, and telling the world it was Captain Tobias Shandy, the deareſt of my flock and friends, whoſe philanthropy I never think of at this long diſtance from his death — but my eyes guſh out with tears. For his ſake, I have a predilection for the whole corps of veterans; and ſo I ſtrode over the two back rows of benches and placed myſelf beſide him.

The old officer was reading attentively a ſmall pamphlet, it might be the book of the opera, with a large pair of ſpectacles. As ſoon as I ſat down, he took his ſpectacles off, and putting them into a ſhagreen caſe, return'd them and the book into his pocket together. I half roſe up, and made him a bow.

Tranſlate this into any civilized language in the world — the ſenſe is this:

"Here's a poor ſtranger come into the box "——he ſeems as if he knew no body; and is "never likely, was he to be ſeven years in Pa- "ris, if every man he comes near keeps his ſpec- "tacles upon his noſe —'tis ſhutting the door of "converſation

" converſation abſolutely in his face —— and
" uſing him worſe than a German."

The French officer might as well have ſaid it all aloud; and if he had I ſhould in courſe have put the bow I made him into French too, and told him, " I was ſenſible of his attention, and " return'd him a thouſand thanks for it."

There is not a ſecret ſo aiding to the progreſs of ſociality, as to get maſter of this *ſhort hand*, and be quick in rendering the ſeveral turns of looks and limbs, with all their inflections and delineations, into plain words. For my own part, by long habitude, I do it ſo mechanically, that when I walk the ſtreets of London, I go tranſlating all the way; and have more than once ſtood behind in the circle, where not three words have been ſaid, and have brought off twenty different dialogues with me, which I could have fairly wrote down and ſworn to.

I was going one evening to Martini's concert at Milan, and was juſt entering the door of the hall, when the Marqueſina di F*** was coming out in a ſort of a hurry — ſhe was almoſt upon me before I ſaw her; ſo I gave a ſpring to one ſide to let her paſs— She had done the ſame, and on the ſame ſide too; ſo we ran our heads together; ſhe inſtantly got to the other ſide to get out; I was juſt as unfortunate as ſhe had been, for I had ſprung to that ſide, and oppoſed her paſſage again — We both flew together to the other ſide, and then back—and ſo on—it was ridiculous; we both bluſh'd intolerably; ſo I did at laſt the thing I ſhould have done at firſt —I ſtood ſtock ſtill, and the Marqueſina had no more difficulty. I had no power to go into the room, till I had made her ſo much reparation as

to

to wait and follow her with my eye to the end of the paſſage—She look'd back twice, and walk'd along it rather ſide-ways, as if ſhe would make room for any one coming up ſtairs to paſs her. —No ſaid I—that's a vile tranſlation: the Marqueſina has a right to the beſt apology I can make her: and that opening is left for me to do it in—ſo I ran and begg'd pardon for the embarraſſment I had given her, ſaying it was my intention to have made her way. She anſwered ſhe was guided by the ſame intention toward me——ſo we reciprocally thank'd each other. She was at the top of the ſtairs; and ſeeing no *chicheſbee* near her, I begg'd to hand her to her coach—ſo we went down the ſtairs, ſtopping at every ſtep to talk of the concert and the adventure——Upon my word, Madame, ſaid I, when I had handed her in, I made ſix different efforts to let you go out——And I made ſix efforts, replied ſhe, to let you enter——I wiſh to heaven you would make a ſeventh, ſaid I—With all my heart, ſaid ſhe making room—Life is too ſhort to be long about the forms of it—ſo I inſtantly ſtepp'd in, and ſhe carried me home with her—And what became of the concert, St. Cecilia, who, I ſuppoſed, was at it, knows more than I.

I will only add, that the connection which aroſe out of that tranſlation, gave me more pleaſure than any one I had the honour to make in Italy.

THE

THE DWARF.

PARIS.

I Had never heard the remark made by any one in my life, except by one; and who that was, will probably come out in this chapter; ſo that being pretty much unprepoſſeſſed, there muſt have been grounds for what ſtruck me the moment I caſt my eyes over the *parterre* — and that was the unaccountable ſport of nature in forming ſuch numbers of dwarfs — No doubt, ſhe ſports at certain times in almoſt every corner of the world: but in Paris, there is no end to her amuſements — The goddeſs ſeems almoſt as merry as ſhe is wiſe.

As I carried my idea out of the *opera comique* with me, I meaſured every body I ſaw walking in the ſtreets by it — Melancholy application! eſpecially where the ſize was extremely little — the face extremely dark — the eyes quick—the noſe long—the teeth white — the jaw prominent—to ſee ſo many miſerables, by force of accidents driven out of their own proper claſs into the very verge of another, which it gives me pain to write down — every third man a pigmy! — ſome by ricketty heads and hump backs; — others by bandy legs — a third ſet arreſted by the hand of Nature in the ſixth and ſeventh years of their growth—a fourth, in their perfect and natural ſtate, like dwarf apple-trees; from the firſt rudiments and ſtamina of their exiſtence, never meant to grow higher.

A medical traveller might ſay, 'tis owing to undue bandages — a ſplenetic one, to want of

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air—and an inquiſitive traveller, to fortify the ſyſtem, may meaſure the height of their houſes —the narrowneſs of their ſtreets, and in how few feet ſquare in the ſixth and ſeventh ſtories ſuch number of the *Bourgeoiſie* eat and ſleep together; but I remember, Mr. Shandy the elder, who accounted for nothing like any body elſe, in ſpeaking one evening of theſe matters, averred, that children, like other animals, might be increaſed almoſt to any ſize, provided they came right into the world; but the miſery was, the citizens of Paris were ſo coop'd up, that they had not actually room enough to get them — I do not call it getting any thing, ſaid he — 'tis getting nothing ---- Nay, continued he, riſing in his argument, getting worſe than nothing, when all you have got, after twenty or five and twenty years of the tendereſt care and moſt nutritious aliment beſtowed upon it, ſhall not at laſt be as high as my leg. Now, Mr. Shandy being very ſhort, there could be nothing more ſaid upon it.

As this is not a work of reaſoning, I leave the ſolution as I found it, and content myſelf with the truth only of the remark, which is verified in every lane and bye-lane of Paris. I was walking down that which leads from the Carouſal to the Palais Royal, and obſerving a little boy in ſome diſtreſs at the ſide of the gutter, which ran down the middle of it, I took hold of his hand, and help'd him over. Upon turning up his face to look at him after, I perceived he was about forty — Never mind, ſaid I; ſome good body will do as much for me when I am ninety.

I feel ſome little principles within me, which incline me to be merciful toward this poor blighted

blighted part of my ſpecies, who have neither ſize or ſtrength to get on in the world —— I cannot bear to ſee one of them trod upon; and had ſcarce got ſeated beſide my old French officer, ere the diſguſt was exerciſed, by ſeeing the very thing happen under the box we ſat in.

At the end of the orcheſtra, and betwixt that and the firſt ſide-box, there is a ſmall eſplanade left, where, when the houſe is full, numbers of all ranks take ſanctuary. Though you ſtand, as in the parterre, you pay the ſame price as in the orcheſtra. A poor defenceleſs being of this order had got thruſt ſomehow or other into this luckleſs place —— the night was hot, and he was ſurrounded by beings two feet and a half higher than himſelf. The dwarf ſuffered inexpreſſibly on all ſides; but the thing which incommoded him moſt was a tall corpulent German, near ſeven feet high, who ſtood directly betwixt him and all poſſibility of ſeeing either the ſtage or the actors. The poor dwarf did all he could to get a peep at what was going forwards, by ſeeking for ſome little opening betwixt the German's arm and his body, trying firſt one ſide, then the other; but the German ſtood ſquare in the moſt unaccommodating poſture that can be imagined —— the dwarf might as well have been placed at the bottom of the deepeſt draw-well in Paris; ſo he civilly reach'd up his hand to the German's ſleeve, and told him his diſtreſs —— The German turn'd his head back, look'd down upon him as Goliah did upon David—and unfeelingly reſumed his poſture.

I was juſt then taking a pinch of ſnuff out of my monk's little horn box — And how would thy meek and courteous ſpirit, my dear monk!

ſo

ſo temper'd to *bear and forbear!* — how ſweetly would it have lent an ear to this poor ſoul's complaint!

The old French officer ſeeing me lift up my eyes with an emotion, as I made the apoſtrophe, took the liberty to aſk me what was the matter — I told him the ſtory in three words; and added, how inhuman it was.

By this time the dwarf was driven to extremes, and in his firſt tranſports, which are generally unreaſonable, had told the German he would cut off his long queue with his knife — The German look'd back coolly, and told him he was welcome if he could reach it.

An injury ſharpened by an inſult, be it to who it will, makes every man of ſentiment a party: I could have leaped out of the box to have redreſſed it. — The old French officer did it with much leſs confuſion; for leaning a little over, and nodding to a centinel, and pointing at the ſame time with his finger to the diſtreſs — the centinel made his way up to it.—There was no occaſion to tell the grievance — the thing told itſelf; ſo truſting back the German inſtantly with his muſket — he took the poor dwarf by the hand, and placed him before him — This is noble! ſaid I clapping my hands together — And yet you would not permit this, ſaid the old officer, in England.

— In England, dear Sir, ſaid I, *we ſit all at our eaſe.*

The old French officer would have ſet me at unity with myſelf, in caſe I had been at variance, — by ſaying it was a *bon mot* — and as a *bon mot* is always worth ſomething at Paris, he offered me a pinch of ſnuff.

THE

THE ROSE.

PARIS.

IT was now my turn to aſk the old French officer "What was the matter?" for a cry of "*Hauſſez les mains, Monſieur l' Abbé,*" re-echoed from a dozen different parts of the parterre, was as unintelligible to me, as my apoſtrophe to the monk had been to him.

He told me, it was ſome poor Abbe in one of the upper loges, who he ſuppoſed had got planted perdu behind a couple of griſſets in order to ſee the opera, and that the parterre eſpying him, were inſiſting upon his holding up both his hands during the repreſentation ——— And can it be ſuppoſed, ſaid I, that an eccleſiaſtic would pick the Griſſet's pockets? The old French officer ſmiled, and whiſpering in my ear, open'd a door of knowledge which I had no idea of ——

Good God! ſaid I, turning pale with aſtoniſhment —— is it poſſible, that a people ſo ſmit with ſentiment ſhould at the ſame time be ſo unclean, and ſo unlike themſelves — *Quelle groſſierte!* added I.

The French officer told me it was an illiberal ſarcaſm at the church, which begun in the theatre about the time the Tartuffe was given in it by Moliere —— but, like other remains of Gothic manners, was declining —— Every nation, continued he, have their refinements and *groſſiertes*, in which they take the lead, and loſe it of one another by turns — that he had been

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in moſt countries, but never in one where he found not ſome delicacies, which others ſeem to want: *Le* POUR, *et le* CONTRE *ſe trouventen chaque nation*; there is a balance, ſaid he, of good and bad every where; and nothing but the knowing it is ſo can emancipate one half of the world from the prepoſſeſſions which it holds againſt the other — that the advantage of travel, as it regarded the *ſçavoir vivre* was by ſeeing a great deal both of men and manners; it taught us mutual toleration; and mutual toleration, concluded he, making me a bow, taught us mutual love.

The old French officer delivered this with an air of ſuch candour and good ſenſe, as coincided with my firſt favourable impreſſions of his character — I thought I loved the man; but I fear I miſtook the object — 'twas my own way of thinking — the difference was, I could not have expreſſed it half ſo well.

It is alike troubleſome to both the rider and his beaſt — if the latter goes pricking up his ears, and ſtarting all the way at every object which he never ſaw before — I have as little torment of this kind as any creature alive; and yet I honeſtly confeſs, that many a thing gave me pain, and that I bluſh'd at many a word the firſt month — which I found inconſequent and perfectly innocent the ſecond.

Madame de Rambouliet, after an acquaintance of about ſix weeks with her, had done me the honour to take me in her coach about two leagues out of town — Of all women, Madame de Rambouliet is the moſt correct; and I never wiſh to ſee one of more virtues and purity

rity of heart——In our return back, madame de Rambouliet deſired me to pull the cord——I aſk'd her if ſhe wanted any thing——*Rien que pour piſſer*, ſaid madame de Rambouliet ——

Grieve not, gentle traveller, to let madame de Rambouliet p—ſs on — And, ye fair myſtic nymphs! go each one *pluck your roſe*, and ſcatter them in your path — for Madame de Rambouliet did no more—I handed Madame de Rambouliet out of the coach; and had I been the prieſt of the chaſte CASTALIA, I could not have ſerved at her fountain with a more reſpectful decorum.

END OF VOLUME I.

A

Sentimental Journey

THROUGH

FRANCE and ITALY.

By Mr. YORICK.

VOL. II.

A

Sentimental Journey

THROUGH

FRANCE and ITALY.

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VOL. II.

A

Sentimental JOURNEY

THROUGH

FRANCE and ITALY.

THE FILLE DE CHAMBRE.

PARIS.

WHAT the old French officer had delivered upon travelling, bringing Polonius's advice to his ſon upon the ſame ſubject into my head — and that bringing in Hamlet; and Hamlet, the reſt of Shakeſpeare's works, I ſtopp'd at the Quai de Conti in my return home, to purchaſe the whole ſet.

The bookſeller ſaid he had not a ſet in the world — *Comment!* ſaid I; taking one up out of

a ſet which lay upon the counter betwixt us — He ſaid, they were ſent him only to be got bound, and were to be ſent back to Verſailles in the morning to the Count de B****.

— And does the Count de B****, ſaid I, read Shakeſpeare? *Ce'ſt un eſprit fort*; replied the bookſeller. — He loves Engliſh books; and what is more to his honour, Monſieur, he loves the Engliſh too. You ſpeak this ſo civilly, ſaid I, that it is enough to oblige an Engliſhman to lay out a Louis d'or or two at your ſhop — the bookſeller made a bow, and was going to ſay ſomething, when a young decent girl of about twenty, who by her air and dreſs, ſeemed to be *fille de chambre* to ſome devout woman of faſhion, came into the ſhop and aſked for *Les Egarements de Cœur & de l'Eſprit:* the bookſeller gave her the book directly; ſhe pulled out a little green ſattin purſe run round with a riband of the ſame colour, and putting her finger and thumb into it, ſhe took out the money, and paid for it. As I had nothing more to ſtay me in the ſhop, we both walked out at the door together.

— And what have you to do, my dear, ſaid I, with *The Wanderings of the heart*, who ſcarce know yet you have one? nor till love has firſt told you it, or ſome faithleſs ſhepherd has made it ache, can'ſt thou ever be ſure it is ſo. — *Le Dieu m'en garde!* ſaid the girl. — With reaſon, ſaid I — for if it is a good one, it is a pity it ſhould be ſtolen: it is a little treaſure to thee, and gives a better air to your face, than if it was dreſſed out with pearls.

The young girl liſtened with a ſubmiſſive attention, holding her ſattin purſe by its riband

in

in her hand all the time — It is a very ſmall one, ſaid I, taking hold of the bottom of it — ſhe held it towards me — and there is very little in it, my dear ſaid I; but be but as good as thou art handſome, and heaven will fill it: I had a parcel of crowns in my hand to pay for Shakeſpeare; and as ſhe had let go the purſe entirely, I put a ſingle one in; and tying up the riband in a bow-knot, returned it to her.

The young girl made me more an humble courteſy than a low one — it was one of thoſe quiet, thankful ſinkings where the ſpirit bows itſelf down — the body does no more than tell it. I never gave a girl a crown in my life which gave me half the pleaſure.

My advice, my dear, would not have been worth a pin to you, ſaid I, if I had not given this along with it: but now, when you ſee the crown, you will remember it — ſo do not, my dear, lay it out in ribands.

Upon my word, Sir, ſaid the girl, earneſtly, I am incapable — in ſaying which, as is uſual in little bargains of honour, ſhe gave me her hand — *En verité, Monſieur, je mettrai cet argent apart*, ſaid ſhe.

When a virtuous convention is made betwixt man and woman, it ſanctifies their moſt private walks: ſo notwithſtanding it was duſky, yet as both our roads lay the ſame way, we made no ſcruple of walking along the Quai de Conti together.

She made me a ſecond courteſy in ſetting off, and before we got twenty yards from the door, as if ſhe had not done enough before, ſhe made a ſort of a little ſtop to tell me again, — ſhe thanked me.

It was a ſmall tribute, I told her, which I could not avoid paying to virtue, and would not be miſtaken in the perſon I had been rendering it to for the world — but I ſee innocence, my dear, in your face — and foul befall the man who ever lays a ſnare in its way!

The girl ſeemed affected ſome way or other with what I ſaid — ſhe gave a low ſigh — I found I was not empowered to enquire at all after it — ſo ſaid nothing more till I got to the corner of the Rue de Nevers, where we were to part.

— But is this the way, my dear, ſaid I, to the hotel de Modene? ſhe told me it was — or, that I might go by the Rue de Guineygaude, which was the next turn — Then I will go, my dear, by the Rue de Guineygaude, ſaid I, for two reaſons; firſt I ſhall pleaſe myſelf, and next I ſhall give you the protection of my company as far on your way as I can. The girl was ſenſible I was civil — and ſaid, ſhe wiſhed the hotel de Modene was in the Rue de St. Piere. — You live there? ſaid I. — She told me ſhe was *fille de chambre* to Madame R**** — Good God! ſaid I, it is the very lady for whom I have brought a letter from Amiens — the girl told me that Madame R****, ſhe believed, expected a ſtranger with a letter, and was impatient to ſee him — ſo I deſired the girl to preſent my compliments to Madame R****, and ſay I would certainly wait upon her in the morning.

We ſtood ſtill at the corner of the Rue de Nevers whilſt this paſſed — We then ſtopped a moment whilſt ſhe diſpoſed of her *Egarements de Cœur*, &c. more commodiouſly than carrying them in her hand — they were two volumes; ſo I held the ſecond for her whilſt ſhe put the

firſt into her pocket; and then ſhe held her pocket, and I put the other in after it.

It is ſweet to feel by what fine-ſpun threads our affections are drawn together.

We ſet off afreſh, and as ſhe took her third ſtep, the girl put her hand within my arm — I was juſt bidding her — but ſhe did it of herſelf, with that undeliberating ſimplicity, which ſhewed it was out of her head that ſhe had never ſeen me before. For my own part, I felt the conviction of conſanguinity ſo ſtrongly, that I could not help turning half round to look in her face, and ſee if I could trace out any thing in it of a family likeneſs — Tut! ſaid I, are we not all relations?

When we arrived at the turning up of the Rue de Guineygaude, I ſtopped to bid her adieu for good and all: the girl would thank me again for my company and kindneſs — She bid me adieu twice — I repeated it as often; and ſo cordial was the parting between us, that had it happened any where elſe, I am not ſure but I ſhould have ſigned it with a kiſs of charity, as warm and holy as an apoſtle.

But in Paris, as none kiſs each other but the men — — I did, what amounted to the ſame thing —

— I bid God bleſs her.

THE PASSPORT.

PARIS.

WHEN I got home to my hotel, La Fleur told me I had been enquired after by the Lieutenant de Police — The deuce take it, ſaid I — I know the reaſon. It is time the reader ſhould know it, for in the order of things in which it happened, it was omitted; not that it was out of my head; but that had I told it then, it might have been forgot now — and now is the time I want it.

I had left London with ſo much precipitation, that it never entered my mind that we were at war with France, and had reached Dover, and looked through my glaſs at the hills beyond Boulogne, before the idea preſented itſelf; and with this in its train, that there was no getting there without a paſſport. Go but to the end of a ſtreet, I have a mortal averſion for returning back no wiſer than I ſat out; and as this was one of the greateſt efforts I had ever made for knowledge, I could leſs bear the thoughts of it: ſo hearing the count de **** had hired the packet, I begged he would take me in his *ſuite*. The Count had ſome little knowledge of me, ſo made little or no difficulty ——— only ſaid, his inclination to ſerve me could reach no further than Calais; as he was to return by way of Bruſſels to Paris: however, when I had once paſſed there, I might get to Paris without interruption; but that in Paris I muſt make friends and ſhift for myſelf. — Let me get to Paris, Monſieur

Monſieur le Count, ſaid I—and I ſhall do very well. So I embarked, and never thought more of the matter.

When La Fleur told me the Lieutenant de Police had been enquiring after me—the thing inſtantly recurred—and by the time La Fleur had well told me, the maſter of the hotel came into my room to tell me the ſame thing, with this addition to it, that my paſſport had been particularly aſked after: the maſter of the hotel concluded with ſaying, He hoped I had one.—Not I, faith! ſaid I.

The maſter of the hotel retired three ſteps from me, as from an infected perſon, as I declared this—and poor La Fleur advanced three ſteps towards me, and with that ſort of movement which a good ſoul makes to ſuccour a diſtreſſed one—the fellow won my heart by it; and from that ſingle *trait*, I knew his character as perfectly, and could rely upon it as firmly, as if he had ſerved me with fidelity for ſeven years.

Mon ſeigneur, cried the maſter of the hotel—but recollecting himſelf as he made the exclamation, he inſtantly changed the tone of it—If Monſieur, ſaid he, has not a paſſport *(apparemment)* in all likelihood he has friends in Paris who can procure him one.—Not that I know of, quoth I, with an air of indifference.—Then *certes*, replied he, you will be ſent to the Baſtile or the Chatelet, *au moins*. Poo! ſaid I, the king of France is a good-natured ſoul—he will hurt no body.—*Cela n'empeche pas*, ſaid he—you will certainly be ſent to the Baſtile to-morrow morning.—But I have taken your lodgings for a month, anſwered I, and I will not quit them

them a day before the time for all the kings of France in the world. La Fleur whiſpered in my ear, That nobody could oppoſe the king of France.

Pardi, ſaid my hoſt, *ces Meſſieurs Anglois ſont des gens tres extraordinaires* — and having both ſaid and ſworn it — he went out.

THE

THE PASSPORT.

The HOTEL at PARIS.

I COULD not find in my heart to torture La Fleur's with a ſerious look upon the ſubject of my embarraſſment, which was the reaſon I had treated it ſo cavalierly: and to ſhew him how light it lay upon my mind, I dropt the ſubject entirely; and whilſt he waited upon me at ſupper, talked to him with more than uſual gaiety about Paris, and of the opera comique.—La Fleur had been there himſelf, and had followed me through the ſtreets as far as the bookſeller's ſhop; but ſeeing me come out with the young *fille de chambre*, and that we walked down the Quai de Conti together, La Fleur deemed it unneceſſary to follow me a ſtep further — ſo making his own reflections upon it, he took a ſhorter cut —— and got to the hotel in time to be informed of the affair of the police againſt my arrival.

As ſoon as the honeſt creature had taken away, and gone down to ſup himſelf, I then began to think a little ſeriouſly about my ſituation. ———

—— And here, I know, Eugenius, thou wilt ſmile at the remembrance of a ſhort dialogue which paſſed betwixt us the moment I was going to ſet out —— I muſt tell it here.

Eugenius, knowing that I was as little ſubject to be overburdened with money as thought, had drawn me aſide to interrogate me how much I had taken care for; upon telling him the exact ſum,

ſum, Eugenius ſhook his head, and ſaid it would not do; ſo pulled out his purſe in order to empty it into mine; —— I have enough in conſcience, Eugenius ſaid I.—Indeed, Yorick, you have not, replied Eugenius — I know France and Italy better than you. — But you do not conſider, Eugenius, ſaid I, refuſing his offer, that before I have been three days in Paris, I ſhall take care to ſay or do ſomething or other for which I ſhall get clapped up into the Baſtile, and that I ſhall live there a couple of months entirely at the king of France's expence —— I beg pardon, ſaid Eugenius, drily, I had forgot that reſource.

Now the event I treated gaily came ſeriouſly to my door.

Is it folly, or nonchalance, or philoſophy, or pertinacity —— or what is it in me, that, after all, when La Fleur had gone down ſtairs, and I was quite alone, that I could not bring down my mind to think of it otherwiſe than I had then ſpoken of it to Eugenius?

— And as for the Baſtile! the terror is in the word —— Make the moſt of it you can, ſaid I to myſelf, the Baſtile is but another word for a tower, and a tower is but another word for a houſe you cannot get out of —— Mercy on the gouty! for they are in it twice a year—but with nine livres a day, and pen and ink and paper and patience, albeit a man cannot get out, he may do very well within —— at leaſt for a month or ſix weeks; at the end of which, if he is a harmleſs fellow, his innocence appears, and he comes out a better and wiſer man than he went in.

I had ſome occaſion (I forget what) to ſtep into the court-yard, as I ſettled this account; and

and remember I walked down ſtairs in no ſmall triumph with the conceit of my reaſoning —— Beſhrew the *ſombre* pencil! ſaid I vauntingly — for I envy not its powers, which paints the evils of life with ſo hard and deadly a colouring. The mind ſits terrified at the objects ſhe has magnified herſelf, and blackened: reduce them to their proper ſize and hue ſhe overlooks them —— It is true, ſaid I, correcting the propoſition —— the Baſtile is not an evil to be deſpiſed —— but ſtrip it of its towers —— fill up the foſſe —— unbarricade the doors —— call it ſimply a confinement, and ſuppoſe it is ſome tyrant of a diſtemper —— and not of a man which holds you in it —— the evil vaniſhes, and you bear the other half without complaint.

I was interrupted in the hey-dey of this ſoliloquy, with a voice which I took to be of a child, which complained "it could not get out." —— I looked up and down the paſſage, and ſeeing neither man, woman, or child, I went out without further attention.

In my return back through the paſſage, I heard the ſame words repeated twice over; and looking up, I ſaw it was a ſtarling hung in a little cage. —— "I cannot get out — I cannot get "out," ſaid the ſtarling.

I ſtood looking at the bird: and to every perſon who came through the paſſage it ran fluttering to the ſide towards which they approached it, with the ſame lamentations of its captivity — "I cannot get out," ſaid the ſtarling — God help thee! ſaid I, but I will let thee out, coſt what it will; ſo I turned about the cage to get to the door; it was twiſted and double twiſted ſo faſt with wire, there was no getting

getting it open without pulling the cage to pieces — I took both hands to it.

The bird flew to the place where I was attempting his deliverance, and thruſting his head through the trellis, preſſed his breaſt againſt it, as if impatient — I fear, poor creature! ſaid I, I cannot ſet thee at liberty — "No," ſaid the ſtarling — "I cannot get out — I cannot get "out," ſaid the ſtarling.

I vow, I never had my affections more tenderly awakened; nor do I remember an incident in my life, where the diſſipated ſpirits, to which my reaſon had been a bubble, were ſo ſuddenly called home. Mechanical as the notes were, yet ſo true in tune to nature were they chanted, that in one moment they overthrew all my ſyſtematic reaſonings upon the Baſtile; and I heavily walked up ſtairs, unſaying every word I had ſaid in going down them.

Diſguiſe thyſelf as thou wilt, ſtill ſlavery! ſaid I — ſtill thou art a bitter draught; and though thouſands in all ages have been made to drink of thee, thou art no leſs bitter on that account. — It is thou, thrice ſweet and gracious goddeſs, addreſſing myſelf to LIBERTY, whom all in public or in private worſhip, whoſe taſte grateful, and ever will be ſo, till NATURE herſelf ſhall change — no *tint* of words can ſpot thy ſnowy mantle, or chymic power turn thy ſceptre into iron —— with thee to ſmile upon him as he eats his cruſt, the ſwain is happier than his monarch, from whoſe court thou art exiled —— Gracious heaven! cried I, kneeling down upon the laſt ſtep but one in my aſcent — Grant me but health, thou great beſtower

er of it, and give me but this fair goddeſs as my companion — and ſhower down thy mitres, if it ſeems good unto thy divine providence, upon thoſe heads which are aching for them.

THE

THE CAPTIVE.

PARIS.

THE bird in his cage purſued me into my room; I ſat down cloſe by my table, and leaning my head upon my hand, I began to figure to myſelf the miſeries of confinement. I was in a right frame for it, and ſo I gave full ſcope to my imagination.

I was going to begin with the millions of my fellow-creatures born to no inheritance but ſlavery; but finding, however affecting the picture was, that I could not bring it near me, and that the multitude of ſad groups in it did but diſtract me ———

——I took a ſingle captive, and having firſt ſhut him up in his dungeon, I then looked through the twilight of his grated door to take his picture.

I beheld his body half waſted away with long expectation and confinement, and felt what kind of ſickneſs of the heart it was which ariſes from hope deferred. Upon looking nearer I ſaw him pale and feveriſh: in thirty years the weſtern breeze had not once fanned his blood—he had ſeen no ſun, no moon in all that time—nor had the voice of friend or kinſman breathed through his lattice—his children ——

—But here my heart began to bleed—and I was forced to go on with another part of the portrait.

He was ſitting upon the ground upon a little ſtraw, in the furtheſt corner of his dungeon, which

which was alternately his chair and bed: a little calendar of ſmall ſticks were laid at the head, notched all over with the diſmal days and nights he had paſſed there — he had one of theſe little ſticks in his hand, and with a ruſty nail he was etching another day of miſery to add to the heap. As I darkened the little light he had, he lifted up a hopeleſs eye towards the door, then caſt it down — ſhook his head, and went on with his work of affliction. I heard his chains upon his legs, as he turned his body to lay his little ſtick upon the bundle — He gave a deep ſigh — I ſaw the iron enter into his ſoul — I burſt into tears — I could not ſuſtain the picture of confinement which my fancy had drawn — I ſtarted up from my chair, and calling La Fleur, I bid him beſpeak me a *remiſe*, and have it ready at the door of the hotel by nine in the morning.

— I will go directly, ſaid I, myſelf to Monſieur Le Duke de Choiſeul.

La Fleur would have put me to bed; but not willing he ſhould ſee any thing upon my cheek, which would coſt the honeſt fellow a heart ache — I told him I would go to bed by myſelf — and bid him go do the ſame.

THE

THE STARLING.
ROAD to VERSAILLES.

I GOT into my *remiſe* the hour I propoſed: La Fleur got up behind, and I bid the coachman make the beſt of his way to Verſailles.

As there was nothing in this road, or rather nothing which I look for in travelling, I cannot fill up the blank better than with a ſhort hiſtory of this ſelf-ſame bird, which became the ſubject of the laſt chapter.

Whilſt the Honourable Mr. * * * * was waiting for a wind at Dover, it had been caught upon the cliffs before it could well fly, by an Engliſh lad who was his groom; who not caring to deſtroy it, had taken it in his breaſt into the packet—and by courſe of feeding it, and taking it once under his protection, in a day or two grew fond of it, and got it ſafe along with him to Paris.

At Paris the lad had laid out a livre in a little cage for the ſtarling, and as he had little to do better the five months his maſter ſtayed there, he taught it in his mother's tongue the four ſimple words — (and no more)—to which I owned myſelf ſo much its debtor.

Upon his maſter's going on for Italy—the lad had given it to the maſter of the hotel—But his little ſong for liberty being in an *unknown* language at Paris — the bird had little or no ſtore ſet by him — ſo La Fleur bought both him and his cage for me for a bottle of Burgundy.

In my return from Italy I brought him with me to the country in whoſe language he had learned his notes — and telling the ſtory of him to Lord A— Lord A begged the bird of me—in a week Lord A gave him to Lord B — Lord B made a preſent of him to Lord C— and Lord C's gentleman ſold him to Lord D's— for a ſhilling —

Lord D gave him to Lord E— and ſo on — half round the alphabet — From that rank he paſſed into the lower houſe, and paſſed the hands of as many commoners — But as all theſe wanted to *get in* — and my bird wanted to get out — he had almoſt as little ſtore ſet by him in London as in Paris.

It is impoſſible but many of my readers muſt have heard of him; and if any by mere chance have ever ſeen him—I beg leave to inform them, that that bird was my bird, — or ſome vile copy ſet up to repreſent him.

I have nothing further to add upon him, but that from that time to this, I have borne this poor ſtarling as the creſt to my arms.—Thus:

—— And let the heralds officers twiſt his neck about if they dare.

THE ADDRESS.

VERSAILLES.

I SHOULD not like to have my enemy take a view of my mind, when I am going to aſk protection of any man: for which reaſon I generally endeavour to protect myſelf; but this going to Monſieur Le Duc de C***** was an act of compulſion—had it been an act of choice, I ſhould have done it, I ſuppoſe, like other people.

How many mean plans of dirty addreſs, as I went along, did my ſervile heart form! I deſerved the Baſtile for every one of them.

Then nothing would ſerve me when I got within ſight of Verſailles, but putting words and ſentences together, and conceiving attiudes and tones to wreath myſelf into Monſieur Le Duc de C*****'s good graces — This will do—ſaid I —Juſt as well retorted I again, as a coat carried up to him by an adventurous taylor without taking his meaſure — Fool! continued I — ſee Monſieur Le Duc's face firſt — obſerve what character is written in it; take notice in what poſture he ſtands to hear you — mark the turns and expreſſions of his body and limbs — And for the tone—the firſt ſound which comes from his lips will give it you; and from all theſe together you will compound an addreſs at once upon the ſpot, which cannot diſguſt the Duke — the ingredients are his own, and moſt likely to go down.

Well!

Well! ſaid I, I wiſh it well over — Coward again! as if man to man was not equal, throughout the whole ſurface of the globe; and if in the field — why not face to face in the cabinet too? And truſt me, Yorick, whenever it is not ſo, man is falſe to himſelf; and betrays his own ſuccours ten times, where nature does it once. Go to the Duc de C**** with the Baſtile in thy looks—My life for it, thou wilt be ſent back to Paris in half an hour, with an eſcort.

I believe ſo, ſaid I—Then I will to the Duke, by heaven! with all the gaiety and debonairneſs in the world.

— And there you are wrong again, replied I, — A heart at eaſe, Yorick, flies into no extremes — it is ever on its centre—Well! well! cried I, as the coachman turned in at the gates — I find I ſhall do very well: and by the time he had wheeled round the court, and brought me up to the door, I found myſelf ſo much the better for my own lecture, that I neither aſcended the ſteps like a victim to juſtice, who was to part with life upon the topmoſt, — nor did I mount them with a ſkip and a couple of ſtrides, as I do when I fly up, Eliza! to thee, to meet t.

As I entered the door of the ſaloon, I was met by a perſon who poſſibly might be the maitre d'hotel, but had more the air of one of the under ſecretaries, who told me the Duc de C**** was buſy — I am utterly ignorant, ſaid I, of the forms of obtaining an audience, being an abſolute ſtranger, and what is worſe in the preſent conjuncture of affairs, being an Engliſhman too. ——He replied, that did not increaſe the difficulty. —— I made him a ſlight bow, and told him I had

I had ſomething of importance to ſay to Monſieur Le Duc. The ſecretary looked towards the ſtairs, as if he was about to leave me to carry up this account to ſome one — But I muſt not miſlead you, ſaid I—for what I have to ſay is of no manner of importance to Monſieur Le Duc de C****— but of great importance to myſelf. — *C'eſt une autre affaire*, replied he — Not at all, ſaid I, to a man of gallantry.— But pray, good ſir, continued I, when can a ſtranger hope to have *acceſſe?* In not leſs than two hours, ſaid he, looking at his watch. The number of equipages in the court-yard ſeemed to juſtify the calculation, that I could have no nearer a proſpect — and as walking backwards and forwards in the ſaloon, without a ſoul to commune with, was for the time as bad as being in the Baſtile itſelf, I inſtantly went back to my *remiſe*, and bid the coachman drive me to the *cordon bleu*, which was the neareſt hotel.

I think there is a fatality in it — I ſeldom go to the place I ſet out for.

LE PATISSER.

VERSAILLES.

BEFORE I had got half way down the ſtreet, I changed my mind: as I am at Verſailles, thought I, I might as well take a view of the town; ſo I pulled the cord, and ordered the coachman to drive round ſome of the principal ſtreets — I ſuppoſe the town is not very large, ſaid I. — The coachman begged pardon for ſetting me right, and told me it was very ſuperb, and that numbers of the firſt dukes and marquiſes and counts had hotels—The count de B*** of whom the Bookſeller at the Quai de Conti had ſpoke ſo handſomely the night before, came inſtantly into my mind — And why ſhould I not go, thought I, to the Count de B***, who has ſo high an idea of Engliſh books, and Engliſh men — and tell him my ſtory? ſo I changed my mind a ſecond time — In truth it was the third; for I had intended that day for Madame R*** in the Rue St. Pierre, and had devoutly ſent her word by her *fille de chambre* that I would aſſuredly wait upon her — but I am governed by circumſtances — I cannot govern them; ſo ſeeing a man ſtanding with a baſket on the other ſide of the ſtreet, as if he had ſomething to ſell, I bid La Fleur go up to him and enquire for the Count's hotel.

La Fleur returned a little pale; and told me it was a Chevalier de St. Louis ſelling *patés* — It is impoſſible, La Fleur! ſaid I. — La Fleur could no more account for the phenomenon than

myſelf; but perſiſted in his ſtory; he had ſeen the croix ſet in gold, with its red riband, he ſaid, tied to his button-hole — and had looked into his baſket and ſeen the *patés* which the Chevalier was ſelling; ſo could not be miſtaken in that.

Such a reverſe in a man's life awakens a better principle than curioſity: I could not help looking for ſome time at him as I ſat in the *remiſe* — the more I looked at him — his croix and his baſket, the ſtronger they wove themſelves into my brain — I got out of the *remiſe* and went towards him.

He was begirt with a clean linen apron which fell below his knees, and with a ſort of a bib which went half way up his breaſt; upon the top of this, but a little below the hem, hung his croix. His baſket of little *patés* was covered over with a white damaſk napkin; another of the ſame kind was ſpread at the bottom; and there was a look of *propreté* and neatneſs throughout; that one might have bought his *patés* of him, as much from appetite as ſentiment.

He made an offer of them to neither; but ſtood ſtill with them at the corner of a hotel, for thoſe to buy who chooſe it, without ſolicitation.

He was about forty-eight — of a ſedate look, ſomething approaching to gravity. I did not wonder. — I went up rather to the baſket than him, and having lifted up the napkin and taken one of his *patés* into my hand — I begged he would explain the appearance which affected me.

He told me in a few words, that the beſt part of his life had paſſed in the ſervice, in which, after ſpending a ſmall patrimony, he had obtained a company and the croix with it; but that

at

at the concluſion of the laſt peace, his regiment being reformed, and the whole corps, with thoſe of ſome other regiments left without any proviſion — he found himelf in a wide world without friends, without a livre — and indeed ſaid he, without any thing but this — (pointing as he ſaid it to his croix) — The poor Chevalier won my pity, and he finiſhed the ſcene, with winning my eſteem too.

The king, he ſaid, was the moſt generous of princes, but his generoſity could neither relieve or reward every one, and it was only his misfortune to be amongſt the number. He had a little wife, he ſaid, whom he loved, who did the *patiſſerie*; and added, he felt no diſhonour in defending her and himſelf from want in this way —unleſs Providence had offered him a better.

It would be wicked to with-hold a pleaſure from the good, in paſſing over what happened to this poor Chevalier of St. Louis about nine months after.

It ſeems he uſually took his ſtand near the iron gates which lead up to the palace, and as his croix had caught the eyes of numbers, numbers had made the ſame enquiry which I had done— He had told them the ſame ſtory, and always with ſo much modeſty and good ſenſe, that it had reached at laſt the King's ears—who hearing the Chevalier had been a gallant officer, and reſpected by the whole regiment as a man of honour and integrity — he broke up his little trade by a penſion of fifteen hundred livres a year.

As I have told this to pleaſe the reader, I beg leave he will allow me to relate another out of its order, to pleaſe myſelf — the two ſtories reflect light upon each other,—and it is a pity they ſhould be parted.

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THE

THE SWORD.

RENNES.

WHEN ſtates and empires have their periods of declenſion, and feel in their turns what diſtreſs and poverty is — I ſtop not to tell the cauſes which gradually brought the houſe d'E**** in Britany into decay. The Marquis d'E**** had fought up againſt his condition with great firmneſs; wiſhing to preſerve and ſtill ſhew to the world ſome little fragments of what his anceſtors had been — their indiſcretions had put it out of his power. There was enough left for the little exigencies of *obſcurity* — But he had two boys who looked up to him for *light* — he thought they deſerved it. He had tried his ſword — it could not open the way — the *mounting* was too expenſive — and ſimple œconomy was not a match for it — there was no reſource but commerce.

In any other province in France, ſave Britany, this was ſmiting the root for ever of the little tree his pride and affection wiſhed to ſee re-bloſſom — But in Britany, there being a proviſion for this, he availed himſelf of it; and taking an occaſion when the ſtates were aſſembled at Rennes, the Marquis, attended with his two ſons, entered the court; and having pleaded the right of an ancient law of the duchy, which, though ſeldom claimed, he ſaid, was no leſs in force; he took his ſword from his ſide —— Here — ſaid he — take it; and be truſty guar-

dians of it, till better times put me in condition to reclaim it.

The preſident accepted the Marquis's ſword — he ſtayed a few minutes to ſee it depoſited in the archives of his houſe — and departed.

The Marquis and his whole family embarked the next day for Martinico, and in about nineteen or twenty years of ſucceſsful application to buſineſs, with ſome unlooked for bequeſts from diſtant branches of his houſe — returned home to reclaim his nobility and to ſupport it.

It was an incident of good fortune which will never happen to any traveller but a ſentimental one, that I ſhould be at Rennes at the very time of this ſolemn requiſition: I call it ſolemn —— it was ſo to me.

The Marquis entered the court with his whole family: he ſupported his lady — his eldeſt ſon ſupported his ſiſter, and his youngeſt was at the other extreme of the line next his mother —— he put his handkerchief to his face twice ———

—— There was a dead ſilence. When the Marquis had approached within ſix paces of the tribunal, he gave the Marchioneſs to his youngeſt ſon, and advancing three ſteps before his family — he reclaimed his ſword. — His ſword was given him, and the moment he got it into his hand he drew it almoſt out of the ſcabbard — it was the ſhining face of a friend he had once given up — he looked attentively a long time at it, beginning at the hilt, as if to ſee whether it was the ſame — when obſerving a little ruſt which it had contracted near the point, he brought it near his eye, and bending his head down over it — I think I ſaw a tear fall upon

upon the place: I could not be deceived by what followed.

"I ſhall find, ſaid he, ſome *other way*, to "get it off."

When the Marquis had ſaid this, he returned his ſword into its ſcabbard, made a bow to the guardians of it—and, with his wife and daughter and his two ſons following him, walked out.

O how I envied him his feelings!

THE PASSPORT.

VERSAILES.

I FOUND no difficulty in getting admittance to Monſieur le Count de B****. The ſet of Shakeſpeare's was laid upon the table, and he was tumbling them over. I walked up cloſe to the table, and giving firſt ſuch a look at the books as to make him conceive I knew what they were —— I told him I had come without any one to preſent me, knowing I ſhould meet with a friend in his apartment, who, I truſted, would do it for me — it is my countryman the great Shakeſpeare, ſaid I, pointing to his works —— *et aves la bonté, mon cher ami*, apoſtrophizing his ſpirit, added I, *deme faire cet honneur la.*——

The Count ſmiled at the ſingularity of the introduction; and ſeeing I looked a little pale and ſickly, inſiſted upon my taking an arm-chair: ſo I ſat down; and to ſave him conjectures upon a viſit ſo out of all rule, I told him ſimply of the incident in the bookſeller's ſhop, and how that had impelled me rather to go to him with the ſtory of a little embarraſſment I was under, than to any other man in France — And what is your embarraſſment? let me hear it, ſaid the Count. So I told him the ſtory juſt as I have told it the reader. ——

— And the maſter of my hotel, ſaid I, as I concluded it, will needs have it, Monſieur le Count, that I ſhall be ſent to the Baſtile — but I have no apprehenſions, continued I — for in falling into the hands of the moſt poliſhed peo-

ple

ple in the world, and being conſcious I was a true man, and not come to ſpy the nakedneſs of the land, I ſcarce thought I lay at their mercy.—It does not ſuit the gallantry of the French, Monſieur le Count, ſaid I, to ſhew it againſt invalids.

An animated bluſh came into the Count de B****'s cheeks, as I ſpoke this—*Ne craignez rien*—Do not fear, ſaid he—Indeed I do not, replied I again—beſides, continued I, a little ſportingly—I have come laughing all the way from London to Paris, and I do not think Monſieur le Duc de Choiſeul is ſuch an enemy to mirth, as to ſend me back crying for my pains.

—My application to you, Monſieur le Compte de B**** (making him a low bow) is to deſire he will not.

The Count heard me with great good nature, or I had not ſaid half as much—and once or twice ſaid—*C'eſt bien dit.* So I reſted my cauſe there—and determined to ſay no more about it.

The Count led the diſcourſe: we talked of indifferent things;—of books and politicks, of men—and then of women—God bleſs them all! ſaid I, after much diſcourſe about them—there is not a man upon earth who loves them ſo much as I do: after all the foibles I have ſeen and all the ſatires I have read againſt them, ſtill I love them, being firmly perſuaded that a man who has not a ſort of an affection for the whole ſex, is incapable of ever loving a ſingle one as he ought.

Heh bien! Monſieur l'Anglois, ſaid the Count, gaily—You are not come to ſpy the nakedneſs of the land—I believe you—*ni encore*, I dare ſay, *that* of our women——if, *par hazard*,

they fell in your way — that the proſpect would not affect you.

I have ſomething within me which cannot bear the ſhock of the leaſt indecent inſinuation: in the ſportability of chit-chat I have often endeavoured to conquer it, and with infinite pain have hazarded a thouſand things to a dozen of the ſex together — the leaſt of which I could not venture to a ſingle one, to gain heaven.

Excuſe me, Monſieur Le Compte, ſaid I — as for the nakedneſs of your land, if I ſaw it, I ſhould caſt my eyes over it with tears in them — and for that of your women (bluſhing at the idea he had excited in me) I am ſo evangelical in this, and have ſuch a fellow-feeling for whatever is *weak* about them, that I would cover it with a garment, if I knew how to throw it on — But I could wiſh, continued I, to ſpy the *nakedneſs* of their hearts, and through the different diſguiſes of cuſtoms, climates, and religion, find out what is good in them, to faſhion my own by — and therefore am I come.

It is for this reaſon, Monſieur le Compte, continued I, that I have not ſeen the Palais royal — nor the Luxembourg — nor the Façade of the Louvre — nor have attempted to ſwell the catalogues we have of pictures, ſtatues, and churches — I conceive every fair being as a temple, and would rather enter in and ſee the original drawings and looſe ſketches hung up in it, than the transfiguration of Raphael itſelf.

The thirſt of this, continued I, as impatient as that which enflames the breaſt of the connoiſſeur, has led me from my own home into France — and from France will lead me through Italy — it is a quiet journey of the heart in purſuit

ſuit of NATURE, and thoſe affections which riſe out of her, which make us love each other — and the world, better than we do.

The Count ſaid a great many civil things to me upon the occaſion: and added very politely how much he ſtood obliged to Shakeſpeare for making me known to him — but, *a-propos*, ſaid he—Shakeſpeare is full of great things—He forgot a ſmall punctilio of announcing your name — it puts you under a neceſſity of doing it yourſelf.

THE

THE PASSPORT.

VERSAILLES.

THERE is not a more perplexing affair in life to me, than to ſet about telling any one who I am — for there is ſcarce any body I cannot give a better account of than of myſelf; and I have often wiſhed I could do it in a ſingle word — and have an end of it. It was the only time and occaſion in my life, I could accompliſh this to my purpoſe — for Shakeſpeare lying upon the table, and recollecting I was in his books, I took up Hamlet, and turning immediately to the grave-diggers ſcene in the fifth act, I layed my finger upon YORICK, and advancing the book to the Count, with my finger all the way over the name — Me, *Voici!* ſaid I.

Now whether the idea of poor Yorick's ſkull was put of the Count's mind, by the reality of my own, or by what magic he could drop a period of ſeven or eight hundred years, makes nothing in this account — it is certain the French conceive better than they combine — I wonder at nothing in this world, and the leſs at this; inaſmuch as one of the firſt of our own church, for whoſe candour and paternal ſentiments I have the higheſt veneration, fell into the ſame miſtake in the very ſame caſe. —— "He could not bear he ſaid, to look into ſermons wrote by the king of Denmark's jeſter." —— Good, my lord! ſaid I — but there are two Yoricks. The Yorick your lordſhip thinks of, has been dead and buried eight hundred years ago;

ago; he flouriſhed in Horwendillus's court—the other Yorick is myſelf, who have flouriſhed, my lord, in no court——He ſhook his head——Good God! ſaid I, you might as well confound Alexander the great, with Alexander the copper-ſmith, my lord—It was all one, he replied———

—If Alexander king of Macedon could have tranſlated your lordſhip, ſaid I—I am ſure your lordſhip would not have ſaid ſo.

The poor Count de B**** fell but into the ſame *error*——

——*Et, Monſieur, eſt il Yorick?* cried the Count——*Je le ſuis*, ſaid I.—*Vous?*—*Moi*—*mais que j'ai l'honneur de vous parler, Monſieur le Compte*—*Mon dieu!* ſaid he embracing me——*Vous etes Yorick.*

The Count inſtantly put the Shakeſpeare into his pocket——and left me alone in his room.

THE

THE PASSPORT.

VERSAILLES.

I COULD not conceive why the Count de B**** had gone ſo abruptly out of the room, any more than I could conceive why he had put the Shakeſpeare into his pocket —— *Myſteries which muſt explain themſelves, are not worth the loſs of time, which a conjecture about them takes up:* it was better to read Shakeſpeare; ſo taking up "*Much ado about nothing*," I tranſported myſelf inſtantly from the chair I ſat in to Meſſina in Sicily, and got ſo buſy with Don Pedro and Benedict and Beatrice, that I thought not of Verſailles, the Count or the Paſſport.

Sweet pliability of man's ſpirit, that can at once ſurrender itſelf to illuſions, which cheat expectation and ſorrow of their weary moments! —— long —— long ſince had ye numbered out my days, had I not trod ſo great a part of them upon this enchanted ground: when my way is too rough for my feet, or too ſteep for my ſtrength, I get off it, to ſome ſmooth velvet path which fancy has ſcattered over with roſe-buds of delights; and having taken a few turns in it, come back ſtrengthened and refreſhed — When evils preſs ſore upon me, and there is no retreat from them in this world, then I take a new courſe —— I leave it —— and as I have a clearer idea of the Elyſian fields than I have of heaven, I force, myſelf like Æneas, into them —I ſee him meet the penſive ſhade of his for-

ſaken

ſaken Dido — and wiſh to recognize it — I ſee the injured ſpirit wave her head, and turn off ſilent from the author of her miſeries and diſhonours — I loſe the feelings for myſelf in hers — and in thoſe affections which were wont to make me mourn for her when I was at ſchool.

Surely this is not walking in a vain ſhadow — nor does man diſquiet himſelf in vain, *by it* — he oftener does ſo in truſting the iſſue of his commotions to reaſon only. — I can ſafely ſay for myſelf, I was never able to conquer any one ſingle bad ſenſation in my heart ſo deciſively, as by beating up as faſt as I could for ſome kindly and gentle ſenſation, to fight it upon its own ground.

When I had got to the end of the third act, the Count de B*** entered with my paſſport in his hand. Monſ. le Duc de C***, ſaid the Count, is as good a prophet, I dare ſay, as he is a ſtateſman — *Un homme qui rit*, ſaid the Duke, *ne ſera jamais dangereux*. — Had it been for any one but the king's jeſter, added the Count, I could not have got it theſe two hours. — *Pardonnez moi*, Monſ. Le Compte, ſaid I — I am not the king's jeſter. — But you are Yorick? — Yes. — *Et vous plaiſantez?* — I anſwered, indeed I did jeſt — but was not paid for it — it was entirely at my own expence.

We have no jeſter at court, Monſ. Le Compte, ſaid I; the laſt we had was in the licentious reign of Charles the IId — ſince which time our manners have been ſo gradually refining, that our court at preſent is ſo full of patriots, who wiſh for *nothing* but the honours

and

and wealth of their country — and our ladies are all ſo chaſte, ſo ſpotleſs, ſo good, ſo devout, — there is nothing for a jeſter to make a jeſt of ——

Voila un perſiflage! cried the Count.

THE

THE PASSPORT.

VERSAILLES.

AS the paſſport was directed to all lieutenant governors, governors and commandants of cities, generals of armies, juſticiaries, and all officers of juſtice, to let Mr. Yorick, the king's jeſter, and his baggage, travel quietly along — I own the triumph of obtaining the paſſport was not a little tarniſhed by the figure I cut in it — But there is nothing unmixt in this world; and ſome of the graveſt of our divines have carried it ſo far as to affirm, that enjoyment itſelf was attended even with a ſigh — and that the greateſt *they knew of*, terminated *in a general way*, in little better than a convulſion.

I remember the grave and learned Bevoriſkius, in his commentary upon the generation from Adam, very naturally breaks off in the middle of a note to give an account to the world of a couple of ſparrows upon the out-edge of his window, which had incommoded him all the time he wrote, and at laſt had entirely taken him off from his genealogy.

— It is ſtrange! writes Bevoriſkius; but the facts are certain, for I have had the curioſity to mark them down one by one with my pen —— but the cockſparrow during the little time that I could have finiſhed the other half of this note, has actually interrupted me with the reiteration of his careſſes three and twenty times and a half.

How merciful, adds Bevoriſkius, is heaven to his creatures!

Ill fated Yorick! that the graveſt of thy brethren ſhould be able to write that to the world, which ſtains thy face with crimſon, to copy even in thy ſtudy.

But this is nothing to my travels —— So I twice — twice beg pardon for it.

CHARACTER.

CHARACTER.

VERSAILLES.

AND how do you find the French! ſaid the Count de B****, after he had given me the paſſport.

The reader may ſuppoſe that after ſo obliging a proof of courteſy, I could not be at a loſs to ſay ſomething handſome to the enquiry.

— *Mais paſſe, pour cela* — Speak frankly, ſaid he; do you find all the urbanity in the French which the world give us the honour of? — I had found every thing, I ſaid, which confirmed it— *Vraiment*, ſaid the Count —— *Les Francois ſont polis.* To an exceſs, replied I.

The Count took notice of the word *exceſſe*; and would have it I meant more than I ſaid. I defended myſelf a long time as well as I could againſt it — he inſiſted I had a reſerve, and that I would ſpeak my opinion frankly.

I believe, Monſ. Le Compte, ſaid I, that man has a certain compaſs, as well as an inſtrument; and that the ſocial and other calls have occaſion by turns for every key in him; ſo that if you begin a note too high or too low, there muſt be a want either in the upper or under part, to fill up the ſyſtem of harmony. —— The Count de B*** did not underſtand muſic, ſo deſired me to explain it ſome other way. A poliſhed nation, my dear Count, ſaid I, makes every one its debtor; and beſides, urbanity itſelf, like the fair ſex, has ſo many charms; it goes againſt the heart to ſay it can do ill; and yet,

yet, I believe, there is but a certain line of perfection, that man, take him altogether, is empowered to arrive at —— if he gets beyond, he rather exchanges qualities, than gets them. I muſt not preſume to ſay, how far this has affected the French in the ſubject we are ſpeaking of — but ſhould it ever be the caſe of the Engliſh, in the progreſs of their reſentments, to arrive at the ſame poliſh which diſtinguiſhes the French, if we did not loſe the *politeſſe de cœur*, which inclines men more to humane actions, than courteous ones — we ſhould at leaſt loſe that diſtinct variety and originality of character, which diſtinguiſhes them, not only from each other, but from all the world beſides.

I had a few king William's ſhillings as ſmooth as glaſs in my pocket; and foreſeeing they would be of uſe in the illuſtration of my hypotheſis, I had got them into my hand, when I had proceeded ſo far ———

See, Monſ. Le Compte, ſaid I, riſing up, and laying them before him upon the table —— by jingling and rubbing one againſt another for ſeventy years together in one body's pocket or another's, they are become ſo much alike, you can ſcarce diſtinguiſh one ſhilling from another.

The Engliſh, like antient medals, kept more apart, and paſſing but few peoples hands, preſerve the firſt ſharpneſſes which the fine hand of nature has given them — they are not ſo pleaſant to feel — but in return, the legend is ſo viſible, that at the firſt look you ſee whoſe image and ſuperſcription they bear. — But the French, Monſ. Le Compte, added I, wiſhing to ſoften what I had ſaid, have ſo many excellencies, they can the better ſpare this — they are a loyal, a gal-

a gallant, a generous, an ingenious, and good temper'd people as are under heaven — if they have a fault — they are too *ſerious*.

Mon Dieu! cried the Count, riſing out of his chair.

Mais vous plaiſantez, ſaid he correcting his exclamation. — I laid my hand upon my breaſt, and with earneſt gravity aſſured him it was my moſt ſettled opinion.

The Count ſaid he was mortified, he could not ſtay to hear my reaſons, being engaged to go that moment to dine with the Duc de C****.

But if it is not too far to come to Verſailles to eat your ſoup with me, I beg, before you leave France, I may have the pleaſure of knowing you retract your opinion — or, in what manner you ſupport it. — But if you do ſupport it, Monſ. Anglois, ſaid he, you muſt do it with all your powers, becauſe you have the whole world againſt you.—I promiſed the Count I would do myſelf the honour of dining with him before I ſet out for Italy — ſo took my leave.

THE TEMPTATION.

PARIS.

WHEN I alighted at the hotel the porter told me a young woman with a band-box had been that moment enquiring for me.—I do not know, ſaid the porter, whether ſhe is gone away or no. I took the key of my chamber of him, and went up ſtairs; and when I had got within ten ſteps of the top of the landing before my door, I met her coming eaſily down.

It was the fair *fille de chambre* I had walked along the Quai de Conti with: Madame de R**** had ſent her upon ſome commiſſions to a *merchande des modes* within a ſtep or two of the hotel de Modene; and as I had failed in waiting upon her, had bid her enquire if I had left Paris; and if ſo, whether I had not left a letter addreſſed to her.

As the fair *fille de chambre* was ſo near my door ſhe turned back, and went into the room with me for a moment or two whilſt I wrote a card.

It was a fine ſtill evening in the latter end of the month of May —— the crimſon window curtains (which were of the ſame colour of thoſe of the bed) were drawn cloſe — the ſun was ſetting, and reflected through them ſo warm a tint into the fair *fille de chambre*'s face —— I thought ſhe bluſhed —— the idea of it made me bluſh alſo ——— we were quite alone; and that ſuper-induced a ſecond bluſh before the firſt could get off.

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There is a ſort of a pleaſing half guilty bluſh, where the blood is more in fault than the man—it is ſent impetuous from the heart, and virtue flies after it——not to call it back, but to make the ſenſation of it more delicious to the nerves—it is aſſociated ———

But I will not deſcribe it——I felt ſomething at firſt within me which was not in ſtrict uniſon with the leſſon of virtue I had given her the night before——I ſought five minutes for a card—I knew I had not one.——I took up a pen—I laid it down again—my hand trembled—the devil was in me.

I know as well as any one, he is an adverſary, whom if we reſiſt, he will fly from us——but I ſeldom reſiſt him at all; from terror, that though I may conquer I may ſtill get a hurt in the combat—ſo I gave up the triumph for ſecurity; and inſtead of thinking to make him fly, I generally fly myſelf.

The fair *fille de chambre* came cloſe up to the bureau where I was looking for a card——took up firſt the pen I caſt down, then offered to hold me the ink: ſhe offered it ſo ſweetly, I was going to accept it—but I durſt not—I have nothing, my dear, ſaid I, to write upon—Write it, ſaid ſhe, ſimply upon any thing ———

I was juſt going to cry out, Then I will write it, fair girl! upon thy lips ——

If I do, ſaid I, I ſhall periſh—ſo I took her by the hand and led her to the door, and begged ſhe would not forget the leſſon I had given her—She ſaid, indeed ſhe would not—and as ſhe uttered it with ſome earneſtneſs, ſhe turned about, and gave me both her hands cloſed together, into mine—it was impoſſible not to compreſs them

in

in that ſituation — I wiſhed to let them go; and all the time I held them, I kept arguing within myſelf againſt it—and ſtill I held them on.—— In two minutes I found I had all the battle to fight over again — and I felt my legs and every limb about me tremble at the idea.

The foot of the bed was within a yard and a half of the place where we were ſtanding—I had ſtill hold of her hands — and how it happened I can give no account, but I neither aſked her — nor drew her—nor did I think of the bed—but ſo it did happen we both ſat down.

I will juſt ſhew you, ſaid the fair *fille de chambre*, the little purſe I have been making to-day to hold your crown. So ſhe put her hand into her right pocket, which was next me, and felt for it for ſome time — then into the left — "She had loſt it." — I never bore expectation more quietly — it was in her right pocket at laſt —ſhe pulled it out; it was of green taffeta, lined with a little bit of white quilted ſattin, and juſt big enough to hold the crown — ſhe put it into my hand — it was pretty; and I held it ten minutes with the back of my hand reſting upon her lap—looking ſometimes at the purſe, ſometimes on one ſide of it.

A ſtitch or two had broke out in the gathers of my ſtock—the fair *fille de chambre*, without ſaying a word took out her little huſſive, threaded a ſmall needle, and ſewed it up — I foreſaw it would hazard the glory of the day; and as ſhe paſſed her hand in ſilence acroſs and acroſs my neck in the manœuvre, I felt the laurels ſhake which fancy had wreathed about my head.

A ſtrap had given way in her walk, and the buckle of her ſhoe was juſt falling off—See ſaid

the

the *fille de chambre*, holding up her foot — I could not for my ſoul but faſten the buckle in return, and putting in the ſtrap—and lifting up the other foot with it, when I had done to ſee both were right — in doing it too ſuddenly — it unavoidably threw the fair *fille de chambre* off her centre — and then —

THE CONQUEST.

PARIS.

YES—and then—Ye whoſe clay cold heads and luke-warm hearts can argue down or maſk your paſſions—tell me what treſpaſs is it that man ſhould have them? or how his ſpirit ſtands anſwerable to the father of ſpirits, but for his conduct under them?

If nature has ſo wove her web of kindneſs, that ſome threads of love and deſire are entangled with the piece---muſt the whole web be rent in drawing them out? — Whip me ſuch ſtoics, great Governor of nature! ſaid I to myſelf—— Wherever thy providence ſhall place me for the trials of my virtue — whatever is my danger — whatever is my ſituation—let me feel the movements which riſe out of it, and which belong to me as a man---and if I govern them as a good one---I will truſt the iſſues to thy juſtice, for thou haſt made us——and not we ourſelves.

As I finiſhed my addreſs, I raiſed the fair *fille de chambre* up by the hand, and led her out of the room --- ſhe ſtood by me till I locked the door and put the key in my pocket---*and then*--- the victory being quite deciſive --- and not till then, I preſſed my lips to her cheek, and taking her by the hand again, led her ſafe to the gate of the hotel.

THE

THE MYSTERY.

PARIS.

IF a man knows the heart, he will know it was impoſſible to go back inſtantly to my chamber---it was touching a cold key with a flat third to it, upon the cloſe of a piece of muſic, which had called forth my affections---therefore when I let go the hand of the *fille de chambre*, I remained at the gate of the hotel for ſome time, looking at every one who paſſed by, and forming conjectures upon them, till my attention got fixed upon a ſingle object which confounded all kind of reaſoning upon him.

It was a tall figure of a philoſophic, ſerious, aduſt look, which paſſed and repaſſed ſedately along the ſtreet, making a turn of about ſixty paces on each ſide of the gate of the hotel---the man was about fifty-two---had a ſmall cane under his arm---was dreſſed in a dark drab-colour'd coat, waiſtcoat, and breeches, which ſeemed to have ſeen ſome years ſervice---they were ſtill clean, and there was a little air of frugal *proprete* throughout him. By his pulling off his hat, and his attitude of accoſting a good many in his way, I ſaw he was aſking charity; ſo I got a ſous or two out of my pocket ready to give him, as he took me in his turn---he paſſed by me without aſking any thing --- and yet did not go five ſteps further before he aſked charity of a little woman — I was much more likely to have given of the two — He had ſcarce done with the woman when he pulled off his hat to another who was

coming the ſame way.— An ancient gentleman came ſlowly — and after him a young ſmart one — He let them both paſs, and aſked nothing: I ſtood obſerving him half an hour, in which time he had made a dozen turns backwards and forwards, and found that he invariably purſued the ſame plan.

There were two things very ſingular in this, which ſet my brain to work, and to no purpoſe — the firſt was, why the man ſhould only tell his ſtory to the ſex — and ſecondly — what kind of ſtory it was, and what ſpecies of eloquence it could be, which ſoftened the hearts of the women, which he knew it was to no purpoſe to practiſe upon the men.

There were two other circumſtances which entangled this myſtery — the one was, he told every woman what he had to ſay in her ear, and in a way which had much more the air of a ſecret than a petition — the other was, it was always ſucceſsful — he never ſtopped a woman, but ſhe pulled out her purſe, and immediately gave him ſomething.

I could form no ſyſtem to explain the phenomenon.

I had got a riddle to amuſe me for the reſt of the evening, ſo I walked up ſtairs to my chamber.

The CASE of CONSCIENCE.

PARIS.

I WAS immediately followed up by the maſter of the hotel, who came into my room to tell me I muſt provide lodgings elſewhere — How ſo, friend? ſaid I. — He anſwered, I had a young woman locked up with me two hours that evening in my bed-chamber, and it was againſt the rules of his houſe. — Very well, ſaid I, we will all part friends then — for the girl is no worſe — and I am no worſe — and you will be juſt as I found you — It was enough, he ſaid, to overthrow the credit of his hotel. — *Voyez vous, Monſieur*, ſaid he, pointing to the foot of the bed we had been ſitting upon. —— I own it had ſomething of the appearance of an evidence; but my pride not ſuffering me to enter into any detail of the caſe, I exhorted him to let his ſoul ſleep in peace, as I reſolved to let mine do that night, and that I would diſcharge what I owed him at breakfaſt.

I ſhould not have minded, *Monſieur*, ſaid he, if you had twenty girls —— It is a ſcore more replied I, interrupting him, than I ever reckoned upon — Provided, added he, it had been but in a morning — And does the difference of the time of the day at Paris make a difference in the ſin? — It made a difference, he ſaid, in the ſcandal. — I like a good diſtinction in my heart; and cannot ſay I was intolerably out of temper with the man — I own it is neceſſary, re-aſſumed the maſter of the hotel, that a ſtranger at

Paris ſhould have the opportunities preſented to him of buying lace and ſilk ſtockings and ruffles, *et tout cela* — and it is nothing if a woman comes with a band-box. — O' my conſcience, ſaid I, ſhe had one; but I never looked into it. — Then, *Monſieur*, ſaid he, has bought nothing. — Not one earthly thing, replied I. — Becauſe, ſaid he, I could recommend one to you who would uſe you *en conſcience*. — But I muſt ſee her this night, ſaid I. — He made me a low bow and walked down.

Now ſhall I triumph over this *maitre d'hotel*, cried I — and what then? — Then I ſhall let him ſee I know he is a dirty fellow. — And what then? — What then? — I was too near myſelf to ſay it was for the ſake of others. — I had no good anſwer left — there was more of ſpleen than principle in my project, and I was ſick of it before the execution.

In a few minutes the Griſſet came in with her box of lace —— I will buy nothing however, ſaid I, within myſelf.

The Griſſet would ſhew me every thing — I was hard to pleaſe: ſhe would not ſeem to ſee it; ſhe opened her little magazine, laid all her laces one after another before me — unfolded and folded them up again one by one with the moſt patient ſweetneſs — I might buy — or not — ſhe would let me have every thing at my own price — the poor creature ſeemed anxious to get a penny; and laid herſelf out to win me, and not ſo much in a manner which ſeemed artful, as in one I felt ſimple and careſſing.

If there is not a fund of honeſt cullibility in man, ſo much the worſe — my heart relented, and I gave up my ſecond reſolution as quietly

as

as the firſt — Why ſhould I chaſtiſe one for the treſpaſs of another? If thou art tributary to this tyrant of an hoſt, thought I, looking up in her face, ſo much harder is thy bread.

If I had not had more than four *Louis d'ors* in my purſe, there was no ſuch thing as riſing up and ſhewing her the door, till I had firſt laid three of them out in a pair of ruffles.

— The maſter of the hotel will ſhare the profit with her — no matter — then I have only paid, as many a poor ſoul has paid before me, for an act he *could* not do, or think of.

THE RIDDLE.

PARIS.

WHEN La Fleur came up to wait upon me at ſupper, he told me how ſorry the maſter of the hotel was for his affront to me in bidding me change my lodgings.

A man who values a good night's reſt will not lie down with enmity in his heart if he can help it —— So I bid La Fleur tell the maſter of the hotel, that I was ſorry on my ſide for the occaſion I had given him —— and you may tell him, if you will, La Fleur, added I, that if the young woman ſhould call again, I ſhall not ſee her.

This was a ſacrifice not to him, but myſelf, having reſolved, after ſo narrow an eſcape, to run no more riſks, but to leave Paris, if it was poſſible, with all the virtue I entered in.

C'eſt deroger à nobleſſe, Monſieur, ſaid La Fleur, making me a bow down to the ground as he ſaid it —— *Et encore, Monſieur*, ſaid he, may change his ſentiments — and if *(par hazard)* he ſhould like to amuſe himſelf ——— I find no amuſement in it, ſaid I, interrupting him —

Mon Dieu! ſaid La Fleur — and took away.

In an hour's time he came to put me to bed, and was more than commonly officious — ſomething hung upon his lips to ſay to me, or aſk me, which he could not get off: I could not conceive what it was; and indeed gave myſelf little trouble to find it out, as I had another riddle ſo much more intereſting upon my mind, which

which was that of the man's aſking charity before the door of the hotel — I would have given any thing to have got to the bottom of it; and that, not out of curioſity — it is ſo low a principle of enquiry, in general, I would not purchaſe the gratification of it with a two-ſous piece — but a ſecret, I thought, which ſo ſoon and ſo certainly ſoftened the heart of every woman you came near, was a ſecret at leaſt equal to the philoſopher's ſtone: had I had both the Indies, I would have given up one to have been maſter of it.

I toſſed and turned it almoſt all night long in my brains to no manner of purpoſe; and when I awoke in the morning, I found my ſpirit as much troubled with my *dreams*, as ever the king of Babylon had been with his; and I will not heſitate to affirm, it would have puzzled all the wiſe men of Paris, as much as thoſe of Chaldea, to have given its interpretation.

LE DIMANCHE.

PARIS.

IT was Sunday; and when La Fleur came in in the morning, with my coffee and roll and butter, he had got himſelf ſo gallantly arrayed, I ſcarce knew him.

I had covenanted at Montreuil to give him a new hat with a ſilver button and loop, and four Louis d'ors *pour s'adoniſer*, when we got to Paris; and the poor fellow to do him juſtice, had done wonders with it.

He had bought a bright, clean, good ſcarlet coat, and a pair of breeches of the ſame —— They were not a crown worſe he ſaid, for the wearing —— I wiſhed him hanged for telling me —— they looked ſo freſh, that though I knew the thing could not be done, yet I would rather have impoſed upon my fancy with thinking I had bought them new for the fellow, than that they had come out of the *Rue de friperie*.

This is a nicety which makes not the heart ſore at Paris.

He had purchaſed moreover a handſome blue ſattin waiſtcoat, fancifully enough embroidered —— this was indeed ſomething the worſe for the ſervices it had done, but it was clean ſcoured—the gold had been touched up, and upon the whole was rather ſhowy than otherwiſe —— and as the blue was not violent, it ſuited with the coat and breeches very well: he had ſqueezed out of the money, moreover, a new bag and a ſolitaire; and had inſiſted with the *fripier*, upon a gold

a gold pair of garters to his breeches knees —— He had purchaſed muſlin ruffles, *bien brodées*, with four livres of his own money —— and a pair of white ſilk ſtockings for five more —— and to top all, nature had given him a handſome figure, without coſting him a ſous.

He entered the room thus ſet off, with his hair dreſſed in the firſt ſtile, and with a handſome *bouquet* in his breaſt —— in a word, there was that look of feſtivity in every thing about him, which at once put me in mind it was Sunday —— and by combining both together, it inſtantly ſtruck me, that the favour he wiſhed to aſk of me the night before, was to ſpend the day, as every body in Paris ſpent it, beſides. I had ſcarce made the conjecture, when La Fleur, with infinite humility, but with a look of truſt, as if I ſhould not refuſe him, begged I would grant him the day, *pour faire de galant vis à-vis de ſa maitreſſe.*

Now it was the very thing I intended to do myſelf *vis-à-vis* Madame de R**** —— I had retained the *remiſe* on purpoſe for it, and it would not have mortified my vanity to have had a ſervant ſo well dreſſed as La Fleur was to have got up behind it: I could never have worſe ſpared him.

But we muſt *feel*, not argue in theſe embarraſſments —— the ſons and daughters of ſervice part with liberty, but not with Nature in their contracts; they are fleſh and blood, and have their little vanities and wiſhes in the midſt of the houſe of bondage, as well as their taſk-maſters —— no doubt, they have ſet their ſelf-denials at a price —— and their expectations are ſo unreaſonable, that I would often diſappoint them,

them, but that their condition puts it ſo much in my power to do it.

Behold! — *Behold, I am thy ſervant* — diſarms me at once of the powers of a maſter ——

—— Thou ſhalt go, La Fleur! ſaid I.

— And what miſtreſs, La Fleur, ſaid I, canſt thou have picked up in ſo little a time at Paris? La Fleur laid his hand upon his breaſt, and ſaid it was a *petite Demoiſelle* at Monſieur Le Compte de B***'s — La Fleur had a heart made for ſociety; and, to ſpeak the truth of him, let as few occaſions ſlip him as his maſter — ſo that ſome how or other; but how — heaven knows — he had connected himſelf with the *demoiſelle* upon the landing of the ſtair-caſe, during the time I was taken up with my paſſport; and as there was time enough for me to win the Count to my intereſt, La Fleur had contrived to make it do to win the maid to his — the family, it ſeems, was to be at Paris that day, and he had made a party with her, and two or three more of the Count's houſhold, upon the *boulevards*.

Happy people! that once a week at leaſt are ſure to lay down all your cares together; and dance and ſing and ſport away the weights of grievance, which bow down the ſpirit of other nations to the earth!

THE

THE FRAGMENT.

PARIS.

LA FLEUR had left me ſomething to amuſe myſelf with for the day more than I had bargained for, or could have entered either into his head or mine.

He had brought the little print of butter upon a currant leaf; and as the morning was warm, and he had a good ſtep to bring it, he had begged a ſheet of waſte paper to put betwixt the currant leaf and his hand — As that was plate ſufficient, I bad him lay it upon the table as it was, and as I reſolved to ſtay within all day, I ordered him to call upon the *traiteur* to beſpeak my dinner, and leave me to breakfaſt by myſelf.

When I had finiſhed the butter, I threw the currant leaf out of the window, and was going to do the ſame by the waſte paper — but ſtopping to read a line firſt, and that drawing me to a ſecond and third — I thought it better worth; ſo I ſhut the window, and drawing a chair up to it, I ſat down to read it.

It was in the old French of Rabelais's time, and for aught I know might have been wrote by him — it was moreover in a Gothic letter, and that ſo faded and gone off by damps and length of time, it coſt me infinite trouble to make any thing of it — I threw it down; and then wrote a letter to Eugenius—then I took it up again, and embroiled my patience with it afreſh — and then to cure that, I wrote a letter to Eliza. — Still

it

it kept hold of me; and the difficulty of underſtanding it increaſed but the deſire.

I got my dinner; and after I had enlightened my mind with a bottle of Burgundy, I at it again — and after two or three hours poring upon it, with almoſt as deep attention as ever Gruter or Jacob Spon did upon a nonſenſical inſcription, I thought I made ſenſe of it; but to make ſure of it, the beſt way, I imagined, was to turn it into Engliſh, and ſee how it would look then — ſo I went on leiſurely, as a trifling man does, ſometimes writing a ſentence — then taking a turn or two — and then looking how the world went, out of the window; ſo that it was nine o'clock at night before I had done it — I then begun and read it as follows.

THE

THE FRAGMENT.

PARIS.

——Now as the notary's wife diſputed the point with the notary with too much heat —— I wiſh, ſaid the notary, throwing down the parchment, that there was another notary here only to ſet down and atteſt all this ———

——And what would you do then, Monſieur? ſaid ſhe, riſing haſtily up — the notary's wife was a little fume of a woman, and the notary thought it well to avoid a hurricane by a mild reply —— I would go, anſwered he, to bed, — You may go to the devil, anſwered the notary's wife.

Now there happening to be but one bed in the houſe, the other two rooms being unfurniſhed, as is the cuſtom at Paris, and the notary not caring to lie in the ſame bed with a woman who had but that moment ſent him pell-mell to the devil, went forth with his hat and cane and ſhort cloak, the night being very windy, and walked out ill at eaſe towards the *pont neuf*.

Of all the bridges which ever were built, the whole world who have paſſed over the *pont neuf*, muſt own, that it is the nobleſt — the fineſt — the grandeſt — the lighteſt — the longeſt — the broadeſt that ever conjoined land and land together upon the face of the terraqueous globe ———

By this, it ſeems, as if the author of the fragment had not been a Frenchman.

The

The worſt fault which divines and the doctors of the Sorbonne can allege againſt it, is, that if there is but a cap-full of wind in or about Paris, it is more blaſphemouſly *ſacre Dieu*'d there than in any other aperture of the whole city — and with reaſon, good and cogent, Meſſieurs; for it comes againſt you without crying *garde d'eau*, and with ſuch unpremeditable puffs, that of the few who croſs it with their hats on, not one in fifty but hazards two livres and a half, which is its full worth.

The poor notary, juſt as he was paſſing by the ſentry, inſtinctively clapped his cane to the ſide of it, but in raiſing it up the point of his cane catching hold of the loop of the ſentinel's hat hoiſted it over the ſpikes of the baluſtrade clear into the Seine.———

—*It is an ill wind*, ſaid a boatſman, who catched it, *which blows no body any good.*

The ſentry, being a Gaſcon, incontinently twirled up his whiſkers, and levelled his harquebuſs.

Harquebuſſes in thoſe days went off with matches; and an old woman's paper lanthern at the end of the bridge happening to be blown out, ſhe had borrowed the ſentry's match to light it — it gave a moment's time for the Gaſcon's blood to run cool, and turn the accident better to his advantage — *It is an ill wind*, ſaid he, catching off the notary's caſtor, and legitimating the capture with the boatman's adage.

The poor notary croſſed the bridge, and paſſing along the rue de Dauphine into the fauxbourgs of St. Germain, lamented himſelf as he walked along in this manner:

Luckleſs

Luckleſs man! that I am, ſaid the notary, to be the ſport of hurricanes all my days — to be born to have the ſtorm of ill language levelled againſt me and my profeſſion wherever I go — to be forced into marriage by the thunder of the church to a tempeſt of a woman—to be driven forth out of my houſe by domeſtic winds, and deſpoiled of my caſtor by pontific ones — to be here, bare-headed, in a windy night, at the mercy of the ebbs and flows of accidents—where am I to lay my head? — miſerable man! what wind in the two-and-thirty points of the whole compaſs can blow unto thee, as it does to the reſt of thy fellow creatures, good!

As the notary was paſſing on by a dark paſſage complaining in this ſort, a voice called out to a girl, to bid her run for the next notary — now the notary being the next, and availing himſelf of his ſituation, walked up the paſſage to the door, and paſſing through an old ſort of a ſaloon, was uſhered into a large chamber diſmantled of every thing but a long military pike — a breaſt-plate — a ruſty old ſword, and bandoleer, hung up equi-diſtant in four different places againſt the wall.

An old perſonage, who had heretofore been a gentleman, and unleſs decay of fortune taints the blood along with it was a gentleman at that time, lay ſupporting his head upon his hand in his bed; a little table with a taper burning was ſet cloſe beſide it, and cloſe by the table was placed a chair — the notary ſat him down in it; and pulling out his ink-horn and a ſheet or two of paper which he had in his pocket, he placed them before him, and dipping his pen in his ink, and leaning his breaſt over the table, he diſpo-

ſed

ſed every thing to make the gentleman's laſt will and teſtament.

Alas! Monſieur le Notaire, ſaid the gentleman, raiſing himſelf up a little, I have nothing to bequeath which will pay the expence of bequeathing, except the hiſtory of myſelf, which I could not die in peace unleſs I left it as a legacy to the world; the profits ariſing out of it, I bequeath to you for the pains of taking it from me — it is a ſtory ſo uncommon, it muſt be read by all mankind — it will make the fortunes of your houſe — the notary dipped his pen into his ink-horn — Almighty director of every event in my life! ſaid the old gentleman, looking up earneſtly and raiſing his hands towards heaven — thou whoſe hand has led me on through ſuch a labyrinth of ſtrange paſſages down into this ſcene of deſolation, aſſiſt the decaying memory of an old, infirm, and broken-hearted man — direct my tongue by the ſpirit of thy eternal truth, that this ſtranger may ſet down naught but what is written in that Book, from whoſe records, ſaid he claſping his hands together, I am to be condemned or acquitted! — the notary held up the point of his pen betwixt the taper and his eye ———

— It is a ſtory, Monſieur le Notaire, ſaid the gentleman, which will rouſe up every affection in nature — it will kill the humane, and touch the heart of cruelty herſelf with pity ———

— The notary was inflamed with a deſire to begin, and put his pen a third time into his ink-horn — and the old gentleman turning a little more towards the notary, began to dictate his ſtory in theſe words ———

— And where is the reſt of it, La Fleur? ſaid I, as he juſt then entered the room.

THE

THE FRAGMENT, AND THE BOUQUET.

PARIS.

WHEN La Fleur came up cloſe to the table, and was made to comprehend what I wanted, he told me there were only two other ſheets of it, which he had wrapt round the ſtalks of a *bouquet*, to keep it together, which he had preſented to the *demoiſelle* upon the *bouvelards*—Then, prithee, La Fleur, ſaid I, ſtep back to her to the Count de B****'s hotel, and *ſee if you can get* — There is no doubt of it, ſaid La Fleur — and away he flew.

In a very little time the poor fellow came back quite out of breath, with deeper marks of diſappointment in his looks than could ariſe from the ſimple irreparability of the fragment — *Juſte ciel!* in leſs than two minutes that the poor fellow had taken his laſt tender farewell of her — his faithleſs miſtreſs had given his *gage d'amour* to one of the Count's footmen — the footman to a young ſempſtreſs — and the ſempſtreſs to a fiddler, with my fragment at the end of it — Our misfortunes were involved together — I gave a ſigh — and La Fleur echoed it back again to my ear ———

——How perfidious! cried La Fleur — How unlucky! ſaid I. ———

— I ſhould not have been mortified, Monſieur, quoth La Fleur, if ſhe had loſt it — Nor I, La Fleur, ſaid I, had I found it.

Whether I did or no, will be ſeen hereafter.

THE

THE ACT OF CHARITY.

PARIS.

THE man who either diſdains or fears to walk up a dark entry may be an excellent good man, and fit for an hundred things; but he will not do to make a good ſentimental traveller. I count little of the many things I ſee paſs at broad noon day, in large and open ſtreets — Nature is ſhy, and hates to act before ſpectators; but in ſuch an unobſerved corner, you ſometimes ſee a ſingle ſhort ſcene of her's worth all the ſentiments of a dozen French plays compounded together — and yet they are abſolutely fine;—and whenever I have a more brilliant affair upon my hands than common, as they ſuit a preacher juſt as well as a hero, I generally make my ſermon out of them — and for the text —" Cappadocia, Pontus and Aſia, Phrygia and Pamphilia"—is as good as any one in the Bible.

There is a long dark paſſage iſſuing out from the opera comique into a narrow ſtreet; it is trod by a few who humbly wait for a *fiacre* *, or wiſh to get off quietly on foot when the opera is done. At the end of it, towards the theatre, 'tis lighted by a ſmall candle, the light of which is almoſt loſt before you get half-way down, but near the door—it is more for ornament than uſe; you ſee it as a fixed ſtar of the leaſt magnitude; it burns—but does little good to the world that we know of.

In

* Hackney-coach.

In returning along this paſſage, I diſcerned, as I approached within five or ſix paces of the door, two ladies ſtanding arm in arm, with their backs againſt the wall, waiting, as I imagined, for a *fiacre*——as they were next the door, I thought they had a prior right; ſo edged myſelf up within a yard or little more of them, and quietly took my ſtand---I was in black, and ſcarce ſeen.

The lady next me was a tall lean figure of a woman of about thirty-ſix; the other of the ſame ſize and make, of about forty; there was no mark of wife or widow in any one part of either of them---they ſeemed to be two upright veſtal ſiſters, unſapped by careſſes, unbroke in upon by tender ſalutations: I could have wiſhed to have made them happy---their happineſs was deſtined, that night, to come from another quarter.

A low voice, with a good turn of expreſſion, and ſweet cadence at the end of it, begged for a twelve-ſous piece betwixt them, for the love of heaven. I thought it ſingular, that a beggar ſhould fix the quota of an alms---and that the ſum ſhould be twelve times as much as what is uſually given in the dark. They both ſeemed aſtoniſhed at it as much as myſelf --- Twelve ſous! ſaid one——a twelve-ſous piece! ſaid the other ——and made no reply.

The poor man ſaid, He knew not how to aſk leſs of ladies of their rank; and bowed down his head to the ground.

Poo! ſaid they——we have no money.

The beggar remained ſilent for a moment or two, and renewed his ſupplication.

Do not, my fair young ladies, ſaid he, ſtop your good ears againſt me --- Upon my word, honeſt man! ſaid the younger, we have no change

change--- Then God bleſs you, ſaid the poor man, and multiply thoſe joys which you can give to others without change! --- I obſerved the elder ſiſter put her hand into her pocket---I will ſee, ſaid ſhe, if I have a ſous. --- A ſous! give twelve, ſaid the ſupplicant; Nature has been bountiful to you, be bountiful to a poor man.

I would, friend, with all my heart, ſaid the younger, if I had it.

My fair charitable! ſaid he, addreſſing himſelf to the elder—What is it but your goodneſs and humanity which make your bright eyes ſo ſweet, that they outſhine the morning even in this dark paſſage? and what was it which made the Marquis de Santerre and his brother ſay ſo much of you both as they juſt paſſed by?

The two ladies ſeemed much affected; and impulſively at the ſame time they both put their hands into their pocket, and each took out a twelve-ſous piece.

The conteſt betwixt them and the poor ſupplicant was no more—it was continued betwixt themſelves, which of the two ſhould give the twelve-ſous piece in charity—and to end the diſpute, they both gave it together, and the man went away.

THE

THE RIDDLE EXPLAINED.

PARIS.

I STEPPED haſtily after him: it was the very man whoſe ſucceſs in aſking charity of the women before the door of the hotel had ſo puzzled me — and I found at once his ſecret, or at leaſt the baſis of it — it was flattery.

Delicious eſſence! how refreſhing art thou to nature! how ſtrongly are all its powers and all its weakneſſes on thy ſide! how ſweetly doſt thou mix with the blood, and help it through the moſt difficult and tortuous paſſages to the heart!

The poor man, as he was not ſtreightened for time, had given it here in a larger doſe: it is certain he had a way of bringing it into leſs form, for the many ſudden caſes he had to do with in the ſtreets; but how he contrived to correct, ſweeten, concentre, and qualify it — I vex not my ſpirit with the inquiry — it is enough, the beggar gained two twelve-ſous pieces—and they can beſt tell the reſt, who have gained much greater matters by it.

PARIS.

PARIS.

WE get forwards in the world not ſo much by doing ſervices, as receiving them: you take a withering twig, and put it in the ground: and then you water it, becauſe you have planted it.

Monſ. Le Compte de B***, merely becauſe he had done me one kindneſs in the affair of my paſſport, would go on and do me another, the few days he was at Paris, in making me known to a few people of rank; and they were to preſent me to others, and ſo on.

I had got maſter of my *ſecret*, juſt in time to turn theſe honours to ſome little account; otherwiſe as is commonly the caſe, I ſhould have dined or ſupped a ſingle time or two round, and then by *tranſlating* French looks and attitudes into plain Engliſh, I ſhould preſently have ſeen, that I had got hold of the *couvert** of ſome more entertaining gueſt; and in courſe ſhould have reſigned all my places one after another, merely upon the principle that I could not keep them. —— As it was, things did not go much amiſs.

I had the honour of being introduced to the old Marquis de B***: in days of yore he had ſignalized himſelf by ſome ſmall feats of chivalry in the *cour d'amour*, and had dreſſed himſelf out to the idea of tilts and tournaments ever ſince — the Marquis de B*** wiſhed to have it thought the affair was ſomewhere elſe than in his

* Plate, napkin, knife, fork, and ſpoon.

his brain. "He could like to take a trip to "England," and aſked much of the Engliſh ladies. Stay where you are, I beſeech you, Monſ. le Marquiſe, ſaid I — Les Meſſrs. Angloiſe can ſcarce get a kind look from them as it is. — The Marquis invited me to ſupper.

Monſ. P*** the farmer-general was juſt as inquiſitive about our taxes. — They were very conſiderable, he heard — If we knew but how to collect them, ſaid I, making him a low bow.

I could never have been invited to Monſieur P***'s concerts upon any other terms.

I had been miſrepreſented to Madame de Q*** as an *eſprit* —— Madame de Q*** was an *eſprit* herſelf; ſhe burnt with impatience to ſee me, and hear me talk. I had not taken my ſeat before I ſaw ſhe did not care a ſous whether I had any wit or no — I was let in, to be convinced ſhe had. — I call heaven to witneſs I never once opened the door of my lips.

Madame de Q*** vowed to every creature ſhe met, "She had never had a more impro- "ving converſation with a man in her life."

There are three epochas in the empire of a French-woman — She is coquette — then deiſt — then *devôte*: the empire during theſe is never loſt — ſhe only changes her ſubjects: when thirty-five years and more have unpeopled her dominion of the ſlaves of love, ſhe re-peoples it with ſlaves of infidelity — and then with the ſlaves of the church.

Madame de V*** was vibrating betwixt the firſt of theſe epochas: the colour of the roſe was ſhading faſt away — ſhe ought to have been a deiſt five years before the time I had the honour to pay my firſt viſit.

She placed me upon the ſame ſopha with her, for the ſake of diſputing the point of religion more cloſely. — In ſhort, Madame de V*** told me ſhe believed nothing.

I told Madame de V*** it might be her principle; but I was ſure it could not be her intereſt to level the outworks, without which I could not conceive how ſuch a citadel as hers could be defended — that there was not a more dangerous thing in the world than for a beauty to be a deiſt — that it was a debt I owed my creed, not to conceal it from her — that I had not been five minutes ſat upon the ſofa beſide her, but I had begun to form deſigns — and what is it, but the ſentiments of religion, and the perſuaſion they had exiſted in her breaſt, which could have checked them as they roſe up.

We are not adamant, ſaid I, taking hold of her hand — and there is need of all reſtraints, till age in her own time ſteals in and lays them on us — but, my dear lady, ſaid I, kiſſing her hand — it is too — too ſoon ———

I declare I had the credit all over Paris of unperverting Madame de V*** — She affirmed to Monſieur D*** and the Abbe M***, that in one half hour I had ſaid more for revealed religion, than all their Encyclopedia had ſaid againſt it — I was liſted directly into Madame de V***'s *Coterie* — and ſhe put off the epocha of deiſm for two years.

I remember it was in this *Coterie*, in the middle of a diſcourſe, in which I was ſhewing the neceſſity of a *firſt cauſe*, that the young Count de Faineant took me by the hand to the furtheſt corner of the room, to tell me my *ſolitaire* was pinned too ſtrait about my neck —— It ſhould be

be *plus badinant*, ſaid the Count, looking down upon his own — but a word, Monſ. Yorick, to *the wiſe* ———

— And from the wiſe, Monſ. Le Compte, replied I, making him a bow — *is enough.*

The Count de Faineant embraced me with more ardour than ever I was embraced by mortal man.

For three weeks together, I was of every man's opinion I met ——— *Pardi! ce Monſ. Yorick a autant d'eſprit que nous autres.* —— *Il raiſonne bien*, ſaid another — *C'eſt un bon enfant* ſaid a third. — And at this price I could have eaten and drank and been merry all the days of my life at Paris; but it was a diſhoneſt *reckoning* — I grew aſhamed of it — it was the gain of a ſlave — every ſentiment of honour revolted againſt it — the higher I got, the more was I forced upon my *beggarly ſyſtem* — the better the *Coterie* — the more children of Art ——— I languiſhed for thoſe of nature: and one night, after a moſt vile proſtitution of myſelf to half a dozen different people, I grew ſick — went to bed — ordered La Fleur to get me horſes in the morning to ſet out for Italy.

MARIA.

MOULINES.

I NEVER felt what the diſtreſs of plenty was in any one ſhape till now — to travel it through the Bourbonnois, the ſweeteſt part of France — in the hey-day of the vintage, when Nature is pouring her abundance into every one's lap, and every eye is lifted up —— a journey through each ſtep of which muſic beats time to *Labour*, and all her children are rejoicing as they carry in their cluſters ——— to paſs through this with my affections flying out, and kindling at every group before me — and every one of them was pregnant with adventures.

Juſt heaven! —— it would fill up twenty volumes —— and alas! I have but a few ſmall pages left of this to crowd it into — and half of theſe muſt be taken up with the poor Maria my friend Mr. Shandy met with near Moulines.

The ſtory he had told of that diſordered maid affected me not a little in the reading; but when I got within the neighbourhood where ſhe lived, it returned ſo ſtrong into my mind, that I could not reſiſt an impulſe which prompted me to go half a league out of the road to the village where her parents dwelt to enquire after her.

It is going, I own, like the knight of the Woful Countenance, in queſt of melancholy adventures — but I know not how it is, but I am never ſo perfectly conſcious of the exiſtence of a ſoul within me, as when I am entangled in them.

The old mother came to the door, her looks told

told me the ſtory before ſhe opened her mouth — She had loſt her huſband: he had died, ſhe ſaid, of anguiſh, for the loſs of Maria's ſenſes about a month before — She had feared at firſt, ſhe added, that it would have plundered her poor girl of what little underſtanding was left — but on the contrary, it had brought her more to herſelf — ſtill ſhe could not reſt — her poor daughter, ſhe ſaid, crying, was wandering ſomewhere about the road —

— Why does my pulſe beat languid as I write this? and what made La Fleur, whoſe heart ſeemed only to be tuned to joy, to paſs the back of his hand twice acroſs his eyes, as the woman ſtood and told it? I beckoned to the poſtillion to turn back into the road.

When we had got within half a league of Moulines, at a little opening in the road leading to a thicket, I diſcovered poor Maria ſitting under a poplar — ſhe was ſitting with her elbow in her lap, and her head leaning on one ſide within her hand — a ſmall brook ran at the foot of the tree.

I bid the poſtillion go on with the chaiſe to Moulines — and La Fleur to beſpeak my ſupper — and that I would walk after him.

She was dreſſed in white, and much as my friend deſcribed her, except that her hair hung looſe, which before was twiſted within a ſilk-net. — She had, ſuperadded likewiſe to her jacket, a pale green riband which fell acroſs her ſhoulder to the waiſt; at the end of which hung her pipe. — Her goat had been as faithleſs as her lover; and ſhe had got a little dog in lieu of him, which ſhe had kept tied by a ſtring to her girdle; as I looked at her dog, ſhe drew him towards her

with the ſtring — "Thou ſhalt not leave me, "Sylvio," ſaid ſhe. I looked in Maria's eyes, and ſaw ſhe was thinking more of her father than of her lover or her little goat; for as ſhe uttered them the tears trickled down her cheeks.

I ſat down cloſe by her; and Maria let me wipe them away as they fell, with my handkerchief. — I then ſteeped it in my own — and then hers — and then in mine — and then I wiped hers again — and as I did, I felt ſuch undeſcribable emotion within me, as I am ſure could not be accounted for from any combinations of matter and motion.

I am poſitive I have a ſoul; nor can all the books with which materialiſts have peſtered the world ever convince me of the contrary.

MARIA.

MARIA.

WHEN Maria had come a little to herſelf, I aſked her if ſhe remembered a pale thin perſon of a man who had ſat down betwixt her and her goat about two years before? She ſaid, ſhe was unſettled much at that time, but remembered it upon two accounts—that ill as ſhe was ſhe ſaw the perſon pitied her; and next, that her goat had ſtolen his handkerchief, and ſhe had beat him for the theft—ſhe had waſhed it, ſhe ſaid, in the brook, and kept it ever ſince in her pocket to reſtore it to him in caſe ſhe ſhould ever ſee him again, which, ſhe added, he had half promiſed her. As ſhe told me this, ſhe took the handkerchief out of her pocket to let me ſee it; ſhe had folded it up neatly in a couple of vine leaves, tied round with a tendril——on opening it, I ſaw an S marked in one of the corners.

She had ſince that, ſhe told me, ſtrayed as far as Rome, and walked round St. Peter's once—and returned back—that ſhe found her way alone acroſs the Apennines—had travelled over all Lombardy without money—and thro' the flinty roads of Savoy without ſhoes—how ſhe had borne it, and how ſhe had got ſupported, ſhe could not tell——but *God tempers the wind*, ſaid Maria, *to the ſhorn lamb.*

Shorn indeed! and to the quick, ſaid I; and waſt thou in my own land, where I have a cottage, I would take thee to it and ſhelter thee: thou ſhouldſt eat of my own bread, and drink of my own cup—I would be kind to thy Syl-

vio —— in all thy weakneſſes and wanderings I would ſeek after thee and bring thee back — when the ſun went down I would ſay my prayers, and when I had done thou ſhouldſt play thy evening ſong upon thy pipe, nor would the incenſe of my ſacrifice be worſe accepted for entering heaven along with that of a broken heart.

Nature melted within me, as I uttered this; and Maria obſerving, as I took out my handkerchief, that it was ſteeped too much already to be of uſe, would needs go waſh it in the ſtream —And where will you dry it, Maria? ſaid I— I will dry it in my boſom, ſaid ſhe —— it will do me good.

And is your heart ſtill ſo warm, Maria? ſaid I.

I touched upon the ſtring on which hung all her ſorrows — ſhe looked with wiſtful diſorder for ſome time in my face; and then, without ſaying any thing, took her pipe, and played her ſervice to the Virgin—The ſtring I had touched ceaſed to vibrate — in a moment or two Maria returned to herſelf—let her pipe fall — and roſe up.

And where are you going, Maria? ſaid I.— She ſaid, to Moulines. — Let us go, ſaid I, together. — Maria put her arm within mine, and lengthening the ſtring, to let the dog follow —— in that order we entered Moulines.

MARIA.

MARIA.

MOULINES.

THOUGH I hate ſalutations and greetings in the market-place, yet when we got into the middle of this, I ſtopped to take my laſt look and laſt farewell of Maria.

Maria, though not tall, was nevertheleſs of the firſt order of fine forms —— affliction had touched her looks with ſomething that was ſcarce earthly —— ſtill ſhe was feminine —— and ſo much was there about her of all that the heart wiſhes, or the eye looks for in woman, that could the traces be ever worn out of her brain, and thoſe of Eliza's out of mine, ſhe ſhould *not only eat of my bread and drink of my own cup*, but Maria ſhould lay in my boſom, and be unto me as a daughter.

Adieu poor luckleſs maiden! —— imbibe the oil and wine which the compaſſion of a ſtranger, as he journieth on his way, now pours into thy wounds — the being who has twice bruiſed thee can only bind them up for ever.

THE BOURBONNOIS.

THERE was nothing from which I had painted out for myſelf ſo joyous a riot of the affections, as in this journey in the vintage, through this part of France; but preſſing through this gate of ſorrow to it, my ſufferings have totally unfitted me: in every ſcene of feſtivity I ſaw Maria in the back ground of the piece, ſitting penſive under her poplar! and I had got almoſt to Lyons before I was able to caſt a ſhade acroſs her———

——— Dear ſenſibility! ſource inexhauſted of all that's precious in our joys, or coſtly in our ſorrows! thou chaineſt thy martyr down upon his bed of ſtraw — and it is thou who liſts him up to HEAVEN — eternal fountain of our feelings! — it is here I trace thee — and this is thy divinity which ſtirs within me — not, that in ſome ſad and ſickening moments, "*my ſoul* "*ſhrinks back upon herſelf, and ſtartles at deſtruc-* "*tion*" — mere pomp of words! — but that I feel ſome generous joys and generous cares beyond myſelf —— all comes from thee, great — great SENSORIUM of the world! which vibrates, if a hair of our heads but falls upon the ground, in the remoteſt deſert of thy creation.—Touched with thee, Eugenius draws my curtain when I languiſh —— hears my tale of ſymptoms, and blames the weather for the diſorder of his nerves. Thou giveſt a portion of it ſometimes to the roughеſt peaſant who traverſes the bleakeſt mountains — he finds the lacerated lamb of another's flock — This moment I beheld him leaning

ing with his head againſt his crook, with piteous inclination looking down upon it — Oh! had I come one moment ſooner! — it bleeds to death —his gentle heart bleeds with it ———

Peace to thee, generous ſwain! — I ſee thou walkeſt off with anguiſh—but thy joys ſhall balance it — for happy is thy cottage — and happy is the ſharer of it — and happy are the lambs which ſport about you.

THE

THE SUPPER.

A SHOE coming looſe from the fore-foot of the thill-horſe, at the beginning of the aſcent of mount Taurira, the poſtillion diſmounted, twiſted the ſhoe off, and put it in his pocket; as the aſcent was of five or ſix miles, and that horſe our main dependance, I made a point of having the ſhoe faſtened on again, as well as we could; but the poſtillion had thrown away the nails, and the hammer in the chaiſe-box, being of no great uſe without them; I ſubmitted to go on.

He had not mounted half a mile higher, when coming to a flinty piece of a road, the poor devil loſt a ſecond ſhoe, and from off his other fore-foot; I then got out of the chaiſe in good earneſt; and ſeeing a houſe about a quarter of a mile to the left-hand, with a great deal to do, I prevailed upon the poſtillion to turn up to it. The look of the houſe, and of every thing about it, as we drew nearer, ſoon reconciled me to the diſaſter,—It was a little farm-houſe ſurrounded with about twenty acres of vineyard, about as much corn — and cloſe to the houſe, on one ſide, was a *potagerie* of an acre and an half full of every thing which could make plenty in a French peaſant's houſe — and on the other ſide was a little wood which furniſhed wherewithal to dreſs it. It was about eight in the evening when I got to the houſe — ſo I left the poſtillion to manage his point as he could—and for mine, I walked directly into the houſe.

The

The family conſiſted of an old grey-headed man and his wife, with five or ſix ſons and ſons-in-law and their ſeveral wives, and a joyous genealogy out of them.

They were all ſitting down together to their lentil-ſoup; a large wheaten loaf was in the middle of the table; and a flaggon of wine at each end of it promiſed joy thro' the ſtages of the repaſt—'twas a feaſt of love.

The old man roſe up to meet me, and with a reſpectful cordiality would have me ſit down at the table; my heart was ſat down the moment I entered the room; ſo I ſat down at once like a ſon of the family; and to inveſt myſelf in the character as ſpeedily as I could, I inſtantly borrowed the old man's knife, and taking up the loaf, cut myſelf a hearty luncheon; and as I did it I ſaw a teſtimony in every eye, not only of an honeſt welcome, but of a welcome mixed with thanks that I had not ſeemed to doubt it.

Was it this; or tell me, Nature, what elſe it was which made this morſel ſo ſweet — and to what magick I owe it, that the draught I took of their flaggon was ſo delicious with it, that they remain upon my palate to this hour?

If the ſupper was to my taſte — the grace which followed it was much more ſo.

THE GRACE.

WHEN ſupper was over the old man gave a knock upon the table with the haft of his knife — to bid them prepare for the dance: the moment the ſignal was given, the women and girls ran all together into the back apartment to tye up their hair — and the young men to the door to waſh their faces, and change their ſabots; and in three minutes every ſoul was ready upon a little eſplanade before the houſe to begin — The old man and his wife came out laſt, and, placing me betwixt them, ſat down upon a ſopha of turf by the door.

The old man had ſome fifty years ago been no mean performer upon the vielle — and at the age he was then of, touched it well enough for the purpoſe. His wife ſung now and then a little to the tune — then intermitted — and joined her old man again as their children and grand children danced before them.

It was not till the middle of the ſecond dance, when, from ſome pauſes in the movement wherein they all ſeemed to look up, I fancied I could diſtinguiſh an elevation of ſpirit different from that which is the cauſe or the effect of ſimple jollity. — In a word, I thought I beheld *Religion* mixing in the dance — but as I had never ſeen her ſo engaged, I ſhould have looked upon it now, as one of the illuſions of an imagination which is eternally miſleading me, had not the old man, as ſoon as the dance ended, ſaid,

ſaid, that this was their conſtant way; and that all his life long he made it a rule, after ſupper was over, to call out his family to dance and rejoice; believing, he ſaid, that a chearful and contented mind was the beſt ſort of thanks to heaven that an illiterate peaſant could pay ——

—Or a learned prelate either, ſaid I.

The CASE of DELICACY.

WHEN you have gained the top of mount Taurira, you run preſently down to Lyons — adieu then to all rapid movements! It is a journey of caution; and it fares better with ſentiments, not to be in a hurry with them; ſo I contracted with a Voiturin to take his time with a couple of mules and convey me in my own chaiſe ſafe to Turin through Savoy.

Poor, patient, quiet, honeſt people! fear not; your poverty, the treaſury of your ſimple virtues, will not be envied you by the world, nor will your vallies be invaded by it.— Nature! in the midſt of thy diſorders, thou art ſtill friendly to the ſcantineſs thou haſt created — with all thy great works about thee, little haſt thou left to give, either to the ſcythe or to the ſickle — but to that little, thou granteſt ſafety and protection! and ſweet are the dwellings which ſtand ſo ſheltered.

Let the way-worn traveller vent his complaints upon the ſudden turns and dangers of your roads —— your rocks —— your precipices —— the difficulties of getting up —— the horrors of getting down —— mountains impracticable —— and cataracts, which roll down great ſtones from their ſummits, and block up his road. —— The peaſants had been all day at work in removing a fragment of this kind between St. Michael and Madane; and by the time my Voiturin got to the place, it wanted full two hours of compleating before a paſſage could any how be gained: there

there was nothing but to wait with patience — it was a wet and tempeſtuous night; ſo that by the delay, and that together, the Voiturin found himſelf obliged to take up five miles ſhort of his ſtage at a little decent kind of an inn by the road ſide.

I forthwith took poſſeſſion of my bed-chamber —— got a good fire —— ordered ſupper; and was thanking heaven it was no no worſe—— when a voiture arrived with a lady in it and her ſervant-maid.

As there was no other bed-chamber in the houſe, the hoſteſs, without much nicety, led them into mine, telling them, as ſhe uſhered them in, that there was no body in it but an Engliſh gentleman —— that there were two good beds in it, and a cloſet within the room which held another——the accent in which ſhe ſpoke of this third bed did not ſay much for it —— however, ſhe ſaid, there were three beds, and but three people — and ſhe durſt ſay, the gentleman would do any thing to accommodate matters. —— I left not the lady a moment to make a conjecture about it —— ſo inſtantly made a declaration I would do any thing in my power.

As this did not amount to an abſolute ſurrender of my bed chamber, I ſtill felt myſelf ſo much the proprietor, as to have a right to do the honours of it —— ſo I deſired the lady to ſit down —— preſſed her into the warmeſt ſeat——called for more wood ——deſired the hoſteſs to enlarge the plan of the ſupper, and to favour us with the very beſt wine.

The lady had ſcarce warmed herſelf five minutes at the fire, before ſhe began to turn her head

head back, and give a look at the beds; and the oftener ſhe caſt her eyes that way, the more they returned perplexed —— I felt for her —— and for myſelf; for in a few minutes, what by her looks, and the caſe itſelf, I found myſelf as much embarraſſed as it was poſſible the lady could be herſelf.

That the beds we were to lie in were in one and the ſame room, was enough ſimply by itſelf to have excited all this — but the poſition of them, for they ſtood parallel, and ſo very cloſe to each other as only to allow ſpace for a ſmall wicker chair betwixt them, rendered the affair ſtill more oppreſſive to us —— they were fixed up moreover near the fire, and the projection of the chimney on one ſide, and a large beam which croſſed the room on the other, formed a kind of receſs for them that was no way favourable to the nicety of our ſenſations —— if any thing could have added to it, it was, that the two beds were both of them ſo very ſmall, as to cut us off from every idea of the lady and the maid lying together; which in either of them, could it have been feaſible, my lying beſide them, though a thing not to be wiſhed, yet there was nothing in it ſo terrible which the imagination might not have paſſed over without torment.

As for the little room within, it offered little or no conſolation to us; it was a damp cold cloſet, with a half diſmantled window ſhutter, and with a window which had neither glaſs or oil paper in it to keep out the tempeſt of the night. I did not endeavour to ſtifle my cough when the lady gave a peep into it; ſo it reduced the caſe in courſe to this alternative — that

the

the lady ſhould ſacrifice her health to her feelings, and take up with the cloſet herſelf, and abandon the bed next mine to her maid —— or that the girl ſhould take the cloſet, &c. &c.

The lady was a Piedmonteſe of about thirty, with a glow of health in her cheeks —— The maid was a Lyonoiſe of twenty, and as briſk and lively a French girl as ever moved. — There were difficulties every way — and the obſtacle of the ſtone in the road, which brought us into the diſtreſs, great as it appeared whilſt the peaſants were removing it, was but a pebble to what lay in our way now —— I have only to add, that it did not leſſen the weight which hung upon our ſpirits, that we were both too delicate to communicate what we felt to each other upon the occaſion.

We ſat down to ſupper; and had we not had more generous wine to it than a little inn in Savoy could have furniſhed, our tongues had been tied up, till neceſſity herſelf had ſet them at liberty — but the lady having a few bottles of Burgundy in her voiture, ſent down her Fille de chambre for a couple of them; ſo that by the time ſupper was over, and we were left alone, we felt ourſelves inſpired with a ſtrength of mind ſufficient to talk, at leaſt, without reſerve upon our ſituation. We turned it every way, and debated and conſidered it in all kind of lights in the courſe of a two hours negociation; at the end of which the articles were ſettled finally betwixt us, and ſtipulated for in form and manner of a treaty of peace —— and I believe with as much religion and good faith on both ſides, as in any treaty which as yet

had

had the honour of being handed down to poſterity.

They were as follow:

Firſt. As the right of the bed-chamber is in Monſieur —— and he thinking the bed next to the fire to be the warmeſt, he inſiſts upon the conceſſion on the lady's ſide of taking up with it.

Granted, on the part of Madame; with a proviſo, That as the curtains of that bed are of a flimſy tranſparent cotton, and appear likewiſe too ſcanty to draw cloſe, that the Fille de Chambre, ſhall faſten up the opening, either by corking pins, or needle and thread in ſuch manner as ſhall be deemed a ſufficient barrier on the ſide of Monſieur.

2dly. It is required on the part of Madame, that Monſieur ſhall lie the whole night through in his robe de chambre.

Rejected: inaſmuch Monſieur is not worth a robe de chambre; he having nothing in his portmanteau but ſix ſhirts and a black ſilk pair of breeches.

The mentioning the ſilk pair of breeches made an entire change of the article — for the breeches were accepted as an equivalent for the robe de chambre, and ſo it was ſtipulated and agreed upon that I ſhould lie in my black ſilk breeches all night.

3dly. It was inſiſted upon, and ſtipulated for by the lady, that after Monſieur was got to bed, and the candle and fire extinguiſhed, that Monſieur ſhould not ſpeak one ſingle word the whole night.

Granted; provided Monſieur's ſaying his prayers might not be deemed an infraction of the treaty.

There

There was but one point forgot in this treaty, and that was the manner in which the lady and myſelf ſhould be obliged to undreſs and get to bed — there was but one way of doing it, and that I leave to the reader to deviſe; proteſting as I do it, that if it is not the moſt delicate in nature, it is the fault of his own imagination — againſt which this is not my firſt complaint.

Now when we were got to bed, whether it was the novelty of the ſituation, or what it was, I know not; but ſo it was, I could not ſhut my eyes; I tried this ſide and that, and turned and turned again, till a full hour after midnight; when Nature and patience both wearing out — O my God! ſaid I ———

— You have broke the treaty, Monſieur, ſaid the lady, who had no more ſlept than myſelf. — I begged a thouſand pardons — but inſiſted it was no more than an ejaculation — ſhe maintained it was an entire infraction of the treaty — I maintained it was provided for in the clauſe of the third article.

The lady would by no means give up her point, though ſhe weakened her barrier by it; for in the warmth of the diſpute, I could hear two or three corking pins fall out of the curtain to the ground.

Upon my word and honour, Madame, ſaid I — ſtretching my arm out of bed, by way of aſſeveration ———

——— (I was going to have added, that I would not have treſpaſſed againſt the remoteſt idea of decorum for the world) ———

— But the Fille de Chambre hearing there were words between us, and fearing that hoſtilities

lities would enſue in courſe, had crept ſilently out of her cloſet, and it being totally dark, had ſtolen ſo cloſe to our beds, that ſhe had got herſelf into the narrow paſſage which ſeparated them, and had advanced ſo far up as to be in a line betwixt her miſtreſs and me ———

So that when I ſtretched out my hand, I caught hold of the Fille de Chambre's.

FINIS.

LETTERS

FROM

YORICK TO ELIZA.

LETTERS

FROM

YORICK TO ELIZA.

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

LORD APSLEY,

LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR OF ENGLAND.

MY LORD,

THE Editor of the following Letters, is ſo far from having taſted your Lordſhip's bounty, that he is, and perhaps ever muſt remain, a ſtranger to your perſon, conſequently no adulation is to be apprehended from him ——

He leaves it to the weak and oppreſſed, the widow and orphan, to proclaim your Lordſhip's virtues in your public capacity; that which he would celebrate is of a private nature, namely, your filial affection, which is ſo conſpicuous, that he flatters himſelf a Volume of Letters written by ſuch a perſon as Mr. STERNE, in which your noble father is placed in a light ſo truly amiable, cannot fail of engaging

your Lordſhip's gracious acceptance and protection — In this hope, and upon this foundation, he preſumes to dedicate theſe papers to your Lordſhip, and to have the honour of ſubſcribing himſelf,

My Lord,

your Lordſhip's

moſt obedient,

and moſt humble Servant,

THE EDITOR.

PREFACE.

THE foul and infamous traffic, between diſhoneſt bookſellers, and profligate ſcribblers, which has ſubſiſted for more than a century, has juſtly brought poſthumous publications under ſuſpicion, in England, France, and more eſpecially in Holland: miniſters of ſtate in every European court, great generals, royal miſtreſſes, authors of eſtabliſhed reputation, in a word, all ſuch as have had the misfortune to advance themſelves to eminence, have been obliged to leave behind them parcels of letters, and other memoirs, of the moſt ſecret and important tranſactions of their times, in which, every fact beyond the information of a news-paper or coffee-houſe chat is ſo faithfully miſrepreſented, every character delineated with ſuch punctual deviation from the truth, and cauſes and effects which have no poſſible relation, are with ſuch amazing effrontery obtruded upon the public, that it is no wonder if men of ſenſe, who read for inſtruction as well as entertainment, generally condemn them in the lump, never, or very rarely, affording them the honour of a peruſal, — the publiſher of theſe letters, however, has not the ſmalleſt apprehenſion that any part of this well grounded cenſure can fall to his ſhare; he deals not in ſurprizing events to aſtoniſh the reader, nor in characters (one excepted) which have figured on the great theatre of the world; he purpoſely waves all proofs which might be drawn concerning their authenticity, from the character of the gentleman who had the peruſal of the originals, and, with Eliza's

permiſſion, faithfully copied them at Bombay in the Eaſt Indies; from the teſtimony of many reputable families in this city, who knew and loved Eliza, careſſed and admired Mr. Sterne, and were well acquainted with the tender friendſhip between them, from many curious anecdotes in the letters themſelves, any one of which were fully ſufficient to authenticate them, and ſubmits his reputation to the taſte and diſcernment of the commoneſt reader, who muſt, in one view, perceive that theſe letters are genuine, beyond any poſſibility of doubt — as the public is unqueſtionably entitled to every kind of information concerning the characters contained in theſe letters, which conſiſts with the duties of humanity and a good citizen, that is, a minute acquaintance with thoſe of whom honourable mention is made, or the publiſher is furniſhed with authorities to vindicate from Mr. Sterne's cenſures, which as a man of warm temper and lively imagination, he was perhaps ſometimes hurried into without due reflection, he perſuades himſelf that no party concerned, will or can be offended with this publication, eſpecially if it is conſidered that without ſuch information it would be cold and unentertaining; that by publiſhing their merits he cannot be underſtood to intend them any injury, and without it, he would in himſelf fail in his duty to the public. —— Eliza, the lady to whom theſe letters are addreſſed, is Mrs. Elizabeth Draper, wife of Daniel Draper, Eſq; counſellor at Bombay, and at preſent chief of the Engliſh factory at Surat, a gentleman very much reſpected in that quarter of the globe — ſhe is by birth an Eaſt Indian; but the circumſtance of being born

born in the country not proving ſufficient to defend her delicate frame againſt the heats of that burning climate, ſhe came to England for the recovery of her health, when by accident ſhe became acquainted with Mr. Sterne, he immediately diſcovered in her a mind ſo congenial with his own, ſo enlightened, ſo refined, and ſo tender, that their mutual attraction preſently joined them in the cloſeſt union that purity could poſſibly admit of; he loved her as his friend, and prided in her as his pupil; all her concerns became preſently his; her health, her circumſtances, her reputation, her children were his; his fortune, his time, his country, were at her diſpoſal, ſo far as the ſacrifice of all or any of theſe might, in his opinion, contribute to her real happineſs. If it is aſked whether the glowing heat of Mr. Sterne's affection never tranſported him to a flight beyond the limits of pure platoniſm, the publiſher will not take upon him abſolutely to deny it; but this he thinks, ſo far from leaving any ſtain upon that gentleman's memory, that it perhaps includes his faireſt encomium, ſince to cheriſh the ſeeds of piety and chaſtity in a heart which the paſſions are intereſted to corrupt, muſt be allowed to be the nobleſt effort of a ſoul fraught and fortified with the juſteſt ſentiments of religion and virtue.—Mr. and Mrs. James, ſo frequently and honourably mentioned in theſe letters, are the worthy heads of an opulent family in this city: their character is too well eſtabliſhed to need the aid of the publiſher in ſecuring the eſtimation they ſo well deſerve, and univerſally poſſeſs, yet, he cannot reſtrain one obſervation; that to have been reſpected

and beloved by Mr. Sterne and Mrs. Draper, is no inconſiderable teſtimony of their merit, and ſuch as it cannot be diſpleaſing to them to ſee publiſhed to the world.—— Miſs Light, now Mrs. Stratton, is on all accounts a very amiable young lady — ſhe was accidently a paſſenger in the ſame ſhip with Eliza, and inſtantly engaged her friendſhip and eſteem, but being mentioned in one of Mrs. Draper's letters to Mr. Sterne, in ſomewhat of a comparative manner with herſelf, his partiality for her, as ſhe modeſtly expreſſed it, took the alarm, and betrayed him into ſome expreſſions, the coarſeneſs of which cannot be excuſed. Mrs. Draper declares that this lady was entirely unknown to him, and infinitely ſuperior to his idea of her: ſhe has been lately married to George Stratton, Eſq; counſeller at Madraſs.— The manner in which Mr. Sterne's acquaintance with the celebrated Lord Bathurſt, the friend and companion of Addiſon, Swift, Pope, Steele, and all the fineſt wits of the laſt age, commenced, cannot fail to attract the attention of the curious reader; here, that great man is ſocial and unreſerved, unſhackled with that ſedulity in ſupporting a feigned character which expoſes moſt of his rank to the contempt of wiſe men, and the ridicule of their valets de chambre; here he appears the ſame as in his hours of feſtivity and happineſs with Swift and Addiſon, ſuperior to forms and ceremonies, and, in his eighty-fifth year, abounding in wit, vivacity and humanity: methinks, the pleaſure of ſuch a gentleman's acquaintance reſembles that of converſing with ſuperior beings; but it is not fit to dwell longer on this pleaſing topic, leaſt it ſhould anticipate

anticipate the reader's pleaſure in peruſing the letter itſelf. One remark however it ſuggeſts, which may be uſeful to old men in general, namely, that it appears by his Lordſhip's example, the ſour contracted ſpirit obſervable in old age, is not ſpecifically an effect of years, altho' they are commonly pleaded in its excuſe. Old men would therefore do well to correct this odious quality in themſelves; or, if that muſt not be, to invent a better apology for it. It is very much to be lamented, that Eliza's modeſty was invincible to all the publiſher's endeavours to obtain her anſwers to theſe letters: her wit, penetration and judgment, her happineſs in the epiſtolary ſtile, ſo rapturouſly commended by Mr. Sterne, could not fail to furniſh a rich entertainment for the public. The publiſher could not help telling her that he wiſhed to God ſhe really was poſſeſſed of that vanity with which ſhe was charged; to which ſhe replied, that ſhe was ſo far from acquitting herſelf of vanity, that ſhe ſuſpected that to be the cauſe why ſhe could not prevail on herſelf to ſubmit her letters to the public eye; for altho' Mr. Sterne was partial to every thing of her's, ſhe could not hope that the world would be ſo too. With this anſwer he was obliged to be contented; yet cannot reflect without deep concern, that this elegant accompliſhment, ſo peculiarly adapted to the refined and delicate underſtandings of ladies, ſhould be yet ſo rare, that we can boaſt of only one Lady Wortley Montague among us; and that Eliza, in particular, could not be prevailed on to follow the example of that admired lady. The reader will remark that theſe letters have various ſignatures; ſometimes he ſigns Sterne,

ſometimes Yorick, and to one or two he ſigns her Bramin. Altho' it is pretty generally known who the Bramins are, yet leaſt any body ſhould be at a loſs, it may not be amiſs to obſerve, that the principal caſt or tribe among the idolatrous Indians are the Bramins, and out of the chief claſs of this caſt comes the prieſts ſo famous for their auſterities, and the ſhocking torments, and frequently death, they voluntarily expoſe themſelves to, on a religious account. Now, as Mr. Sterne was a clergyman, and Eliza an Indian by birth, it was cuſtomary with her to call him her Bramin, which he accordingly, in his pleaſant mood, uſes as a ſignature. ——

It remains only to take ſome notice of the family, marked with aſteriſks, on whom Mr. Sterne has thought proper to ſhed the bittereſt gall of his pen. It is however evident, even from ſome paſſages in the letters themſelves, that Mrs. Draper could not be eaſily prevailed on to ſee this family in the ſame odious light in which they appeared to her perhaps over zealous friend. He, in the heat, or I may ſay hurry of his affection, might have accepted ſuſpicious circumſtances as real evidences of guilt, or liſtened too unguardedly to the inſinuations of their enemies. ——

Be that as it may, as the publiſher is not furniſhed with ſufficient authorities to exculpate them, he chooſes to drop the ungrateful ſubject, heartily wiſhing, that this family may not only be innocent of the ſhocking treachery with which they are charged, but may be able to make their innocence appear clearly to the world; otherwiſe, that no perſon may be induſtrious enough to make known their name.

LETTERS

LETTERS FROM YORICK TO ELIZA.

LETTER I.

ELIZA will receive my books with this— the ſermons came all hot from the heart; I wiſh that could give them any title to be offered to yours; the others came from the head—I am more indifferent about their reception——

I know not how it comes about, but I am half in love with you—I ought to be wholly ſo; for I never valued (or ſaw more good qualities to value) or thought more of one of your ſex than of you—ſo adieu.

Yours faithfully,

if not affectionately——

L. STERNE.

LETTER II.

I CANNOT reſt, Eliza, tho' I ſhall call on you at half paſt twelve, till I know how you do—may thy dear face ſmile as thou riſeſt, like the

the ſun of this morning! I was much griev'd to hear of your alarming indiſpoſition yeſterday; and diſappointed too at not being let in —"Remember," my dear, "that a friend has the ſame right as a phyſician," — the etiquettes of this town (you will ſay) ſay otherwiſe; no matter, delicacy and propriety do not always conſiſt in obſerving their frigid doctrines.

I am going out to breakfaſt, but ſhall be at my lodgings by eleven, when I hope to read a ſingle line under thy own hand, that thou art better, and will be glad to ſee

Thy BRAMIN.

Nine o' clock.

LETTER III.

I GOT thy letter laſt night, Eliza, on my return from Lord Bathurſt's, where I din'd; and where I was heard (as I talked of thee an hour without intermiſſion) with ſo much pleaſure and attention, that the good old Lord toaſted your health three different times; and tho' he is now in his eighty-fifth year, ſays he hopes to live long enough to be introduced as a friend, to my fair Indian diſciple; and to ſee her eclipſe all other Nabobeſſes as much in wealth, as ſhe already does in exterior, and (what is far better) in interior merit ——— I hope ſo too.

This nobleman is an old friend of mine. You know he was always the protector of men of wit and genius, and had thoſe of the laſt century, Addiſon, Steele, Pope, Swift, Prior, &c. &c. always at his table. — The manner in which his notice of me began was as ſingular,

as

as it was polite: he came up to me one day, as I was at the Princeſs of Wales's court —— "I "want to know you Mr. Sterne; but it is fit "you ſhould alſo know who it is that wiſhes "this pleaſure. You have heard," continued he, "of an old Lord Bathurſt, of whom "your Pope's and Swift's have ſung and ſpoken "ſo much: I have lived my life with geniuſes of "that caſt, but have ſurvived them; and de- "ſpairing ever to find their equals, it is ſome "years ſince I have clos'd my accounts, and "ſhut up my books, with thoughts of never "opening them again; but you have kindled "a deſire in me of opening them once more "before I die, which I now do — ſo go home "and dine with me?"

This nobleman, I ſay, is a prodigy! for at eighty-five he has all the wit and promptneſs of a man of thirty — a diſpoſition to be pleaſed, and a power to pleaſe others, beyond whatever I knew; added to which, a man of learning, courteſy and feeling —— He heard me talk of thee, Eliza, with uncommon ſatisfaction; for there was only a third perſon, and of ſenſibility, with us — and a moſt ſentimental afternoon, till nine o'clock, have we paſſed! But thou, Eliza, was the ſtar that conducted and enlightened the diſcourſe! and when I talk'd not of thee, ſtill didſt thou fill my mind, and warm every thought I utter'd! for I am not aſhamed to acknowledge, I greatly miſs thee —— beſt of all good girls! the ſufferings I have ſuſtained all night on account of thine, Eliza, are beyond my power of words —— aſſuredly does heaven give ſtrength proportion'd to the weight it lays upon us —— thou haſt been

bow'd

bow'd down, my child, with every burden that ſorrow of heart and pain of body could inflict on a poor being —— and ſtill thou tell'ſt me thou art beginning to get eaſe, thy fever gone —— thy ſickneſs, the pain in thy ſide, vaniſhing alſo — May every evil ſo vaniſh, that thwarts Eliza's happineſs, or but awakens her fears for a moment. — Fear nothing, my dear; hope every thing, and the balm of this paſſion will ſhed its influence on thy health, and make thee enjoy a ſpring of youth and chearfulneſs, more than thou haſt hardly yet taſted ——————

And ſo thou haſt fix'd thy Bramin's portrait over thy writing deſk, and will conſult it in all doubts and difficulties; —— Grateful and good girl! Yorick ſmiles contentedly over all thou doſt; his picture does not do juſtice to his own complacency ——

Thy ſweet little plan and diſtribution of thy time, how worthy of thee! Indeed, Eliza, thou leaveſt me nothing to direct thee in; thou leaveſt me nothing to require, nothing to aſk, but a continuation of that conduct which won my eſteem, and has made me thy friend for ever.

May the roſes come quick back to thy cheeks, and the rubies to thy lips! but truſt my declaration, Eliza, that thy huſband (if he is the good feeling man I wiſh him) will preſs thee to him with more honeſt warmth and affection, and kiſs thy pale poor dejected face, with more tranſport than he would be able to do in the beſt bloom of all thy beauty — and ſo he ought. I pity him — he muſt have ſtrange feelings, if he knows not the value of ſuch a creature as thou art! —

I am

I am glad Miſs Light goes with you, ſhe may relieve you from many anxious moments.——I am glad too, that your ſhipmates are friendly beings — you could leaſt diſpenſe with what is contrary to thy own nature, which is ſoft and gentle. Eliza, it would civilize ſavages; tho' pity were it, thou ſhould'ſt be tainted with the office ——

How canſt thou make apologies for thy laſt letter! 'tis moſt delicious to me, for the very reaſons you excuſe it. —— Write to me, my child, only ſuch; let them ſpeak the eaſy careleſſneſs of a heart that opens itſelf any how, and every how, to a man you ought to eſteem and truſt——Such, Eliza, I write to thee, and ſo I ſhould ever live with thee, moſt artleſsly, moſt affectionately, if Providence permitted thy reſidence in the ſame ſection of the globe; for I am all that honour and affection can make me.

Thy BRAMIN.

LETTER IV.

I WRITE this, Eliza, at Mr. James's whilſt he is dreſſing, and the dear girl his wife is writing beſide me to thee —— I got your melancholy billet before we ſat down to dinner; 'tis melancholy indeed my dear, to hear ſo piteous an account of thy ſickneſs; thou art encompaſſed with evil enow, without that additional weight — I fear it will ſink thy poor ſoul, and body with it, paſt recovering —— Heaven ſupply thee with fortitude! we have talk'd of nothing but thee, Eliza, and of thy ſweet virtues, and endearing conduct, all the afternoon.

Mrs.

Mrs. James and thy Bramin have mixed their tears a hundred times, in ſpeaking of thy hardſhips, thy goodneſs, thy graces; 'tis a ſubject that will never end between us——— Oh, ſhe is good and friendly!

The *** by heavens are worthleſs; I have heard enough to tremble at the articulation of the name.——— How could you, Eliza, leave them (or ſuffer them to leave you rather) with impreſſions the leaſt favourable? I have told thee enough to plant diſguſt againſt their treachery to thee, to the laſt hour of thy life; yet ſtill, thou told'ſt Mrs. James at laſt, that thou believeſt they affectionately loved thee———her delicacy to my Eliza, and true regard to her eaſe of mind, have ſaved thee from hearing more glaring proofs of their baſeneſs.—For God's ſake write not to them, nor foul thy fair characters with ſuch polluted hearts.—*They* love thee!—What proof?—Is it their actions which ſay ſo? or their zeal for thoſe attachments which do thee honour, and make thee happy? Or their tenderneſs for thy fame?——— No; but they *weep*, and ſay *tender things*.——Adieu to all ſuch for ever.—Mrs. James's honeſt heart revolts againſt the idea of even returning them one viſit. I honour her, and I honour thee, for almoſt every act of thy life, but this blind partiality to an unworthy being.

Forgive my zeal, dear girl, and allow me a right, which ariſes only out of that fund of affection I have, and ſhall preſerve for thee, to the hour of my death——— Reflect, Eliza, what are my motives for perpetually adviſing thee: think, whether I can have any which proceed not from the cauſe I have mentioned?

I think

I think you a very deſerving woman, and that you want nothing but firmneſs, and a better opinion of yourſelf, to be the beſt female character I know. I wiſh I could inſpire you with a ſhare of that vanity your enemies lay to your charge (tho' to me it has never been viſible) becauſe I think in a well turned mind it will produce good effects. ———

I probably ſhall never ſee you more; yet I flatter myſelf you will ſometimes think of me with pleaſure, becauſe you muſt be convinced I love you, and ſo intereſt myſelf in your rectitude, that I had rather hear of any evil befalling you, than your want of reverence for yourſelf ——I had not power to keep this remonſtrance in my breaſt ——'tis now out ——— So adieu; heaven watch over my Eliza.

Thine,

YORICK.

LETTER V.

TO whom ſhould Eliza apply in her diſtreſs, but to the friend that loves her: why then, my dear do you apologize for employing me? Yorick would be offended, and with reaſon, if you ever ſent commiſſions to another, which he could execute — I have been with Zumps — and firſt, your piano forté muſt be tuned from the baſs middle ſtring of your guitar, which is C. —— I have got you a hammer too, and a pair of pliars to twiſt your wire with; and may every one of them, my dear, vibrate ſweet comfort to thy hopes!

I have

I have bought you ten handſome braſs ſcrews to hang your neceſſaries upon: I purchaſed twelve, but ſtole a couple from you to put up in my own cabin at Coxwould — I ſhall never hang or take my hat off one of them but I ſhall think of you ——— I have bought thee moreover a couple of iron ſcrews, which are more to be depended upon than braſs for the globes ———

I have wrote alſo to Mr. Abraham Walker, pilot, at Deal, to acquaint him that I had diſpatched theſe in a packet directed to his care, which I deſired he would ſeek after the moment the Deal machine arrived —— I have moreover given him directions what ſort of an arm chair you would want, and have directed him to purchaſe the beſt that Deal could afford, and take it with the parcel in the firſt boat that went off. —— Would I could, Eliza, ſo ſupply all thy wants, and all thy wiſhes! it would be a ſtate of happineſs to me ———

The journal is as it ſhould be, all but its contents — Poor dear patient being: I do more than pity you; for I think I loſe both firmneſs and philoſophy as I figure to myſelf your diſtreſſes; — Do not think I ſpoke laſt night with too much aſperity of *** there was cauſe, and beſides, a good heart ought not to love a bad one, and indeed cannot; but adieu to the ungrateful ſubject ———

I have been this morning to ſee Mrs. James; ſhe loves thee tenderly and unfeignedly; ſhe is alarmed for thee; ſhe ſays thou looked'ſt moſt ill and melancholy on going away; — ſhe pities thee—I ſhall viſit her every Sunday while I am in town. ———

As

As this may be my laſt letter, I earneſtly bid thee farewel! may the God of kindneſs, be kind to thee, and approve himſelf thy protector, now thou art defenceleſs! and for thy daily comfort bear in thy mind this truth, "that whatever "meaſure of ſorrow and diſtreſs is thy portion, "it will be repaid to thee in a full meaſure of "happineſs, by the Being thou haſt wiſely "choſen for thy eternal friend."——

Farewel, farewel, Eliza; while I live, count upon me as the moſt warm and diſintereſted of earthly friends.

YORICK.

LETTER VI.

My deareſt ELIZA,

I BEGAN a new journal this morning: you ſhall ſee it, for if I live not till you return to England, I will leave it you as a legacy: 'tis a ſorrowful page, but I will write chearful ones; and could I write letters to thee, they ſhould be chearful ones too, but few (I fear) will reach thee — however, depend upon receiving ſomething of the kind by every poſt, till thou waveſt thy hand, and bid'ſt me write no more——

Tell me how you are, and what ſort of fortitude heaven inſpires thee with: how are you accommodated, my dear?—Is all right?—Scribble away any thing, and every thing to me. Depend upon ſeeing me at Deal with the James's, ſhould you be detained there by contrary winds.—Indeed, Eliza, I ſhould with pleaſure fly to you, could I be the means of rendering you any ſervice, or doing you any kindneſs—

"Gracious

" Gracious and merciful God, conſider the " anguiſh of a poor girl — ſtrengthen and pre- " ſerve her, in all the ſhocks her frame muſt " be expoſed to: ſhe is now without a protec- " tor but thee; ſave her from all the accidents " of a dangerous element, and give her com- " fort at the laſt. ——"

My prayer, Eliza, I hope is heard, for the ſky ſeems to ſmile upon me as I look up to it— I am juſt returned from our dear Mrs. James's, where I have been talking of thee theſe three hours — ſhe has got your picture, and likes it; but Mariot and ſome other judges agree, that mine is the better, and expreſſive of a ſweeter character; but what is that to the original? — Yet I acknowledge that her's is a picture for the world, and mine only calculated to pleaſe a very ſincere friend, or ſentimental philoſopher. — In the one you are dreſſed in ſmiles, and with all the advantages of ſilks, pearls, and ermine; in the other, ſimple as a veſtal, appearing the good girl nature made you; which to me conveys an idea of more unaffected ſweetneſs than Mrs. Draper habited for conqueſt in a birth day ſuit, with her countenance animated, and her " dimples viſible."

If I remember right, Eliza, you endeavoured to collect every charm of your perſon into your face, with more than *common* care, the day you ſat for Mrs. James; your colour too brightened, and your eyes ſhone with more than their uſual brilliancy — I then requeſted you to come ſimple and unadorned when you ſat for me, knowing (as I ſee with *unprejudiced* eyes) that you could receive no addition from the ſilk-worm's aid, or jeweller's poliſh ——

Let

Let me now tell you a truth, which I believe I have uttered before — when I firſt ſaw you, I beheld you as an object of compaſſion, and as a very plain woman — The mode of your dreſs (tho' faſhionable) disfigured you — but nothing now could render you ſuch, but the being ſolicitous to make yourſelf admired as a handſome one —— You are not handſome, Eliza — nor is your's a face that will pleaſe the tenth part of your beholders —— But you are ſomething more; for I ſcruple not to tell you, I never ſaw ſo intelligent, ſo animated, ſo good a countenance; nor ever was there, nor will there be, that man of ſenſe, tenderneſs and feeling, in your company three hours, that was not or will not be your admirer and friend in conſequence of it; that is, if you aſſume or aſſumed no character foreign to your own, but appear'd the artleſs being nature deſign'd you for — a ſomething in your eyes and voice, you poſſeſs in a degree more perſuaſive than any woman I ever ſaw, read, or heard of: — but it is that bewitching ſort of nameleſs excellence, that men of *nice ſenſibility* alone can be touch'd with ——

Were your huſband in England, I would freely give him five hundred pounds (if money could purchaſe the acquiſition) to let you only ſit by me two hours in a day, while I wrote my Sentimental Journey — I am ſure the work would ſell ſo much the better for it, that I ſhould be reimburſed the ſum more than ſeven times told. —

I would not give nine-pence for the picture of you that the Newhams have got executed; it is the reſemblance of a conceited made-up coquette — your eyes, and the ſhape of your face (the latter, the moſt perfect oval I ever

ever ſaw) which are perfections that muſt ſtrike the moſt indifferent judge, becauſe they are equal to any of God's works in a ſimilar way, and finer than any I beheld in all my travels, are manifeſtly injured by the affected leer of the one, and ſtrange appearance of the other, owing to the attitude of the head; which is a proof of the artiſt's or your friend's falſe taſte.

The ***'s, who verify the character I once gave, of teazing and ſticking like pitch or bird-lime, ſent a card that they would wait on Mrs. *** on Friday. — She ſent back ſhe was engag'd — Then, to meet at Ranelagh to-night; ſhe anſwer'd, ſhe did not go — She ſays, if ſhe allows the leaſt footing, ſhe never ſhall get rid of the acquaintance, which ſhe is reſolved to drop at once. — She knows them; ſhe knows they are not her friends, or your's, and the firſt uſe they would make of being with her, would be to ſacrifice you to her (if they could) a ſecond time. ——

Let her not, then, let her not, my dear, be a greater friend to thee than thou art to thyſelf: ſhe begs I will reiterate my requeſt to you, that you will not write to them — 'twill give her, and thy Bramin too, inexpreſſible pain — Be aſſured all this is not without reaſon on her ſide; I have my reaſons too, the firſt of which is, that I ſhould grieve to exceſs if Eliza wanted that fortitude her Yorick has built ſo high upon——

I ſaid, I never more would mention the name to thee; and had I not received it as a kind of charge from a dear woman that loves you, I ſhould not have broke my word — I will write again to-morrow to thee, thou beſt, and moſt endearing of girls: a peaceful night to thee;

my

my ſpirit will be with thee thro' every watch of it. —— Adieu.

LETTER VII.

I Think you could act no otherwiſe than you did with the young ſoldier; there was no ſhutting the door againſt him, either in politeneſs or humanity —— Thou tell'ſt me he ſeems ſuſceptible of tender impreſſions, and that before Miſs L—t has ſailed a fortnight he will be in love with her —Now I think it a thouſand times more likely, that he attaches himſelf to thee, Eliza, becauſe thou art a thouſand times more amiable — Five months with Eliza, and in the ſame room, and an amorous ſon of Mars beſides, "*It can no be Maſſer.*"

The ſun if he could avoid it would not ſhine upon a dunghill; but his rays are ſo pure, Eliza, and celeſtial, I never heard that they were polluted by it — Juſt ſuch will thine be, deareſt child, in this and every ſuch ſituation you will be expoſed to, till thou art fixed for life.——— But, thy diſcretion, thy wiſdom, thy honour, the ſpirit of thy Yorick, and thy own ſpirit, which is equal to it, will be thy ableſt counſellors. ———

Surely by this time, ſomething is doing towards thy accommodation — but why may not clean waſhing and rubbing do, inſtead of painting your cabin as it is to be hung — Paint is ſo pernicious both to your nerves and lungs, and will keep you ſo much longer too out of poſſeſſion of your apartment, where I hope you will paſs ſome of your happieſt hours —

I fear

I fear the beſt of your ſhipmates are only genteel by compariſon with the contraſted crew with which thou muſt behold them;—ſo was you know who, from the ſame fallacy that was put upon the judgment, when—but I will not mortify you—if they are decent and diſtant, it is enough, and as much as is to be expected; if any of them are more, I rejoice—Thou wilt want every aid, and 'tis thy due to have them—Be cautious only, my dear, of intimacies;—good hearts are open, and fall naturally into them——— Heaven inſpire thine with fortitude, in this and every other deadly trial!

Beſt of God's works! farewell—love me, I beſeech thee, and remember me for ever. I am, my Eliza, and will ever be, in the moſt comprehenſive ſenſe,

Thy friend,

YORICK.

P. S. Probably you will have an opportunity of writing to me by ſome Dutch or French ſhip, or from the Cape de Verd iſlands—'twill reach me ſome how—

LETTER VIII.

My dear ELIZA,

OH! I grieve for your cabin; and the freſh painting will be enough to deſtroy every nerve about thee,—nothing ſo pernicious as white lead—Take care of yourſelf, dear girl, and ſleep not in it too ſoon, 'twill be enough to give you a ſtroke of an epilepſy——

I hope

I hope you will have left the ſhip, and that all my letters may meet and greet you, as you get out of your poſt-chaiſe at Deal—When you have got them all, put them, my dear, into ſome order —— the firſt eight or nine are number'd, but I wrote the reſt without that direction to thee —— but thou wilt find them out by the day or hour, which, I hope, I have generally prefix'd to them: when they are got together in cronological order, ſew them together under a cover—— I truſt, they will be a perpetual refuge to thee from time to time, and that thou wilt (when weary of fools and unintereſting diſcourſe) retire, and converſe an hour with them and me———

I have not had power, or the heart to aim at enlivening one of them with a ſingle ſtroke of wit or humour; but they contain ſomething better, and what you will feel more ſuited to your ſituation —— a long detail of much advice truth and knowledge. —— I hope too, you will perceive looſe touches of an honeſt heart in every one of them, which ſpeak more than the moſt ſtudied periods, and will give thee more ground of truſt and reliance upon Yorick, than all that labour'd eloquence could ſupply —— Lean then thy whole weight, Eliza, upon them, and upon me.

" May poverty, diſtreſs, anguiſh and ſhame " be my portion, if ever I give thee reaſon to " repent the knowledge of me." ——

With this aſſeveration, made in the preſence of a juſt God, I pray to him that ſo it may ſpeed with me, as I deal candidly and honourably with thee —— I would not miſlead thee, Eliza; I would not injure thee in the opinion of a ſingle

a ſingle individual, for the richeſt crown the proudeſt monarch wears ——

Remember, that while I have life and power, whatever is mine, you may ſtyle and think your's; tho' ſorry ſhould I be, if ever my friendſhip was put to the teſt thus, for your own delicacy's ſake —— Money and counters are of equal uſe, in my opinion: they both ſerve to ſet up with —

I hope you will anſwer this letter; but if thou art debarr'd by the elements which hurry thee away, I will write one for thee, and knowing it is ſuch an one as thou would'ſt have written, I will regard it as my Eliza's —

Honour and happineſs, and health and comforts of every kind ſail along with thee, thou moſt worthy of girls! ——— I will live for thee and my Lydia, be rich for the dear children of my heart, gain wiſdom, gain fame and happineſs, to ſhare them with thee and her in my old age ——

Once for all, adieu; preſerve thy life ſteadily, purſue the ends we propoſed, and let nothing rob thee of thoſe powers heaven has given thee for thy well being ——

What can I add more in the agitation of mind I am in, and within five minutes of the laſt poſtman's bell, but recommend thee to heaven, and recommend myſelf to heaven with thee, in the ſame fervent ejaculation: "That we may be "happy and meet again — if not in this world, "in the next."

Adieu; I am thine, Eliza, affectionately, and everlaſtingly.

YORICK.

LET-

LETTER IX.

I WISH to God, Eliza, it was poſſible to poſtpone the voyage to India for another year; for I am firmly perſuaded within my own heart, that thy huſband could never limit thee with regard to time. ———

I fear that Mr. B***, has exaggerated matters — I like not his countenance; it is abſolutely killing;—ſhould evil befall thee, what will he not have to anſwer for: I know not the being that will be deſerving of ſo much pity, or that I ſhall hate more; he will be an outcaſt alien; in which caſe I will be a father to thy children, my good girl; therefore take no thought about them. ——

But, Eliza, if thou art ſo very ill, ſtill put off all thoughts of returning to India this year — write to your huſband — tell him the truth of your caſe — If he is the generous humane man you deſcribe him to be, he cannot but applaud your conduct. — I am creditably informed, that his repugnance to your living in England ariſes only from the dread which has enter'd his brain, that thou mayeſt run him in debt, beyond thy appointments, and that he muſt diſcharge them —— That ſuch a creature ſhould be ſacrificed for the paultry conſideration of a few hundreds, is too, too hard! Oh! my child, that I could with propriety indemnify him for every charge even to the laſt mite that thou haſt been of to him! with joy would I give him my whole ſubſiſtence! nay, ſequeſter my livings,

and truſt to the treaſures Heaven has furniſhed my head with, for a future ſubſiſtence ——

You owe much, I allow to your huſband; you owe ſomething to appearances and the opinion of the world; but truſt me, my dear, you owe much likewiſe to yourſelf; return therefore from Deal if you continue ill: I will preſcribe for you gratis — you are not the firſt woman by many, I have done ſo for with ſucceſs —

I will ſend for my wife and daughter, and they ſhall carry you in purſuit of health to Montpelier, the wells of Bancois, the Spa, or whither thou wilt; thou ſhalt direct them, and make parties of pleaſure in what corner of the world fancy points out to thee — We ſhall fiſh upon the banks of Arno, and loſe ourſelves in the ſweet labyrinth of its vallies; and then thou ſhouldſt warble to us, as I have once or twice heard thee — "I'm loſt, I'm loſt;" but we would find thee again, my Eliza —

Of a ſimilar nature to this was your phyſician's preſcription: "Uſe gentle exerciſe, the "pure ſouthern air of France or milder Naples, "with the ſociety of friendly gentle beings." Senſible man! he certainly entered into your feelings; he knew the fallacy of medicine to a creature WHOSE ILLNESS HAS ARISEN FROM THE AFFLICTION OF HER MIND. — Time only, my dear, I fear you muſt truſt to, and have your reliance on; may it give you the health ſo enthuſiaſtic a votary to the charming goddeſs deſerves.

I honour you, Eliza, for keeping ſecret ſome things, which if explained, had been a panegyric on yourſelf. There is a dignity in venerable affliction which will not allow it to appeal

peal to the world for pity or redreſs.—Well have you ſupported that character, my amiable philoſophic friend! and indeed, I begin to think you have as many virtues as my uncle Toby's widow —— I don't mean to inſinuate, huſſey, that *my* opinion is no better founded than his was of Mrs. Wadman's; nor do I conceive it poſſible for any *Trim* to convince me it is equally fallacious; I am ſure while I have my reaſon it is not.

Talking of widows—pray, Eliza, if ever you are ſuch, do not think of giving yourſelf to ſome wealthy Nabob, becauſe I deſign to marry you myſelf —— My wife cannot live long—ſhe has ſold all the provinces in France already; and I know not the woman I ſhould like ſo well for her ſubſtitute as yourſelf —'Tis true, I am ninety-five in conſtitution, and you but twenty-five; rather too great a diſparity this! but what I want in youth I will make up in wit and good humour. Not Swift ſo loved his Stella, Scarron his Maintenon, or Waller his Sachariſſa, as I will love and ſing thee, my wife elect—all thoſe names, eminent as they were, ſhall give place to thine, Eliza. Tell me in anſwer to this, that you approve and honour the propoſal; and that you would (like the Spectator's miſtreſs) have more joy in putting on an old man's ſlipper, than in aſſociating with the gay, the voluptuous and the young —— Adieu, my Simplicia!

Yours,

TRISTRAM.

LETTER X.

My dear ELIZA,

I HAVE been within the verge of the gates of death: I was ill the laſt time I wrote to you, and apprehenſive of what would be the conſequence —— My fears were but too well founded; for in ten minutes after I diſpatch'd my letter, this poor fine ſpun frame of Yorick's gave way, and I broke a veſſel in my breaſt, and could not ſtop the loſs of blood till four this morning — I have filled all thy India handkerchiefs with it: it came, I think, from my heart — I fell aſleep, thro' weakneſs; at ſix I awoke, with the boſom of my ſhirt ſteep'd in tears —— I dream'd I was ſitting under the canopy of Indolence, and that thou cam'ſt into the room with a ſhaul in thy hand, and told me; "My "ſpirit had flown to thee to the Downs with "tidings of my fate, and that you were come "to adminiſter what conſolation filial affection "could beſtow, and to receive my parting "breath and bleſſing." — With that, you folded the ſhaul about my waiſt, and kneeling, ſupplicated my attention —— I awoke; but in what a frame, Oh, my God! — "But thou "wilt number my tears, and put them all into "thy bottle" —— Dear girl, I ſee thee; thou art for ever preſent to my fancy, embracing my feeble knees, and raiſing thy fine eyes to bid me be of comfort: And when I talk to Lydia, the words of Eſau, as utter'd by thee, perpetually ring in my ears. — "Bleſs *me* even alſo,

"my

" my father" — Bleſſing attend thee, thou child of my heart ——

My bleeding is quite ſtopp'd, and I feel the principle of life ſtrong within me —— ſo be not alarm'd, Eliza, I know I ſhall do well. I have eat my breakfaſt with hunger; and I write to thee with a pleaſure ariſing from that prophetic impreſſion in my imagination, that " all " will terminate to our heart's content."

Comfort thyſelf eternally with this perſuaſion, " That the beſt of beings" (as thou haſt ſweetly expreſs'd it) " could not by a combina- " tion of accidents, produce ſuch a chain of " events, merely to be the ſource of miſery to " the leading perſon engaged in them." — The obſervation was very applicable, very good, and very elegantly expreſs'd: I wiſh my memory did juſtice to the wording of it ——

Who taught you the art of writing ſo ſweetly, Eliza? You have abſolutely exalted it to a ſcience — When I am in want of ready caſh, and ill health will not permit my genius to exert itſelf, I ſhall print your letters as *Finiſh'd Eſſays*, by an *Unfortunate* Indian *Lady!* — The ſtile is new, and would almoſt be a ſufficient recommendation for their ſelling well, without merit; but their ſenſe, natural eaſe and ſpirit, is not to be equall'd, I believe, in this ſection of the globe; nor, I will anſwer for it, by any of your countrywomen in your's. —

I have ſhow'd your letter to Mrs. B***, and to half the literati in town: you ſhall not be angry with me for it, becauſe I meant to do you honour by it. — You cannot imagine how many admirers your epiſtolary productions have

gain'd you, that never view'd your external merits—I only wonder where thou could'ſt acquire thy graces, thy goodneſs, thy accompliſhments! ſo connected! ſo educated! Nature has ſurely ſtudy'd to make thee her peculiar care; for thou art (and not in my eyes alone) the beſt and faireſt of all her works——

And ſo, this is the laſt letter thou art to receive from me, becauſe the Earl of Chatham (I read in the papers) is got to the Downs, and the wind (I find) is fair—if ſo, bleſſed woman, take my laſt, laſt farewell! Cheriſh the remembrance of me; think how I eſteem, nay, how affectionately I love thee, and what a price I ſet upon thee.—Adieu, adieu, and with my adieu, let me give thee one ſtreight rule of conduct, that thou haſt heard from my lips in a thouſand forms, but I concenter it in one word,

REVERENCE THYSELF.

Adieu once more, Eliza; may no anguiſh of heart plant a wrinkle upon thy face till I behold it again; may no doubt or miſgivings diſturb the ſerenity of thy mind, or awaken a painful thought about thy children, for they are Yorick's, and Yorick is thy friend for ever.——

Adieu, adieu, adieu——

P. S. Remember that "Hope ſhortens all "journies by ſweetening them;" ſo ſing my little ſtanza on the ſubject, with the devotion of an hymn, every morning when thou ariſeſt,

ariſeſt, and thou wilt eat thy breakfaſt with more comfort for it.——

Bleſſings reſt, and Hygeia go with thee! May'ſt thou ſoon return in peace and affluence to illumine my night! I am, and ſhall be the laſt to deplore thy loſs, and will be the firſt to congratulate and hail thy return.——

Fare thee well!——

FINIS.

STERNE's LETTERS

TO

HIS FRIENDS

ON

VARIOUS OCCASIONS.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

His HISTORY of a WATCH COAT,

WITH

EXPLANATORY NOTES.

STERNE'S LETTERS

TO

HIS FRIENDS

ON

VARIOUS OCCASIONS

INTRODUCTION.

THE enſuing Letters have been ſome years in the poſſeſſion of the Editor; their publication was deferred, as he was in daily expectation that time and opportunity would happily have been productive of a larger acquiſition; but deſpairing of any further ſucceſs, he has ventured to preſent them to the public, with whom he muſt ſincerely regret the loſs we ſuſtain by not retrieving a larger correſpondence. *

The odious light in which many poſthumous publications are deſervedly viewed, by the diſcerning few, would have ſunk theſe letters in oblivion, if they had reflected the leaſt diſcredit on the morals or literary merit of an author who ſo juſtly deſerves the very diſtinguiſhed attention he has received; but, on the contrary, as they reflect honour on the author in every capacity, and place him in the moſt pleaſing point of view, and as they carry with them

* This loſs has happily been ſupplied ſince the Publication of theſe Letters, Mr. Sterne's Daughter having collected Three Volumes, which are now firſt added to the Author's Works.

them evident and convincing marks of originality, he thinks the moſt incredulous muſt applaud his undertaking, and be fully ſatisfied of their authenticity, as he would be always happy to add to, rather than diminiſh the luſtre of literary fame; thinking it almoſt as criminal to commit a literary as a corporal murder.

Some apology may be thought neceſſary for ſubjoining the laſt letter, as it has already appeared in a ſmall pamphlet about ſeven years ago; but as it was never attended to for want of being ſufficiently known, the editor hopes the public will unite with him in wiſhing not a daſh of his author's pen might be loſt; for which reaſon he could not reſiſt the temptation of preſerving it, though it might be of a temporary nature — The following account of it is taken from ſome anecdotes of Mr. Sterne's life, lately publiſhed, and prefixed to the before-mentioned pamphlet, as an advertiſement.

—— "For ſome time Mr. Sterne lived, in a retired manner, upon a ſmall curacy in Yorkſhire, and, probably, would have remained in the ſame obſcurity, if his lively genius had not diſplayed itſelf upon an occaſion which ſecured him a friend, and paved the way for his promotion — A perſon who filled a lucrative benefice,

benefice, was not ſatisfied with the enjoying it during his own life-time, but exerted all his intereſt to have it intailed on his wife and ſon after his deceaſe: the gentleman that expected the reverſion of this poſt was Mr. Sterne's friend, who had not, however, ſufficient influence to prevent the ſucceſs of his adverſary. — At this time Sterne's ſatirical pen operated ſo ſtrongly, that the intended monopolizer informed him, if he would ſuppreſs the publication of his ſarcaſm, he would reſign his pretenſions to the next candidate."

" The title of this piece, it appears was to have been, " The Hiſtory of a good " warm Watch Coat, with which the pre- " ſent Poſſeſſor is not content to cover his " own ſhoulders, unleſs he can cut out of " it, a Petticoat for his Wife, and a pair " of Breeches for his Son."

Whenever genius is diſtinguiſhed, it will naturally excite our attention — No man ever claimed a greater right to that attention than the author of Triſtram: — If a natural vivacity, united with a ſentimental delicacy, and a tenderneſs felt by every ſuſceptible ſoul, deſerves commendation: we muſt rank Sterne as one of the moſt celebrated originals. " He plays with the fancy, and ſometimes, perhaps, too wantonly; but, while he thus deſignedly maſks his

his main attack, he comes at once upon the heart, refines it, amends it, ſoftens it, beats down each ſelfiſh barrier from about it, and opens every ſource of pity and benevolence." — This is the true characteriſtic of our Author, whoſe poignant wit, and ſentimental tenderneſs, will ever immortalize his memory, while taſte exiſts; and, though I muſt, unwillingly, ſubſcribe to the opinion of my Author, that "It "is not in the power of every one to taſte "humour, however he may wiſh it — It "is the gift of God," — yet I truſt, the majority of my readers are poſſeſſed of that gift, and will heartily rejoice, with me, in the opportunity of preſerving theſe marks of genius, and handing them to poſterity.

STERNE's

STERNE's LETTERS TO HIS FRIENDS.

LETTER I.

From Dr. EUSTACE *in* America, *to the Rev. Mr.* STERNE *with a Walking Stick.*

SIR,

WHEN I aſſure you that I am a great admirer of Triſtram Shandy, and have, ever ſince his introduction into the world, been one of his moſt zealous defenders againſt the repeated aſſaults of prejudice and miſapprehenſion, I hope you will not treat this unexpected appearance in his company as an intruſion.

You know it is an obſervation, as remarkable for its truth as for its antiquity, that a ſimilitude of ſentiments is the general parent of friendſhip. -- It cannot be wondered at, that I ſhould conceive an eſteem for a perſon whom nature had moſt indulgently enabled to friſk and curvet with eaſe through all theſe intricacies of ſentiments, which from irreſiſtible propenſity, ſhe had impelled me to trudge through without merit or diſtinction.

The only reaſon that gave riſe to this addreſs

to

to you, is my accidentally having met with a piece of true Shandean ſtatuary, I mean according to vulgar opinion, for to ſuch judges both appear equally deſtitute of regularity or deſign. —It was made by a very ingenious gentleman of this province, and preſented to the late Governor Dobbs; after his death Mrs. D. gave it me: its ſingularity made many deſirous of procuring it, but I had reſolved at firſt not to part with it, till, upon reflection, I thought it would be a very proper, and probably not an unacceptable compliment to my favourite author, and in his hands might prove as ample a field for meditation as a button-hole, or a broomſtick.

I have the honour to be, &c. &c.

LETTER II.

Mr. STERNE's *Anſwer.*

SIR, *London, Feb.* 9, 1768.

I THIS moment received your obliging letter and Shandean piece of ſculpture along with it, of both which teſtimonies of your regard I have the juſteſt ſenſe, and return you, dear Sir, my beſt thanks and acknowledgment. Your walking ſtick is in no ſenſe more Shandaick than in that of its having more handles than one; the parallel breaks only in this, that in uſing the ſtick every one will take the handle which ſuits his convenience. In Triſtram Shandy the handle is taken which ſuits the paſſions, their ignorance, or their ſenſibility. There is ſo little true feeling in the herd

herd of the world, that I wiſh I could have got an act of parliament, when the books firſt appeared, that none but wiſe men ſhould look into them. It is too much to write books, and find heads to underſtand them: the world, however, ſeems to come into a better temper about them, the people of genius here, being to a man on its ſide; and the reception it has met with in France, Italy, and Germany, has engaged one part of the world to give it a ſecond reading. The other, in order to be on the ſtrongeſt ſide, has at length agreed to ſpeak well of it too. A few hypocrites and tartuffes, whoſe approbation could do it nothing but diſhonour, remain unconverted.

I am very proud, Sir, to have had a man like you on my ſide from the beginning; but it is not in the power of every one to taſte humour, however he may wiſh it; it is the gift of God: and, beſides, a true feeler always brings half the entertainment along with him; his own ideas are only called forth by what he reads, and the vibrations within him, intirely correſpond with thoſe excited.—'Tis like reading himſelf—and not the book.

In a week's time I ſhall be delivered of two volumes of the Sentimental Travels of Mr. Yorick through France and Italy; but, alas! the ſhip ſails three days too ſoon, and I have but to lament it deprives me of the pleaſure of preſenting them to you.

Believe me, dear Sir, with great thanks for the honour you have done me, with true eſteem,

Your obliged humble ſervant,

LAWRENCE STERNE.

LET-

LETTER III.

To * * * * * * * *

IT is even as you told me, my good friend, — a beckon from an old female acquaintance has led me a dance to * * * * *. It was too great a temptationto be thro wn in the way of ſuch a ſinner; — ſo I have bid adieu to Shandy Hall till the beginning of October — which, by-the-bye, is one of the fineſt months in the year in this part of the kingdom — this is added, by the way, to induce you to return to me at that time: if you cannot, let me know where you are to be the beginning of the following month, and the wheels of my chariot ſhall roll rapidly towards you.

I have not been quite idle ſince you left me, but, amidſt a thouſand impediments, have ſnatched one volume more for a gouty and a ſplenetick world. I ſuppoſe this will overtake you at the Hot-wells, as you are walking a ſentimental foot-pace beſide ſome phthiſical nymph of the fountain — if ſo — protect and cheriſh her whoſoever ſhe be; and tell her, that ſhe has *Triſtram Shandy*'s wiſhes for her recovery and happineſs. — Had I lived in days of yore, when virtue and ſentiment bore a price, I ſhould have been the moſt peerleſs knight of them all! — Some tender-hearted damſel in diſtreſs would ever have been my object: — to wipe away the tears from off the cheek of ſuch a friendleſs fair one, I would go to *Mecca* — and for a friend — to the end of the world —

In

In this laſt ſentiment my beſt friend was uppermoſt in my thoughts!

But wherefore do I think of arms and *Dulcineas*, — when, alas, my ſpear is grown ruſty, and is fit only to be hung in the old family hall, among piſtols without *cocks*, and helmets that have loſt their vizard.

As for my health, which you ſo kindly inquire after — I cannot brag of it — it is not ſo well with me this year as it was the laſt — and I fear I have little on my ſide but laughter and good ſpirits! theſe have ſtood me in great ſtead for twenty years paſt, how long they may be able to keep the field, and prolong the combat — for at beſt it is but prolonging a conteſt which muſt at laſt end in their defeat — I know not! — Nevertheleſs, for the days that are paſt, as well as thoſe which are to come, I will eat my bread in peace: and be it but bread and water, and I have ſuch a friend as you, I will find a way, ſome how or other, to make merry over it.

Adieu,

LAWRENCE STERNE.

LETTER IV.

To * * * * * *

——I HAVE been much concerned at your overthrow; but our roads are ill contrived for the airy vehicles now in faſhion. May it be the laſt fall you ever meet with in this world! but this reflection coſts me a deep ſigh

ſigh — and I fear, my friend, you will get over it no cheaper — Many, many are the ups and downs of life, and fortune muſt be uncommonly gracious to that mortal who does not experience a great variety of them: — though perhaps to theſe may be owing as much of our pleaſures as our pains: there are ſcenes of delight in the vale as well as the mountain; and the inequalities of nature may not be leſs neceſſary to pleaſe the eye — than the varieties of life to improve the heart. At beſt we are but a ſhort-ſighted race of beings, with juſt light enough to diſcern our way — to do that is our duty, and ſhould be our care; when a man has done this, he is ſafe, the reſt is of little conſequence —

Cover his head with a turf or a ſtone,
It is all one, it is all one!

— I viſited my abbey, as uſual, every evening — amid the mouldering ruins of ancient greatneſs I take my ſolitary walk; far removed from the noiſe and buſtle of a malicious world, I can cheriſh the fond remembrance of my *Cordelia* — *Cordelia*, thou wert kind, gentle, and beauteous! thy beauties, rather let me ſay thy misfortunes, firſt raiſed the flame of tender affection in my breaſt! — But thy beauties, and thy misfortunes, are paſſed away together; and all that charmed mankind, and delighted me, become a clod of the valley! — Here, my *Cordelia*, I will weed clean thy grave — I will ſtretch myſelf upon it — will wet it with tears — and the traveller ſhall not turn aſide to obſerve me. —

But

But whither am I led? Do, my kind friend, excuſe the wanderings of my pen; it governs me, I govern not it--- Farewell; and receive the warmeſt affection of,

LAWRENCE STERNE.

LETTER V.

To * * * * * * * *

—I FEAR, that ere this, you may have oftentimes accuſed me of negligence, in not anſwering your laſt letters; but you addreſſed them to me in London, and I was dying in the country.—I have been more ſorely afflicted this laſt time than I ever was before: had I followed the advice of the faculty, it had been over with me; and, contrary to their opinion, I ventured to order myſelf a ſtout bleeding;—this, in all probability, ſaved me; for how long, God only knows!—I am ſtill weak, and can hardly make myſelf heard acroſs my table.—My ſpirits, the beſt friends I ever had in this world, ſtuck cloſe by me in this laſt conflict; by their kind aſſiſtance I have been able to bear the heavy load of life, and walk ſo merrily along the wilderneſs of this world:—thanks to them I have been able to whiſtle and ſing in its moſt uncheery paths!—As it has pleaſed heaven to let them accompany me thus far on my journey, I hope and truſt they will not be ſuffered to leave me now that I am almoſt at the end of it.—I know and feel (my friend) that this laſt ſentiment will give you pain!—this, believe

lieve me, is moſt foreign to my wiſhes; but I always write from my heart — and ſuppoſing it to be my practice to cheat the world, I have ever conſidered the character of a friend too reſpectable to make the ſport of an idle imagination. To deceive is a baſe trade at beſt; — but to deceive thoſe we love and value, is a folly ſo totally inexcuſable, that I defy all the arts of ſophiſtry to frame an argument in its favour — When I open my heart—I ſhew all its follies — its caprices — its wantonneſs — its virtues are all expoſed to view; and though by this means I lay myſelf open to the illiberal and the ill-natured, who are ever ready to ſeize the opportunity of gratifying their dirty paſſions; — and withal are ſo numerous, that hypocriſy, with reſpect to them, is accounted a virtue. — *But I ſhew all!* — this may be imprudent — and I am told by ſome ſentimental prudes — that it is indecent; — if ſo, let them put their fans before their faces, or walk on the other ſide of the way.—Diſguiſe is the faſhion, and the man who does not uſe it, is called a Libertine: — for my part—I hate a maſque, and will never wear one! I am not aſhamed of my failings, while I feel that I have ſome little ſtock of virtue to counterbalance them. —— The man who hides nothing, who varniſhes nothing, when applauſe, when honour comes, and come it muſt to ſuch, finds no buſy ſomething in his breaſt that gives the lie to it.—'Tis his own,—and his heart will anſwer it.—Of all ſycophants, ſcourge me thoſe who flatter themſelves! — He who ſpeaks peace to himſelf, when there is no peace, is acting a part he cannot long ſupport——the ſcene cloſes ——the curtain drops ——and he is himſelf again.

again. The follies, the errors of mankind, I ſincerely forgive, as I hope to be forgiven; — and when a man is mounted on his hobby-horſe, let him amble or trot, or gallop, ſo he will be quiet, and not let his heart do miſchief — God ſpeed him!—And if I feel an inclination to put on my fool's cap, and jingle the bells for two or three hours of the four-and-twenty — or the whole twenty-four hours together—what is that to any one?—O, Sir, you will be called trifling, fooliſh, &c. &c. — with all my heart! — Pray, good folks, fall on—never ſpare! — Fair ladies, have you got your bellies full? — if ſo, much good may it do you!—But, Sir, we muſt prove you to be a rogue, a raſcal, an hypocrite. —— Alas! I have nothing to give you but my fool's cap and my hobby-horſe — if they are not ſufficient, I muſt beg leave to recommend you to that pale-faced, ſolemn, ſtiff-ſtarched figure who is this moment entering that church: fall upon him! — and for once in your lives, perhaps, you may hit the mark.

I fear, my good friend, you will begin to think, that however my ſpeaking faculties are obſtructed, that one of writing ſtill remains free and large — but here is the grief — It is but writing! — My pen is a leaden one, and it is with ſome difficulty I trail it on to aſſure you of my being moſt cordially,

Yours,

LAWRENCE STERNE.

LET-

LETTER VI.

To *******

I HAVE not been a furlong from Shandy-hall ſince I wrote to you laſt — but why is my pen ſo perverſe? I have been to *****, and my errand was of ſo peculiar a nature, that I muſt give you an account of it. —— You will ſcarce believe me, when I tell you, it was to out-juggle a juggling attorney; to put craft, and all its power, to defiance; and to obtain juſtice from one — who has a heart foul enough to take advantage of the miſtakes of honeſt ſimplicity, and who has raiſed a conſiderable fortune by artifice and injuſtice. However, I gained my point! — It was a ſtar and garter to me! — the matter was as follows: ———

"A poor man, the father of my Veſtal, "having, by the ſweat of his brow, during a "courſe of many laborious years, ſaved a ſmall "ſum of money, applied to this ſcribe to put "it out to uſe for him: this was done, and "a bond given for the money. — The honeſt "man, having no place in his cottage which "he thought ſufficiently ſecure, put it in a "whole in the thatch, which had ſerved inſtead of a ſtrong box, to keep his money. — "In this ſituation the bond remained till the "time of receiving his intereſt drew nigh. — "But, alas; — the rain which had done no "miſchief to his gold, had found out his paper-"ſecurity, and had rotted it to pieces!" — It would be a difficult matter to paint the diſtreſs of

of the old countryman upon this diſcovery; — he came to me weeping, and begging my advice and aſſiſtance! — it cut me to the heart!

Frame to yourſelf the picture of a man upwards of ſixty years of age — who having with much penury and more toil, with the addition of a ſmall legacy, ſcraped together about fourſcore pounds to ſupport him in the infirmities of old age, and to be a little portion for his child when he ſhould be dead and gone—loſt his little hoard at once; and to aggravate his misfortune, through his own neglect and incaution.—"If I "was young, Sir, (ſaid he) my affliction would "have been light——and I might have obtained it again! —— but I have loſt my comfort "when I moſt wanted it! — My ſtaff is taken "from me when I cannot go alone; and I have "nothing to expect, in future life, but the unwilling charity of a Pariſh-Officer."—Never, in my whole life, did I wiſh to be rich, with ſo good a grace, as at this time! — What a luxury it would have been to have ſaid, to this afflicted fellow-creature, — "There is thy money—go thy ways—and be at peace."—But, alas! the Shandy family were never much encumbered with money; and I (the pooreſt of them all) could only aſſiſt him with good counſel:——but I did not ſtop here.—— I went myſelf with him to * * * * *, where by perſuaſion, threats, and ſome art, which (by-the-bye) in ſuch a cauſe, and with ſuch an opponent, was very juſtifiable — I ſent my poor client back to his home, with his comfort and his bond reſtored to him.--- Bravo!---bravo!

If a man has a right to be proud of any thing, ---it is of a good action, done as it ought to be,

without any baſe intereſt lurking at the bottom of it.---Adieu---Adieu ---

LAWRENCE STERNE.

LETTER VII.

To Mrs. V———.

OF the two bad caſſocks, fair lady, which I am worth in the world, I would this moment freely give the latter of them to find out by what irreſiſtible force of magick it is, that I am influenced to write a letter to you upon ſo ſhort an acquaintance.—Short—did I ſay?—I unſay it again——I have been acquainted with Mrs. V—— this long and many a day: for, ſurely, the moſt penetrating of her ſex need not be told, that intercourſes of this kind are not to be dated by hours, days or months—but by the ſlow or rapid progreſs of our intimacies, which are meaſured only by the degrees of penetration by which we diſcover characters at once — or by the openneſs and frankneſs of heart which lets the obſerver into it without the pains of reflection: either of theſe ſpares us what a ſhort life could ill afford — and that is the long and unconſcionable time in forming connections, which had much better be ſpent in taſting the ſweets of them. — Now of this frame and contexture is the fair Mrs. V——; her character is to be read at once — I ſaw it before I had walked twenty paces beſide her — I believe in my conſcience, dear lady, if truth was known, *that you have no inſide at all.*

That

That you are graceful, elegant, and desirable, &c. &c. — every common beholder who can stare at you, as a Dutch boor does at the Queen of Sheba—can easily find out—but that you are sensible, gentle and tender, and from one end to the other of you full of the sweetest tones and modulations, requires a deeper research. — You are a system of harmonic vibrations---the softest and best attuned of all instruments. --- Lord! I would give away my other cassock to touch you—But in giving my last rag of priesthood for that pleasure, I should be left naked — to say nothing of being quite *disordered* — so divine a hand as your's would presently put me into *orders* again — but if you suppose this would leave me as you found me, believe me dear Mrs. V——, you are much mistaken. —All this being duly put together, pray, dear lady, let me ask you, what business you had to come here from ——? or, to speak more to the purpose, what business have you to return back again? — The duce take you with your musical and other powers; could nothing serve you, but you must turn *Tristram Shandy*'s head, as if it was not turned enough already — as for your turning my heart — I forgive you, as you have been so good as to turn it towards so excellent and heavenly an object. ——

Now, dear Mrs. V——, if you can help it, do not think of *yourself* ———

But believe me to be,

With the highest esteem

For your character and self,

Your's

LAWRENCE STERNE.

LETTER VIII.

To *********.

I SNATCH half an hour, while my dinner is getting ready, to tell you I am thus far on my way to Shandy-hall: two more ſtages and I ſhall be at the end of a tedious journey.—Report for the fourth time, has numbered me with the dead;—and it was generally believed in this part of the world, that my bones were laid in claſſick ground. This I do not much wonder at—for, to make the beſt of it, my conſtitution is but a ſcurvy one, and to keep the machine a going a little longer, has been the only motive for my running away from my friends and my country ſo much as I have done of late;—though weak as it is, it has ſome how or other weathered more ſtorms than many a ſtouter one has been able to do:—could I but transform myſelf into a bird of paſſage, and go and come with the ſummer—I think I ſhould give the lie to a few more reports of this nature—before I am called in good earneſt to make a report of myſelf and all my actions to the Being who made me.

The book of engravings, which I left with you, I muſt recommend to your care for a few weeks longer:—nay,—if you think they are worthy of your acceptance—keep them for ever!—for to tell you the truth, I have now no occaſion for them:—this is rather an ungracious way of making an offering, but you will excuſe me when I tell you,—that the dear young lady, at

at whoſe feet I intended to lay them down, — and for whoſe ſake I had preſerved them with ſo much care, is gone to that country from whence no one returns. — Genius, — wit, — beauty, — goodneſs, — all, all were united in her! — Every virtue, — every grace! — I could write for ever on ſuch a theme — but I muſt have done.

Surely the pleaſures which ariſe from contemplating ſuch characters, — embracing the urn which contains their aſhes, — and ſhedding the tears of friendſhip over it — are far, far ſuperior to the higheſt joys of ſenſe, — or ſenſuality.

If you do not like the laſt word, — I pray you be ſo kind as to ſcratch it out; — for that is a liberty I have never yet ventured to take myſelf with any thing I write.

Adieu, — adieu —

Yours moſt truly,

LAWRENCE STERNE.

LETTER IX.

To * * * * * * * *

— I BEHELD her tender look — her pathetic eye petrified my fluids — the liquid deſolution drowned thoſe once bright orbs — the late ſympathetic features, ſo pleaſing in their harmony, are now blaſted — withered — and are dead; — her charms are dwindled into a melancholy which demands my pity. — Yes —

my friend — our once ſprightly and vivacious Harriot is that very object that muſt thrill your ſoul. — How abandoned is that heart which bulges the tear of innocence, and is the cauſe — the fatal cauſe of overwhelming the ſpotleſs ſoul and plunging the yet-untainted mind into a ſea of ſorrow and repentance — Though born to protect the fair, does not man act the part of a Demon? — firſt alluring by his temptations, and then triumphing in his victory — when villainy gets the aſcendency it ſeldom leaves the wretch till it has thoroughly polluted him —— T * * * * * * *, once the joyous companion of our juvenile extravagances, by a deep laid ſcheme, ſo far ingratiated himſelf into the good graces of the old man — that even he, with all his penetration and experience, (of which old folks generally pique themſelves) could not perceive his drift, and, like the goodneſs of his own heart, believed him honourable: — had I known his pretenſions — I would have flown on the wings of friendſhip — of regard — of affection — and reſcued the lovely innocent from the hands of the ſpoiler: — be not alarmed at my declaration — I have been long bound to her in the reciprocal bonds of affection; — but it is of a more delicate ſtamp, than the groſs materials nature has planted in us for procreation — I hope ever to retain the idea of innocence and love her ſtill: — I would love the whole ſex were they equally deſerving.

— T * * * * * * *, taking her by the hand — the other thrown round her waiſt — after an intimacy allowing ſuch freedoms — with a look deceitfully pleaſing, the villain poured out a torrent of proteſtations — and though oaths are

ſacred

ſacred — ſwore, with all the fortitude of a conſciencious man — the depth of his love — the height of his eſteem — the ſtrength of his attachment; — by theſe, and other artful means to anſwer his abandoned purpoſe (for which you know he is but too-well qualified) — gained on the open inexperienced heart of the generous Harriot, and robbed her of her brighteſt jewel. — Oh, England! where are your ſenators? — where are your laws? — Ye heavens! where reſts your deadly thunder? — why are your bolts reſtrained from o'erwhelming with vengeance this vile ſeducer. —— I, — my friend, — I, was the miniſter ſent by juſtice to revenge her wrongs — revenge — I diſclaim it — to redreſs her wrongs. — The news of affliction flies — I heard it, and poſted to * * * * where forgetting my character — this is the ſtile of the enthuſiaſt — it moſt became my character — I ſaw him in his retreat — I flew out of the chaiſe — caught him by the collar — and in a tumult of paſſion — demanded; — ſure, if anger is excuſable, it muſt be when it is exerted by deteſtation of vice. — I demanded him to reſtore: — alas! what was not in his power to return. — Vengeance! and ſhall theſe vermin — theſe ſpoilers of the fair — theſe murderers of the mind — lurk and creep about in dens, ſecure to themſelves and pillage all around them — Diſtracted with my rage — I charged him with his crime — exploded his baſeneſs — condemned his villainy — while coward guilt ſat on his ſullen brow, and, like a criminal conſcious of his deed, tremblingly pronounced his fear. — He hoped means might be found for a ſufficient atonement — offered a tender of his hand as a

ſatisfaction, and a life devoted to her ſervice as a recompence for his error. — His humiliation ſtruck me — 'twas the only means he could have contrived to aſſuage my anger. — I heſitated — pauſed — thought — and ſtill muſt think on ſo important a concern: — aſſiſt me — I am half a fraid of truſting my Harriot in the hands of a man, whoſe character I too well know to be the antipodes of Harriot's. — He all fire and diſſipation; ſhe all meekneſs and ſentiment! — nor can I think there is any hopes of reformation; — the offer proceeds more from ſurprize or fear, than juſtice and ſincerity. — The world — the world will exclaim, and my Harriot be a caſt-off from ſociety — Let her — I had rather ſee her thus, than miſerably linked for life to a lump of vice. — She ſhall retire to ſome corner of the world, and there weep out the remainder of her days in ſorrow — forgetting the wretch who has abuſed her confidence, but ever remembering the friend who conſoles her in retirement. — You, my dear Charles, ſhall bear a part with me in the delightful taſk of whiſpering, "Peace to thoſe who are in trouble, and healing the broken in ſpirit."

Adieu,

LAWRENCE STERNE.

LET-

LETTER X.

To * * * * * * * * * *

SIR!

I FEEL the weight of obligation which your friendſhip has laid upon me, and if it ſhould never be in my power to make you a recompence, I hope you will be recompenced at the "Reſurrection of the juſt." — I hope, Sir, we ſhall both be found in that catalogue; — and we are encouraged to hope, by the example of Abraham's faith "even againſt hope." — I think there is, at leaſt, as much probability of our reaching, and rejoicing in the "Haven where we would be," as there was of the old Patriarch's having a child by his old wife. — There is not any perſon living or dead, whom I have ſo ſtrong a deſire to ſee and converſe with as yourſelf, — indeed I have no inclination to viſit, or ſay a ſyllable to but a few perſons in this lower vale of vanity and tears beſides you; — but I often derive a peculiar ſatisfaction in converſing with the ancient and modern dead, who yet live and ſpeak excellently in their works. — My neighbours think *often alone*, — and yet at ſuch times I am in company with more than five-hundred mutes — each of whom, at my pleaſure, communicates his ideas to me by dumb ſigns — quite as intelligibly as any perſon living can do by *uttering* of words. — They always keep the diſtance from me which I direct, — and, with a motion of my hand, I can bring them as near to me as I pleaſe. — I lay

hands on fifty of them ſometimes in an evening, and handle them as I like :—they never complain of ill-uſage, — and when diſmiſſed from my preſence, — though ever ſo abruptly — take no offence. Such convenience is not to be enjoyed — nor ſuch liberty to be taken — with the living: — we are bound — in point of good manners to admit all our pretended friends when the knock for an entrance, and diſpenſe with all the nonſenſe or impertinence which they broach till they think proper to withdraw: nor can we take the liberty of humbly and decently oppoſing their ſentiments without exciting their diſguſt, and being in danger of their ſplenetic repreſentation after they have left us.

I am weary of talking to the *many*, — who though quick of hearing—are ſo "Slow of heart to believe" — propoſitions which are next to ſelf-evident; — you and I were not caſt in *one mould*, — corporal compariſon will atteſt it, — and yet we are faſhioned ſo much alike, that we may paſs for twins: — were it poſſible to take an inventory of all our ſentiments and feelings — juſt and unjuſt — holy and impure — there would appear as little difference between them as there is between inſtinct and reaſon, — or — wit and madneſs, the barriers which ſeparate theſe — like the real eſſence of bodies — eſcape the piercing eye of metaphyſicks, and cannot be pointed out more clearly than geometricians define a ſtraight line, which is ſaid to have length without breadth. — O ye learned anatomical aggregates! who pretend to inſtruct other aggregates! be as candid as the ſage whom you pretend to revere — and tell them, that all you know is, that you know nothing!

— I have

——I have a *mort* to communicate to you on different ſubjects — my mountain will be in labour till I ſee you — and then — what then? — why you muſt expect to ſee it bring forth — a mouſe. — I therefore beſeech you to have a watchful eye to the cats; — but it is ſaid that mice were deſigned to be killed by cats. — Cats to be worried by dogs, &c. &c. — This may be true — and I think I am made to be killed by my cough, — which is a perpetual plague to me; what in the name of ſound lungs, has my cough to do with you — or — you with my cough?

I am, Sir, with the moſt
Perfect Affection and eſteem,
Your humble Servant,
LAWRENCE STERNE.

LETTER XI.

To * * * * * * * * * *

SIR,

IN my laſt, for want of ſomething better to write about, I told you what a world of ſending and proving we have had of late, in this little * village of ours, about an old caſt-off pair of black pluſh-breeches, which † *John* our pariſh clerk, about ten years ago, it ſeems, had made a promiſe of to one *Trim* ‡, who is our ſexton

* York. † Dr. Fount——n, Dean of York.
‡ Dr. T—ph—m.

ſexton and dog-whipper. — To this you write me word, that you have had more than either one or two occaſions to know a good deal of the ſhifty behaviour of the ſaid maſter *Trim* — and that you are aſtoniſhed, nor can you for your ſoul conceive, how ſo worthleſs a fellow, and ſo worthleſs a thing into the bargain, could have become the occaſion of ſo much racket as I have repreſented. —

Now though you do not ſay expreſly, you could wiſh to hear any more about it, yet I ſee plainly enough I have raiſed your curioſity, and therefore, from the ſame motive that I ſlightly mentioned it at all in my laſt letter, I will in this give you a full and very circumſtantial account of the whole affair.

But, before I begin, I muſt firſt ſet you right in one very material point, in which I have miſled you, as to the true cauſe of all this uproar amongſt us, which does not take its riſe, as I then told you, from the affair of the breeches, but, on the contrary, the whole affair of the breeches has taken its riſe from it. — To underſtand which you muſt know, that the firſt beginning of the ſquabble was not between *John* the pariſh clerk and *Trim* the ſexton, but betwixt the * parſon of the pariſh and the ſaid maſter *Trim*, about an old *watch-coat* that had hung up many years in the church, which *Trim* had ſet his heart upon; and nothing would ſerve *Trim* but he muſt take it home in order to have it converted into a *warm under-petticoat* for his wife, and a *jerkin* for himſelf againſt winter; which, in a plaintive tone, he moſt humbly

* Apb. H—tt—n

humbly begged his reverence would conſent to.

I need not tell you, Sir, who have ſo often felt it, that a principle of ſtrong compaſſion tranſports a generous mind ſometimes beyond what is ſtrictly right; — the parſon was within an ace of being an honourable example of this very crime—for no ſooner did the diſtinct words — *petticoat* — *poor* — *wife* — *warm* — *winter*, ſtrike upon his ear — but his heart warmed — and before *Trim* had well got to the end of his petition (being a gentleman of a frank open temper) he told him he was welcome to it with all his heart and ſoul. — But, *Trim*, ſays he, as you ſee I am but juſt got down to my living, and am an utter ſtranger to all pariſh matters, knowing nothing about this old watch coat you beg of me, having never ſeen it in my life, and therefore cannot be a judge whether 'tis fit for ſuch a purpoſe, or, if it is, in truth know not whether 'tis mine to beſtow upon you or not — you muſt have a week or ten days patience, till I can make ſome inquiries about it — and, if I find it is in my power, I tell you again, man, your wife is heartily welcome to an under-petticoat out of it, and you to a jerkin, was the thing as good again as you repreſent it.

It is neceſſary to inform you, Sir, in this place, that the parſon was earneſtly bent to ſerve *Trim* in this affair, not only from the motive of generoſity, which I have juſtly aſcribed to him, but likewiſe from another motive, and that was by making ſome ſort of recompence for a multitude of ſmall ſervices which *Trim* had occaſionally done, and indeed was continually doing (as he was much about the houſe) when his

his own man was out of the way. — For all theſe reaſons together, I ſay, the parſon of the pariſh intended to ſerve *Trim* in this matter to the utmoſt of his power. All that was wanting, was previouſly to inquire if any one had a *claim* to it, or whether, as it had time immemorial hung up in the church, the taking it down might not raiſe a clamour in the pariſh. Theſe inquiries were the things that *Trim* dreaded in his heart — he knew very well, that, if the parſon ſhould but ſay one word to the church wardens about it, there would be an end of the whole affair. For this, and ſome other reaſons not neceſſary to be told you at preſent, *Trim* was for allowing no time in this matter — but on the contrary doubled his diligence and importunity at the vicarage-houſe — plagued the whole family to death — preſt his ſuit morning, noon, and night, and, to ſhorten my ſtory, teaſed the poor gentleman, who was but in an ill ſtate of health, almoſt out of his life about it.

You will not wonder when I tell you, that all this hurry and precipitation, on the ſide of maſter *Trim*, produced its natural effect on the ſide of the parſon, and that was a ſuſpicion that all was not right at the bottom.

He was one evening ſitting alone in his ſtudy, weighing and turning this doubt every way in his mind, and after an hour and a half's ſerious deliberation upon the affair, and running over *Trim*'s behaviour throughout — he was juſt ſaying to himſelf — *it muſt be ſo* — when a ſudden rap at the door put an end to his ſoliloquy, and in a few minutes to his doubts too; for a labourer in the town, who deemed himſelf paſt his fifty-ſecond year, had been returned by the conſtables

conſtables in the militia liſt—and he had come with a groat in his hand to ſearch the pariſh-regiſter for his age. The parſon bid the poor fellow put the groat into his pocket, and go into the kitchen—then ſhutting the ſtudy door, and taking down the pariſh regiſter—*who knows*, ſays he, *but I may find ſomething here about this ſelf ſame watch-coat?* He had ſcarce unclaſped the book, in ſaying this, when he popped on the very thing he wanted, fairly wrote in the firſt page, paſted to the inſide of one of the covers, whereon was a memorandum about the very thing in queſtion in theſe expreſs words—*Memorandum.*—"The great "watch-coat was purchaſed and given, about "two hundred years ago, by the lord of the "manor to this pariſh-church, to the ſole uſe "and behoof of the poor ſexton thereof, and "his ſucceſſors for ever, to be worn by them "reſpectively in winterly cold nights in ring-"ing *complines*, *paſſing-bells*, &c. which the ſaid "lord of the manor had done in piety to keep "the poor wretches warm, and for the good "of his own ſoul, for which they were direct-"ed to pray, &c." *Juſt heaven!* ſaid the parſon to himſelf looking upwards, *what an eſcape have I had! give this for an under-petticoat to* Trim's *wife! I would not have conſented to ſuch a deſecration to be primate of all* England—*nay, I would not have diſturbed a ſingle button of it for all my tithes.*

Scarce were the words out of his mouth, when in pops *Trim* with the whole ſubject of the exclamation under both his arms—I ſay under both his arms—for he had actually got it ript and cut out ready, his own jerkin under one arm,

arm, and the petticoat under the other, in order to carry to the taylor to be made up, and had juſt ſtepped in, in high ſpirits, to ſhew the parſon how cleverly it had held out.

There are now many good ſimiles ſubſiſting in the world, but which I have neither time to recollect or look for, which would give you a ſtrong conception of the aſtoniſhment and honeſt indignation which this unexpected ſtroke of *Trim*'s impudence impreſſed upon the parſon's looks — let it ſuffice to ſay, that it exceeded all fair deſcription — as well as all power of proper reſentment — except this, that *Trim* was ordered, in a ſtern voice, to lay the bundles down upon the table — to go about his buſineſs, and wait upon him, at his peril, the next morning at eleven preciſely. — Againſt this hour, like a wiſe man, the parſon had ſent to deſire *John* the pariſh clerk, who bore an exceeding good character as a man of truth, and who having moreover a pretty freehold of about eighteen pounds a year in the townſhip, was a leading man in it; and, upon the whole, was ſuch a one, of whom it might be ſaid, that he rather did honour to his office than his office did honour to him — him he ſends for with the church wardens, and one of the ſideſmen, a grave, knowing old man, to be preſent — for, as *Trim* had withheld the whole truth from the parſon touching the watch-coat, he thought it probable he would as certainly do the ſame thing to others. Tho' this, I ſaid, was wiſe, the trouble of the precaution might have been ſpared — becauſe the parſon's character was unblemiſhed — and he had ever been held by the world in the eſtimation of a man of honour and integrity. — *Trim*'s character

character on the contrary was as well known, if not in the world at leaſt in all the pariſh, to be that of a little, dirty, pimping, pettyfogging, ambi-dextrous fellow — who neither cared what he did or ſaid of any, provided he could get a penny by it. This might, I ſaid, have made any precaution needleſs — but you muſt know, as the parſon had in a manner but juſt got down to his living, he dreaded the conſequences of the leaſt ill impreſſion on his firſt entrance among his pariſhioners, which would have diſabled him from doing them the good he wiſhed — ſo that out of regard to his flock, more than the neceſſary care due to himſelf — he was reſolved not to lie at the mercy of what reſentment might vent or malice lend an ear to.

Accordingly the whole matter was rehearſed, from firſt to laſt, by the parſon, in the manner I've told you, in the hearing of *John* the pariſh clerk, and in the preſence of *Trim*.

Trim had little to ſay for himſelf, except that "the parſon had abſolutely promiſed to befriend him and his wife in the affair to the utmoſt of his power, that the watch-coat was certainly in his power, and that he might ſtill give it him if he pleaſed."

To this the parſon's reply was ſhort, but ſtrong, "That nothing was in his *power* to do but what he could do *honeſtly* — that, in giving the coat to him and his wife, he ſhould do a manifeſt wrong to the *next* ſexton, the great watch-coat being the moſt comfortable part of the place — that he ſhould moreover injure the right of his own ſucceſſor, who would be juſt ſo much a worſe patron as the worth of the coat amount-

ed

ed to; and, in a word, he declared that his whole intent in promiſing that coat was charity to *Trim*, but *wrong* to no man — that was a reſerve, he ſaid, made in all caſes of this kind: and he declared ſolemnly, *in verbo ſacerdotis*, that this was his meaning, and was ſo underſtood by *Trim* himſelf."

With the weight of this truth, and the great good ſenſe and ſtrong reaſon which accompanied all the parſon ſaid on the ſubject — poor *Trim* was driven to his laſt ſhift — and begged he might be ſuffered to plead his right and title to the watch-coat, if not by *promiſe*, at leaſt by *ſervitude* — it was well known how much he was entitled to it upon theſe ſcores: that he had black'd the parſon's ſhoes without count, and greaſed his boots above fifty times — that he had run for eggs in the town upon all occaſions — whetted the knives at all hours — catched his horſe, and rubbed him down — that, for his wife, ſhe had been ready upon all occaſions to char for them; and neither he nor ſhe, to the beſt of his remembrance, ever took a farthing, or any thing beyond a mug of ale.—To this account of his ſervices, he begged leave to add thoſe of his wiſhes, which, he ſaid, had been equally great — he affirmed, and was ready he ſaid, to make it appear, by a number of witneſſes, " he had drank his reverence's health a thouſand times (by-the-bye he did not add out of the parſon's own ale) — that he had not only drank his health but wiſhed it, and never came to the houſe but aſked his man kindly how he did: that in particular, about half a year ago, when his reverence cut his finger in paring an apple, he went half a mile to aſk a cunning woman

what

what was good to ſtaunch blood, and actually returned with a cobweb in his breeches pocket. Nay, ſays *Trim*, it was not a fortnight ago, when your reverence took that ſtrong purge, that I went to the far end of the whole town to borrow you a cloſeſtool—and came back, as the neighbours who flouted me will all bear witneſs, with the pan upon my head, and never thought it too much." —*Trim* concluded this pathetick remonſtrance with ſaying " he hoped his reverence's heart would not ſuffer him to requite ſo many faithful ſervices by ſo unkind a return:— that if it was ſo, as he was the firſt, ſo he hoped he ſhould be the laſt example of a man of his condition ſo treated."—This plan of *Trim*'s defence, which *Trim* had put himſelf upon, could admit of no other reply than a general ſmile.— Upon the whole, let me inform you, that all that could be ſaid *pro* and *con*, on both ſides, being fairly heard, it was plain that *Trim* in every part of this affair had behaved very ill— and one thing, which was never expected to be known of him, happened in the courſe of this debate to come out againſt him, namely, that he had gone and told the parſon, before he had ever ſet foot in his pariſh, that *John* his pariſh clerk — his church-wardens, and ſome of the heads of the pariſh, were a parcel of ſcoundrels. Upon the upſhot, *Trim* was kick'd out of doors, and told at his peril never to come there again.

At firſt, *Trim* huff'd and bounced moſt terribly — ſwore he would get a warrant — that nothing would ſerve him but he would call a bye-law, and tell the whole pariſh how the parſon had miſuſed him; but cooling of that, as fearing the parſon might poſſibly bind him over

over to his good behaviour, and for aught he knew, might ſend him to the houſe of correction, he lets the parſon alone, and to revenge himſelf falls foul upon the clerk, who had no more to do in the quarrel than you or I — rips up the promiſe of the old—caſt—pair of—black —pluſh—breeches; and raiſes an uproar in the town about it, notwithſtanding it had ſlept ten years — but all this, you muſt know, is looked upon in no other light but as an artful ſtroke of generalſhip in *Trim* to raiſe a duſt, and cover himſelf under the diſgraceful chaſtiſement he has undergone.

If your curioſity is not yet ſatisfied — I will now proceed to relate the *battle* of the *breeches* in the ſame exact manner I have done that of the watch-coat.

Be it known then, that about ten years ago, when *John* was appointed pariſh clerk of this church, this ſaid *Trim* took no ſmall pains to get into *John*'s good graces, in order, as it afterwards appeared, to coax a promiſe out of him of a pair of breeches, which *John* had then by him, of black pluſh, not much the worſe for wearing—*Trim* only begged, for God's ſake, to have them beſtowed upon him when *John* ſhould think fit to caſt them.

Trim was one of thoſe kind of men who loved a bit of finery in his heart, and would rather have a tatter'd rag of a better body's than the beſt plain whole thing his wife could ſpin him.

John, who was naturally unſuſpicious, made no more difficulty of promiſing the breeches than the parſon had done in promiſing the great coat; and indeed with ſomething leſs reſerve —— becauſe the breeches were *John's own*, and he could

could give them, without wrong, to whom he thought fit.

It happened, I was going to ſay unluckily, but I ſhould rather ſay moſt luckily, for *Trim*, for he was the only gainer by it, that a quarrel, about ſome ſix or eight weeks after this, broke out betwixt *the late* parſon of the pariſh and *John* the clerk. Somebody (and it was thought to be nobody but *Trim*) had put it into the parſon's head, "that *John*'s deſk in the church was at leaſt four inches higher than it ſhould be —that the thing gave offence, and was indecorous, inaſmuch as it approached too near upon a level with the parſon's deſk itſelf."—This hardſhip the parſon complained of loudly, and told *John*, one day after prayers, "he could bear it no longer —— and would have it altered, and brought down as it ſhould be." *John* made no other reply, but "that the deſk was not of his raiſing:—that 'twas not one hair breadth higher than he found it—and that as he found it ſo he would leave it —— In ſhort, he would neither make an encroachment, neither would he ſuffer one." — The * *late* parſon might have his virtues, but the leading part of his character was not *humility*—ſo that *John*'s ſtiffneſs in this point was not likely to reconcile matters. — This was *Trim*'s harveſt.

After a friendly hint to *John* to ſtand his ground, away hies *Trim* to make his market at the vicarage.—What paſſed there I will not ſay, intending not to be uncharitable; ſo ſhall content myſelf with only gueſſing at it from the ſudden change that appeared in *Trim*'s dreſs for the better — for he had left his old ragged coat, hat,

* Abp. H—rr—g.

hat, and wig, in the ſtable, and was come forth ſtrutting acroſs the church-yard, yclad in a good charitable caſt coat, large hat, and wig, which the parſon had juſt given him.—Ho! ho! hollo! *John*, cries *Trim*, in an inſolent bravo, as loud as ever he could bawl—ſee here, my lad, how fine I am.—The more ſhame for you, anſwered *John* ſeriouſly—Do you think, *Trim*, ſays he, ſuch finery, gained by ſuch ſervices, becomes you, or can wear well?——Fy upon it, *Trim*, I could not have expected this from you, conſidering what friendſhip you pretended, and how kind I have ever been to you—how many ſhillings, and ſixpences, I have generouſly lent you in your diſtreſſes.——Nay, it was but the other day that I promiſed you theſe black pluſh breeches I have on.—Rot your breeches, quoth *Trim* (for *Trim*'s brain was half turn'd with his new finery) rot your breeches, ſays he—I would not take them up were they laid at my door—give them, and be d——d to you, to whom you like—I would have you to know I can have a better pair of the parſon's any day in the week.—*John* told him plainly, as his word had once paſſed him, he had a ſpirit above taking advantage of his inſolence in giving them away to another—but, to tell him his mind freely, he thought he had got ſo many favours of that kind, and was ſo likely to get many more for the ſame ſervices, of the parſon, that he had better give up the breeches, with good nature, to ſome one who would be more thankful for them.

Here *John* mentioned * *Mark Slender* (who it ſeems the day before had aſked *John* for them) not

* Dr. Braith—t.

not knowing they were under promiſe to *Trim* —" Come, *Trim*, ſays he, let poor *Mark* have them — you know he has not a pair to his a—, beſides, you ſee he is juſt of my ſize, and they will fit to a T, whereas if I give 'em to you, look ye, they are not worth much, and beſides, you could not get your backſide into them, if you had them, without tearing them all to pieces."—Every tittle of this was moſt undoubtedly true, for *Trim*, you muſt know, by foul feeding, and playing the good fellow at the parſon's, was grown ſomewhat groſs about the lower parts, *if not higher*; ſo that, as all *John* ſaid upon the occaſion was fact, *Trim* with much ado, and after a hundred hums and hahs, at laſt, out of mere compaſſion to *Mark*, *ſigns*, *ſeals*, *and delivers up* ALL RIGHT, INTEREST, AND PRETENSIONS WHATSOEVER, IN, AND TO THE SAID BREECHES, THEREBY BINDING HIS HEIRS, EXECUTORS, ADMINISTRATORS AND ASSIGNS, NEVER MORE TO CALL THE SAID CLAIM IN QUESTION.— All this renunciation was ſet forth, in an ample manner, to be in pure pity to *Mark*'s nakedneſs — but the ſecret was, *Trim* had an eye to, and firmly expected, in his own mind the great green pulpit-cloth, and old velvet cuſhion, which were that very year to be taken down———which by the bye, could he have wheedled *John* a ſecond time, as he had hoped, would have made up the loſs of the breeches ſeven fold.

Now, you muſt know, this pulpit-cloth and cuſhion were not in *John*'s gift, but in the church-wardens, &c. However, as I ſaid above, that *John* was a leading man in the pariſh,

Trim

Trim knew he could help him to 'em if he would — but *John* had got a ſurfeit of him — ſo, when the pulpit-cloth, &c. were taken down, they were immediately given (*John* having a great ſay in it) to * *William Doe*, who underſtood very well what uſe to make of them.

As for the old breeches, poor *Mark* lived to wear them but a ſhort time, and they got into the poſſeſſion of † *Lorry Slim*, an unlucky wight, by whom they are ſtill worn — in truth as you will gueſs, they are very thin by this time.

But *Lorry* has a light heart, and what recommends them to him is this, that, as thin as they are, he knows that *Trim*, let him ſay what he will to the contrary, ſtill envies the *poſſeſſor* of them, and with all his pride would be very glad to wear them after *him*.

Upon this footing have theſe affairs ſlept quietly for near ten years — and would have ſlept for ever, but for the unlucky kicking bout, which, as I ſaid, has ripp'd this ſquabble up afreſh; ſo that it was no longer ago than laſt week, that *Trim* met and inſulted *John* in the public town-way before a hundred people — tax'd him with the promiſe of the old caſt pair of black breeches, notwithſtanding *Trim*'s ſolemn renunciation — twitted him with the pulpit-cloth and velvet cuſhion — as good as told him he was ignorant of the common duties of his clerkſhip; adding, very inſolently, that he knew not ſo much as to give out a common pſalm in tune.

John contented himſelf by giving a plain anſwer to every article that *Trim* had laid to his charge,

* Mr. Birdm—e. † Lawrence Sterne.

charge, and appealed to his neighbours who remembered the whole affair — and, as he knew there was never any thing to be got by wreſtling with a chimney-ſweeper, he was going to take his leave of *Trim* for ever. But hold — the mob by this time had got round them, and their high mightineſſes inſiſted upon having *Trim* tried upon the ſpot. ——

Trim was accordingly tried, and, after a full hearing, was convicted a ſecond time, and handled more roughly by one or more of them than even at the parſon's. ——

Trim, ſays one, are you not aſhamed of yourſelf to make all this rout and diſturbance in the town, and ſet neighbours together by the ears, about an old — worn — out — pair of caſt — breeches not worth half a crown? Is there a caſt coat, or a place in the whole town, that will bring you in a ſhilling, but what you have ſnapped up like a greedy hound as you are.

In the firſt place, are you not ſexton and dog-whipper, worth three pounds a year? Then you begged the church-wardens to let your wife have the waſhing and darning of the church-linen, which brings you in thirteen ſhillings and four pence; then you have ſix ſhillings and eight pence for oiling and winding up the clock, both paid you at Eaſter — the pound'er's place, which is worth forty ſhillings a year, you have got that too — you are the bailiff, which the late parſon got you, which brings you in forty ſhillings more.

Beſides all this, you have ſix pounds a year paid you quarterly, for being mole-catcher to the pariſh. Aye, ſays the luckleſs wight abovementioned (who was ſtanding cloſe by him with

the pluſh breeches on), " you are not only mole-catcher, *Trim*, but you catch *STRAY CONIES* too in the *dark*, and you pretend a licence for it, which, I trow, will be looked into at the next quarter ſeſſions." I maintain it, I have a licence, ſays *Trim*, bluſhing as red as ſcarlet — I have a licence, and, as I farm a warren in the next pariſh, I will catch conies every hour of the night. *You catch conies!* ſays a toothleſs old woman juſt paſſing by.

This ſet the mob a laughing, and ſent every man home in perfect good humour, except *Trim*, who waddled very ſlowly off with that kind of inflexible gravity only to be equalled by one animal in the creation, and ſurpaſſed by none.

I am,

Sir, yours, &c. &c.

POSTSCRIPT.

I HAVE broke open my letter to inform you, that I miſſed the opportunity of ſending it by the meſſenger, who, I expected, would have called upon me in his return through this village to York; ſo it has lain a week or ten days by me — I am not ſorry for the diſappointment, becauſe ſomething has ſince happened, in continuation of this affair, which I am thereby enabled to tranſmit to you all under one trouble.

When I finiſhed the above account, I thought (as did every ſoul in the pariſh) *Trim* had met with ſo thorough a rebuff from *John* the pariſh clerk, and the town's folks, who all took againſt him,

him, that *Trim* would be glad to be quiet, and let the matter reſt.

But, it ſeems, it is not half an hour ago ſince *Trim* ſallied forth again, and, having borrowed a ſowgelder's horn, with hard blowing he got the whole town round him, and endeavoured to raiſe a diſturbance, and fight the whole battle over again — alleged that he had been uſed in the laſt fray worſe than a dog, not by *John* the pariſh clerk, for I ſhould not, quoth *Trim*, have valued him a ruſh ſingle-hands —— but all the town ſided with him, and twelve men in *buckram* ſet upon me, all at once, and kept me in play at ſword's point for three hours together.

Beſides, quoth *Trim*, there were two miſbegotten knaves in *Kendal green*, who lay all the while in ambuſh in *John*'s own houſe, and they all ſixteen came upon my back, and let drive at me all together — a plague, ſays *Trim*, of all cowards.

Trim repeated this ſtory above a dozen times, which made ſome of the neighbours pity him, thinking the poor fellow crack-brained, and that he actually believed what he ſaid.

After this *Trim* dropped the affair of the breeches, and began a freſh diſpute about the reading-deſk, which I told you had occaſioned ſome ſmall diſpute between the *late* parſon and *John* ſome years ago. — This reading-deſk, as you will obſerve, was but an epiſode wove into the main ſtory by the bye, for the main affair was *the battle of the breeches and the great coat.*

However, *Trim* being at laſt driven out of theſe two citadels — he has ſeized hold, in his retreat, of this reading-deſk, with a view, as it ſeems, to take ſhelter behind it.

I cannot ſay but the man has fought it out obſtinately enough, and, had his cauſe been good, I ſhould have really pitied him. For, when he was driven out of the *great watch-coat*, you ſee he did not run away; no—he retreated behind the breeches; and, when he could make nothing of it behind the breeches, he got behind the reading-deſk. To what other hold *Trim* will next retreat, the politicians of this village are not agreed. Some think his next move will be towards the rear of the parſon's boot; but, as it is thought he cannot make a long ſtand there, others are of opinion, that *Trim* will once more in his life get hold of the parſon's horſe, and charge upon him, or perhaps behind him: but, as the horſe is not eaſy to be caught, the more general opinion is, that, when he is driven out of the reading-deſk, he will make his laſt retreat in ſuch a manner, as, if poſſible, to gain the *cloſeſtool*, and defend himſelf behind it to the very laſt drop.

If *Trim* ſhould make this movement, by my advice he ſhould be left, beſide his citadel, in full poſſeſſion of the field of battle, where 'tis certain he will keep every body a league off, and may hop by himſelf till he is weary. Beſides, as *Trim* ſeems bent upon *purging* himſelf, and may have abundance of foul humours to work off, I think he cannot be better placed.

But this is all matter of ſpeculation —— Let me carry you back to matter of fact, and tell you what kind of ſtand *Trim* has actually made behind the ſaid deſk: "Neighbours and townſmen all, I will be ſworn before my lord mayor, that *John* and his nineteen men in *buckram* have abuſed me worſe than a dog; for they told you that

that I play'd faſt and go looſe with the *late* parſon and him in that old diſpute of theirs about the *reading-deſk*, and that I made matters worſe between them and not better."

Of this charge *Trim* declared he was as innocent as the child that was unborn—that he would be book-ſworn he had no hand in it.

He produced a ſtrong witneſs, and moreover inſinuated, that *John* himſelf, inſtead of being angry for what he had done in it, had actually thanked him —— Aye, *Trim*, ſays the wight in the pluſh-breeches, but that was, *Trim*, the day before *John* found thee out. Beſides, *Trim*, there is nothing in that, for the very year that you was made town's pounder, thou knoweſt well that I both thanked thee myſelf, and moreover gave thee a good warm ſupper for turning *John Lund*'s cows and horſes out of my hard corn cloſe, which if thou hadſt not done, (as thou toldſt me) I ſhould have loſt my whole crop; whereas *John Lund* and *Thomas Patt*, who are both here to teſtify, and are both willing to take their oaths on't, that thou thyſelf was the very man who ſet the gate open—and after all, it was not thee, *Trim*, 'twas the blackſmith's poor lad who turned them out — ſo that a man may be thanked and rewarded too for a good turn which he never did, nor ever did intend.

Trim could not ſuſtain this unexpected ſtroke — ſo *Trim* marched off the field without colours flying, or his horn ſounding, or any other enſigns of honour whatever. Whether after this *Trim* intends to rally a ſecond time — or whether he may not take it into his head to claim the victory—none but *Trim* himſelf can inform you.

However, the general opinion upon the whole is this, that, in three ſeveral pitch'd battles, *Trim* has been ſo *trimm'd* as never diſaſtrous hero was *trimm'd* before.

THE following Letter appeared in the St. James's Chronicle of Auguſt 10, 1779, and as it carries with it ſtrong internal Evidence of its being genuine, the Editors have ventured to add it to this little Collection.

Dear Sir, *(No Date.)*

I HAVE received your kind letter of critical, and, I will add, of parental advice, which, contrary to my natural humour, ſet me upon looking gravely for half a day together: ſometimes I concluded you had not ſpoke out, but had ſtronger grounds for your hints and cautions than what your good-nature knew how to tell me, eſpecially with regard to prudence, as a Divine; and that you thought in your heart the vein of humour too free for the ſolemn colour of my coat. A meditation upon death had been a more ſuitable trimming to it, I own; but then it could not have been ſet on by me. Mr. F——, whom I regard in the claſs I do you, as my beſt of critics and well-wiſhers, preaches daily to me on the ſame text: "get your preferment firſt, Lory," he ſays, "and then write and welcome." But ſuppoſe preferment is long a coming—and, for aught I know, I may not be preferred till the Reſurrection of the Juſt—and

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am all that time in labour, how muſt I bear my pains? like pious divines? or, rather, like able philoſophers, knowing that one paſſion is only to be combated with another? But to be ſerious (if I can) I will uſe all reaſonable caution—only with this caution along with it, not to ſpoil my book, that is, the air and originality of it, which muſt reſemble the author; and I fear it is the number of theſe ſlighter touches, which make the reſemblance, and indentify it from all others of the ſame ſtamp, which this under-ſtrapping virtue of prudence would oblige me to ſtrike out.—A very able critic, and one of my colour too, who has read over Triſtram, made anſwer, upon my ſaying I would conſider the colour of my coat as I corrected it, that that idea in my head would render my book not worth a groat.—Still I promiſe to be cautious; but deny I have gone as far as Swift: he keeps a due diſtance from Rabelais, I keep a due diſtance from him. Swift has ſaid a hundred things I durſt not ſay unleſs I was Dean of St. Patrick's.—I like your caution, *ambitioſa recides ornamenta*. As I reviſe my book, I will ſhrive my conſcience upon that ſin, and whatever ornaments are of that kind ſhall be defaced without mercy. Ovid is juſtly cenſured for being *ingenii ſui amator*; and it is a reaſonable hint to me, as I am not ſure I am clear of it. To ſport too much with your wit, or the game that wit has pointed out, is ſurfeiting; like toying with a man's miſtreſs, it may be very delightful ſolacement to the inamorato, but little to the by-ſtander. Though I plead guilty to part of the charge, yet it would greatly alleviate the crime if my readers knew how much I have ſuppreſſed

of

of this device. I have burnt more wit than I have publiſhed, on that very account, ſince I began to avoid the fault, I fear, I may yet have given proofs of. — I will conſider Slop's fall, and my too minute deſcription of it; but, in general, I am perſuaded that the happineſs of the Cervantic humour ariſes from this very thing — of deſcribing ſilly and trifling events with the circumſtantial pomp of great ones. Perhaps this is overloaded, and I can eaſe it. — I have a project of getting Triſtram put into the hands of the Archbiſhop, if he comes down this autumn, which will eaſe my mind of all trouble upon the topic of diſcretion.

I am, &c.

L. STERNE.

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END of the FOURTH VOLUME.

Advertiſement.

THE Editor of *Letters ſuppoſed to have been written by Yorick and Eliza*, has, in his Preface to the Work, aſſerted that the *third*, *fourth*, *fifth*, *ſixth*, *ſeventh*, and *eighth* Letters, (in the order they now ſtand) in the preceding little Collection, and the *fifty-ninth* in that publiſhed by Mr. Sterne's Daughter, are the offſpring of the Author of ſaid ſuppoſed Correſpondence.* The Editor of the Collection poſitively aſſerts the originality of them, and the Evidence being therefore equal, we are unable to determine upon the merits of the caſe; but were we to admit the aſſertion of the Editor of the ſuppoſed Correſpondence true, we are of Opinion that his Author ſucceeded much better in the Letters he has laid claim to, than in thoſe wrote by the aſſumed Character of Yorick in the Correſpondence. The aſſumed Yorick tires us with his weeping; when the real Yorick weeps he compels his Readers to weep with him, the aſſumed Yorick, we imagine, weeps unaccompanied.

* When a Writer has purchaſed a Degree of Fame by ſucceſsful Study, an attempt to tarniſh that Fame by obtruding a Work on the World under his Name, is a Species of Fraud of ſo attrocious a Nature, as to equal that of counterfeiting the Coin of a Kingdom, and in our Opinion merits equal Puniſhment.

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